SB 20
64

Parallel with Darling St. 79-1

[illegible]	N 13 W	28-7
122-30	N 86 E	23-0
12-66	N 4 E	3-0
109 7c	N 82 E	7-6
	W 5 W	44-3
	W 82 -	68-11
		71-4
	S 87 W	21-8

Crew of the Ship Essex

George Pollard Jnr	Capt	Two Brothers
Owen Chase	Mate	Nantucket
Matthew Joy	Sec'd Mate	dead
Thomas Chappel		Duce's Island
Obed Hendrix		Waste boat
Benjamin Lawrence		Nantucket saved
Thos Nickerson		do
Owen Coffin		dead
Barzillai Ray		do
Charles Ramsdell		Nantucket saved
Isaac Cole		Dead
Wm Wright		Duce's Island
Samuel Read		dead
Wm Bond		Waste boat
Richard Peterson		dead
Isaiah Shepherd		dead
Henry De Wit		runaway
Lawring Thomas		dead
Charles Shurter		do
Joseph West		Waste boat
Seth Weeks		Duce's Island

This Ship Essex was destroyed by a whale around Cape Horn & most all the men perished in boats the Ship sunk & most the men starved 5 see Narrative of Ship Essex

By mistake, we were with a list of deaths of 1834 The follow- :—

persons belonging to abroad in 1834.

	76
	55
	23
	23
	177

Health of New York.—The number of deaths in New York during the week ending on Monday last, was 238, of which 72 were of cholera. This report shows a decrease in the number of deaths, compared with that of the preceding week of 53, and in the number of deaths by cholera a decrease of 56. The number of deaths in New York from July 1 to Sept 22 was 5557, of which 3397 were by cholera.

ANNUAL BILL OF MORTALITY,
FOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

We have obtained a sight of the Annual Bill of Mortality for this city during the year 1822, which was presented to the Common Council last Monday evening, and is now in the process of publication,—from which we derive the following particulars.

The whole number of deaths during the year, as will be seen below, was TEN THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY NINE; being *three thousand nine hundred and ninety-six* more than ever occurred in the city before in any one year. This extraordinary increase of mortality is mainly attributable to the ravages of Malignant Cholera, which carried off FIFTEEN individuals,—all in the months of July, August, September, and October.

Of the whole number, (10,359) there died of abscess, 5; aneurism, 5; apoplexy, 81; asphyxia, 10; asthma, 8; bilious dysentery, 6; burned or scalded, 2; childbed, 55; chlorosis, 3; CHOLERA, 3,515; Cholera Morbus, 93; colic, 7; compression of the brain, 1; *Consumption*, 1,415; convulsion, 501; contusion, 2; cramp in the stomach, 16; diabetes, 1; Diarrhœa, 104; drinking cold water, 3; dropsy, 130; dropsy in the chest, 43; dropsy in the head; 344; drowned, 66; dysentery, 130; dyspepsy, 18; epilepsy, 11; erysipelas, 13; fever, 80; do. bilious, 31; bilious remittent, 8; hectic, 3; inflammatory, 3; intermittent, 7; puerperal, 5; remittent, 27; scarlet, 221; typhus, 84; flux infantile, 334; fracture, 2; frozen, 5; gout, 2; gravel, 2; hæmorrhage, 10; hæmoptysis, 5; hives or croup, 179; hysteria, 2; jaundice, 14; inflammation of the bowels, 156; do. in the brain, 99; do. in the chest, 77; do. in the liver, 44; do. in the stomach, 30; influenza, 33; insanity, 4; *Intemperance*, 119; killed or murdered, 3; locked jaw, 3; lumber abscess, 2; marasmus, 177; *Measles*, 290; mortification, 23; nervous disease, 2; old age, 154; palsy, 36; Peripneumony, 234; pleurisy, 92; pneumonia typhodes, 57; quinsy 2; rheumatism, 7; rupture, 7; scburrus of the liver, 37; scrofula or king's evil, 17; *small pox*, 89; sore throat, 22; spasm, 13; spina bifida, 5; sprue, 32; stillborn, 384; strangury, 1; sudden death, 2; suicide, 29; syphilis, 4; tabes mesenterica, 24; teething, 110; tumor, 5; vomiting blood, 1; ulcer, 1; unknown, 132; whooping cough, 63; worms, 41; inflammation of the bladder, 4.—Total, 10,359.

The number of deaths in January was 564; February, 735; March, 545; April 478; May, 515; June, 410; July, 2,467—of which by Cholera, 1,797; August, 2,206,—of which by Cholera, 1,209; September, 1,064,—of which by Cholera, 451; October, 536, —of which by Cholera, 63; November, 400; December, 382. Total, 10,359.

Of the age of one year or under, there died 1,922; between one and two years, 830; between two and five years, 965; five and ten years, 450; ten and twenty, 433; twenty and thirty, 1,397; thirty and forty, 1,617; forty and fifty, 1,142; fifty and sixty, 705; sixty and seventy, 489; seventy and eighty, 273; eighty and ninety, 109; ninety and a hundred, 25; over a hundred, 2. Total, 10,359.

It will be observed that the proportion of deaths in middle age is unusually large; the Cholera having selected the greater part of its victims from that description of persons.

Of the whole number deceased, 3,200 were men, 2,694 women, 2,463 boys, and 2,092 girls. Total males, 5,663; females 4,696. Excess of males, 967.

Proportion of deaths to the whole population, rating it at 220,000, 1 in 214. In 1831, rating the population at 210,000, 1 in 344.

The number of deaths in 1831, was 6,363; in 1830, 5,537; in 1829, 5,094; in 1828, 5,181; in 1827, the same; in 1826, 4,973.

rature, Instruction, Amusement, Foreign, Domestic and Marine News.

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 22, 1856. NO 38.

Correspondence of the Mirror.

SIASCONSET, Feb. 27th, 1856.

I did not see the letter of your Cape Cod correspondent "J. G. F.," till a day or two before the communication from New Bedford, signed "G." appeared in the *Mirror*. Since then I have seen a letter from a descendant of William Gayer in New Bedford, thanking the Publishers of the *Mirror* for the article of "J. G. F.," and giving his own convictions in confirmation of the views expressed by the former, and with which it seems your correspondent "G." is also in agreement.

"The descendant of William Gayer" was not aware "that the marriage of first cousins was common on his native island in the early settlement," and I conclude that *this* is not so generally known, as the facts in the case would indicate.

Your correspondent "G." refers to "the Report of the Commissioners, on the number, condition, &c., of Lunatics and Idiots in the Commonwealth," showing "that the County of Nantucket has the *least* number of such persons in proportion to the inhabitants, whilst Dukes County, similarly situated, contains the greatest ratio." He then refers to the action of the Society of Friends upon this subject, and expresses his satisfaction that their influence was exerted so effectively in the discouragement of the marriage of near relatives. (It is thought the practice still continues at the Vineyard, while in Nantucket the marriage of relatives so near as first cousins, is a very unfrequent occurrence).

I have said that it is not probably known that in the early settlement of our island, the marriage of near relatives was of common occurrence, but the record establishes the fact; and I find that in a family of eleven children, six of them married first cousins.

As this subject has been somewhat opened, (accidentally to be sure at first,) I propose to write a letter or two, a little in explanation of the early procedure here, that those who feel an interest in it may have some of the data from which to predicate a judgment on a practice which is now claiming so much attention. "J. G. F." and myself were not at issue in the general argument, I felt less inducement to *continue the correspondence, until* the later articles appeared to which I have referred, and these indicate an interest in the subject, it is by design, indirectly at least, to present some of the facts in our own early history, worthy of a more extended publicity, inasmuch as they seem to involve considerations of incalculable interest to the race, and upon which *any testimony*, by way of corroboration or denial, cannot but be interesting. "J. G. F." assumed the true position when he said—"Then there was from time to time a generous admixture of foreign blood, &c. * * * The pure sea air of Nantucket, the adventurous and active life of the inhabitants, the freedom, independence, and self-reliance of the women of the island, assuming and fulfilling weighty responsibilities, have tended to re-invigorate and keep good the original stock, so that it still retains its high character."

Thus the writer has so far retrospected the fact, that he has in a single sentence, which is at once clear and discriminating, assumed the position which the facts, in application to our people, have established so conclusively, that the physiologist who enters into the inquiry can, for a moment, doubt their significance; and invoke the authority which he has quoted, obtains an additional interest, inasmuch as I shall proceed to show, that it has a corroboration in the family relations of Nantucket, which is irresistible and conclusive. It will be my object to give the evidence in the case somewhat in detail, by presenting the manner of living which was common in that day, and including some of the intermarriages with persons either of *distinct* families, or of *different* nations which, from the first settlement of the colony, were constantly occurring, and which have saved so many families from any marked deterioration.

Since the letter of your "Cape Cod correspondent," we learn by the Boston press, that the subject is awakening renewed attention in the city; and the following paragraph is in relation of its results, viz:—

"Dr. Charles Brooks, of this city, has been investigating the subject of intermarriage of blood relations in its effects upon the offspring. He has shown by actual data, that children from such alliances are frequently born and grow up in a partly abnormal state of body or mind. There seems to be an arrest of normal development. They often lack that entire and symmetrical equilibrium of the physical, intellectual and moral powers which constitute the whole man. Mr. Brooks finds it to be known to have been born from first cousins, when to be counted up, and compared with the offspring of others who have not married near blood relations, a wide difference will be seen.

And first, the manner of living, was calculated to give vigor and endurance to the people, inasmuch as it was most favorable to a full, and comparatively, complete physical development, which in the absence of any other controlling agency, exerted a most salutary influence mentality, and in the generality of cases was a counteraction to the *natural tendency* of such marriages as we have named. The habits and living of our people were such as a physiologist would contemplate with satisfaction. The original stock *was of the very best* kind else the little band of adventurous pilgrims had never come hither. True, they were driven and persecuted because "they fed and protected the Quakers," whom the law then branded as—"The cursed sect of heretics lately risen up in the world;" but it nevertheless needed a stout heart and a resolute will, *even in those under the ban of intolerance and bigoted zeal*, to brave the dangers which awaited a mere handful of defenseless emigrants, among the *hundreds* (some authorities say *thousands*) of Indians, of many of whom it might be said in that day, that "their footsteps were marked with cruelty and blood."

But our fathers came, and their judgment and prudence were sufficient for the emergency. Their situation in life required the most unflinching self-reliance, and in that day of farming and fishing when they depended on their own exertions for a *comfortable* subsistence merely, it followed of course that their physical powers were sufficiently taxed for their most vigorous expansion, and that these served to fortify their offspring against any degeneracy which any artificial and luxurious manner of living, in the parents, would have entailed upon them.

Not only the smaller fish, but *the whale* itself, was pursued from the shore, *and at the first dawn of day*, the men were in readiness to leave their homes, having taken their morning meal with such parts of their families as had hastened [illegible] The men proceeded on their adventurous voyage, full of expectation and hope, and in entire confidence that the women would be no idle worshippers at home. The cows were milked, the butter was churned, the wool was carded and spun, the cloth was woven, and the unpainted floors were scoured and neatly sanded; the oven having been previously heated, for the rye and Indian bread, the pumpkin pies, and other substantial provision for the table, that the father and his sons might be made doubly welcome on their return at nightfall. The men returned, the boats had been successful, and the joy of the family was complete!

Some of the men had gigantic strength, and some of the matrons would walk from fifteen to twenty miles, without thinking it a hardship. Here were firm constitutions, and a long life seemed to be the legitimate attribute; and if it is true, that *a vigorous body* operates essentially in forming *the mind and character*, it cannot fail to be seen, that all the influences were favorable to their fullest development.

But there is another and a most important consideration connected with this subject, and one to which we may refer with confidence, inasmuch as results have established the principle which it involves, beyond a cavil. "J. G. F." suggests it. It is the intermarriage of persons, in some cases of *distinct* families, and in others, of *different* nations. But before I proceed to the introduction of a few of such, it may be well to note the names of the most prominent families, in the early settlement of the island, omitting, as I must for want of room, any extract from my manuscript notes, in illustration of their individual character.

I will give the *family* name of the wife, in this article, throughout, that the genealogy may be more particularized, viz:—

Tristram Coffin and Dinah Stephens; Thomas Macy and Sarah Hopcott; Edward Starbuck and Catharine Reynolds; John Swain and Mary Wyer; Peter Folger and Mary Morrell; William Bunker and Mary Macy; Robert Barnard and Joanna Harvey; Stephen Hussey and Martha Bunker; James Gardner and Mary Severance; John Gardner and Priscilla Grafton; Richard Gardner and Sarah Shattock; John Coleman and Joanna Folger; Joseph Coleman and Ann Bunker; Nathaniel Wyer and Sarah ****; Thomas Look and Elizabeth Bunker; and a few others, whose names are since lost, and who it is supposed removed at a very early period from the island.

Thomas Look married Elizabeth, daughter of William Bunker. Of this family I must make a passing remark, as the name is lost on our island, their children being all daughters; but they have numerous *descendants* both here and elsewhere under other names, filling important places in society. Their daughter Experience, born 22d November, 1672, became the wife of Stephen Coffin, Jr., a couple having an enviable character and standing in the infant colony. The grand-daughter of the latter (Sarah Barker, widow of Robert and daughter of Abisha Folger, by his second wife) lived to her 94th year. This most exemplary and estimable woman is remembered by many with interest and affection.

The late Paul Mitchell, who died in his 88th year, was a descendant of Thomas Look, by Robert Barnard and Hepsibeth Coffin. Sarah Hussey, widow of Tristram, and Elizabeth Barker, widow of Josiah, Jr., two granddaughters of Abisha Folger, by his first wife, also attained to a great age. Many descendants of this interesting family, (among whom is Lucretia Mott) are scattered in different parts of the country.

Sarah, another daughter of Thomas Look, married a Luce, and settled at the Vineyard, whither the parents removed in 1700. Some of the principal families of that island also, descend from Thomas Look, of whom, and of other branches having a Nantucket origin, I would speak more particularly, if my limits allowed. Experience Coffin lived to her 87th year.

Thomas and Robert Barnard were brothers. Nathaniel, the only child of Thomas, married Mary, daughter of Robert, and from these first cousins the descendants are a most numerous family, who are in connection with every principal name on the island, and descending to later generations, it embraces parts of the following families, viz: Hayden, Riddell, Crosby, Barker, Myrick, West, Easton, Mitchell, Jenkins, &c., &c.

There have been a number of aged descendants of the above couple. Their grand-daughter Abigail, widow of Daniel Folger, and afterwards widow of Daniel Pinkham, attained to her 85th, and two of her daughters, Judith, widow of Caleb Macy, to her 91st, and Mary, widow of William Starbuck, to her 92d year. Their great-grandson, Shubael Barnard, died in his 93d year. Another great-grandson, Tristram Starbuck, in his 89th year, is probably the oldest descendant now living. But the late Alexander Coffin of Hudson, was the *oldest* person in descent from Nathaniel and Mary Barnard, that comes within my recollection. He attained to his 99th year, and was remarkable for the possession, even in his later years, of intellectual strength, and physical energy and endurance.

From Nathaniel and Sarah Wyer, who have already been named, descend on the maternal side, the Swain family; their daughter Mary, wife of John Swain, Sen., (so far as I know) being their only child. Sarah Wyer was a most efficient and useful woman, in the early settlement, and her skill as a physician has given her a character and name, worthy of a more enduring transmission than that which the columns of a newspaper afford. She is entitled to the highest appreciation by *the very large family* scattered throughout the country, that are now her representatives.

At the marriage of her great-grand-daughter, Mary Swain with Joseph Mitchell, the grandfather of the former, Joseph Swain, and that of the latter, Jethro Starbuck, were both present, each being over 90 years old. Jethro survived both the bride and her grandfather!

From the foregoing families have descended, principally, the thousands here and elsewhere to whom the Nantucket appellative is in application—"I hail from Nantucket," and if the genealogy of this people is ever given to the world, it will enrol its share of the noble and distinguished of our common country. I wish my limits allowed even a *passing notice* of many individuals whose names will occur in what follows.

One new comer followed another in quick succession, "for there were attractions in the customs and manners of our people, which not only bound *them* to their island home, but which drew to them hundreds from abroad."

The first marriage among the English was that of William Worth, and Sarah Macy, daughter of Thomas, Sen., April 11th, 1665. *She* was one of the most gifted and estimable women of that day, and *he* an adventurer from the mother country, to whom a bounty was first offered as an inducement to his settlement here, his great nautical skill *in particular*, and his ability, young though he were, *in the general*, inducing the offer, which was finally accepted. A large family has come from this connection, and worthy descendants may be found under *different* names, not only on this island, but in a variety of localities, in cities, towns and villages, scattered somewhat throughout the length and breadth of our country. In 1663 he commenced a Diary which now lies before me, extending to 1715. With his own hand he recorded his marriage therein, and as Justice, he connected many couples of which he makes especial record. This Diary I received in early life, a gift still treasured and honored, from the hand of Mary Black, whose father, Eleazer Folger, Jr., had been the County Recorder.

As the question is constantly being asked—"Who were my first *Nantucket* ancestors," the present is a fitting occasion to give an answer, but only in part, to this interesting enquiry, showing so far as a meagre newspaper article may be calculated to do, the variety of names which sprung from the earliest marriages, and which have since run into scores of other names.

In my former article, I glanced at the marriage of William Gayer and Dorcas Starbuck, with a *passing* notice of the interesting families of their two daughters, Damaris, wife of Nathaniel Coffin, and Dorcas, the wife of Jethro Starbuck. I now pass to other individuals, meaning more particularly the "new comers," who became associated with the earlier and later history of Nantucket. There are many persons of influence and merit, who are merely presented by their names; of some of these, if my manuscript notes are ever published, their descendants will know more. Even their signatures which lie before me, after the lapse, I had almost said of centuries, show that they had a standing and character in the world.

[It becomes me to say, that in a hasty article like the present, and extending over so long a period, *some* errors may occur.]

Another early marriage was that of John Brown and Rachael, daughter of John Gardner and Priscilla Grafton. Their descendants are very numerous, embracing all the original names, and including parts of the following families, viz:—Chase, Gorham, Jenkins, Mitchell, Worth, Pinkham, Myrick, Wilson, Cartwright, Sanford, &c., &c.

Sylvanus Hussey married their daughter Abial, (his first wife,) and hence the Brown, Bunker and Hussey families are extensively united. Rachael Brown's second husband was her first cousin, James Gardner, whose only child, James, Jr., married his first cousin, Susanna Gardner.

Barnabas Coleman, Sen., son of John Coleman, Jr. and Priscilla Starbuck, married for his second wife, Rachel, daughter of Sylvanus Hussey and Abial Brown. By his first wife he had an only son, Nathaniel, who married Hepsibeth, daughter of Sylvanus Hussey and his second wife, Hepsibeth Starbuck.

There are circumstances of the most interesting character, in connection with the above John Coleman and Priscilla Starbuck, and their family, to which I cannot now refer.—He lived to his 94th year; his widow continuing a few weeks after him, having realized her disinterested prayer, "that she might be near to sustain him, when the silver cord of his life was being broken." They were the parents of Elihu Coleman, whose "Testimony against that anti Christian practice of making slaves of men," dated 20th of 11th month, 1729–30," written by his own hand, now lies before me. It was printed in 1733. He was born in 1699. and died in his 90th year.

SIASCONSET March 8, 1856.

In my former letter, I was, from the nature of the case, necessarily limited to so short a space, that I merely gave *the name*, in many instances, without an incident in application to it; and in the present I can promise hardly so much as that. At the best I cannot name even a moiety of those whom it would give me pleasure to introduce. I will, however, proceed with a few families, viz:—

Edward Cartwright was an early emigrant. He married his second wife, Mary Trott, sister of John, after his removal hither. He was well acquainted with the manner of catching and curing codfish, having lived on the shore of Massachusetts, and the "Proprietors" offered him extra privileges to induce his settlement among them. He magnanimously preferred the right of purchase, rather than accept their proffered gratuity. He selected that part called Pocomo, and his descendants retained it for many years.

Their son, Sampson, married Bethia Pratt, grand-daughter of Peter Folger and Mary Morrell. Hasadiah, who was probably the oldest son of Sampson, married Abigail, daughter of Dr. Joseph Brown and Tabitha, daughter of John Trott; and from this couple the Cartwright family descend. It is extensive, and in connection with most of the names common to our island.

A single couplet from an Alphabetic Acrostic by Hasadiah Cartwright, and almost the only specimen of this kind of writing among my old papers, I will give, viz:

"Lament, vain youth, your waste of precious time,
Strive to regain it ere you pass your prime."

Most of the children of John Trott were daughters. One son, Benjamin, married Elizabeth, daughter of Jacob Norton. The only son of this couple removed from the island.—Seven daughters married and settled on Nantucket, from whom, under the name of Pinkham, Cartwright, Folger, Starbuck, Allen, Coleman, &c., &c., a very large family descend.

Of Dennis Manning, whose children are named by William Worth, the first in 1679 and onward, but little is known. His daughter Dorcas, married Nathaniel Barnard, Jr. Jacob Barney, of Rhode Island, married their daughter Dorcas, and from this couple a large family have descended, many of whom are now residents in other parts of this state, Rhode Island and New York, under the names of Earle, Clark, Hadwen, Leggett, Greene, Barney, Burling, Williams, &c. &c.

Joseph and Nathaniel Paddack were brothers. Joseph married Sarah, daughter of Joseph Gardner and Bethia Macy, 5th March, 1696. Nathaniel married Ann, daughter of William Bunker and Mary Macy, Oct. 15th, 1706. A very large family descend from these brothers, embraced under a variety of names, among which are those of Gorham, Clasby, Pinkham, Worth, Freeborn, Jenkins, West, Jones, Cartwright, Chadwick, Whippey, Clark, Meader, Joy, &c., &c.

The ancient house known as "the Paul Paddack" (he being the son of Nathaniel) having so much of the expression of olden time, is one of the vestiges that connects the *present* with the generations which have passed. This house was originally built by Jethro Coffin.

Thomas Howes married Abigail, daughter of Stephen Hussey and Martha Bunker, the 5th of April, 1700. He was lost coming over Nantucket bar, the summer following, on their return from a visit to *his* family on Cape Cod. The heroism and self-possession of his wife, who, with an Indian, was all that accompanied him in the boat, compares favorably with any which the page of history transmits; but my limits will not allow me to enlarge. Their son Thomas, was born the 6th of March, 1701–2. The circumstances of his mother were favorable to her aspirations; she gave her son a collegiate education at Harvard, and he became the pride of the family. He married Abigail, daughter of Nathaniel Starbuck, Jr. and Dinah Coffin. The interesting items in connection with this engagement, I must pass over.

Parts of the Cartwright, Mitchell, Worth, Macy, Gayer, Trott, &c. &c. families, are in connection with the above on the maternal side, and there are individual members who are distinguished for learning and ability, in various parts of the country. Others have passed away; one of whom, Alexander, son of Uriah Starbuck and Lydia Macy, began a plaintive tribute to Nantucket, after the war of 1812 had thrown its dark shadow upon it, with the following stanza, which, so far as the muse is concerned, connects the latter with his great-grandfather, Hasadiah Cartwright, viz:

"O, thou isle of fond remembrance,
Once the fairest spot of earth;—
Now how changed—how lost the semblance,
To the isle that gave me birth!"

Mary, the widow of her cousin, Sylvanus Starbuck, who lived to her 98th year, was the daughter of Thomas Howes, Jr. There have been many descendants from Nathaniel Starbuck, Jr., and Dinah Coffin, who were first cousins, of whom I would like to speak more particularly; and from Sylvanus Starbuck and Mary Howes, who were first and second cousins, that have for intellectual endowments and physical endurance, held a conspicuous place in the history of our island; but Thos. Howes, Sen., and Abigail Hussey, as well as Thomas Howes, Jr., and Abigail Starbuck, were *from very distinct and superior families*. Christopher Hussey was the father of Stephen. His grandfather was Stephen Batchelder, who passed his 100th year. Of Christopher, the old record hath it—"He was a man that bore the character of a gentleman equal to any one that lived in his day." Of some of his descendants, in connection with the above Nathaniel Starbuck, Jr., I shall speak more particularly hereafter.

Edward Allen married Ann, daughter of Joseph Coleman and Ann Bunker. This is an extensive family, the name being in connection by the early marriages with that of Skiff, Worth, Starbuck, Folger, Gayer, Macy, Coffin, Swain, Trott, Meader, Gorham, Clasby, &c. &c., and with later marriages with Brown, Stubbs, Calder, Fosdick, Paddack, &c. &c.—Daniel Allen, son of Daniel Allen and Elizabeth Bunker, lived to his 87th, and his mother to her 91st year. She was the daughter of Peleg Bunker and Susannah Coffin, each being a grand-child of George Bunker and Jane Godfrey, and his father was a son of Edward Allen and Ann Coleman, the latter also being a grand-daughter of George Bunker.

Matthew Jenkins married Mary, daughter of Joseph Gardner and Bethia Macy, the latter the daughter of the first Thomas Macy. Joseph Gardner's children were six daughters, all of whom married and settled on Nantucket; and of whom, if my limits allowed, I should speak more particularly. Important portions of the Jenkins family removed to Hudson, N. Y., in its early settlement. Indeed, parts of many families removed thither about the same time. The Jenkins family are in connection among other names with those of Folger, Gorham, Worth, Barney, Paddack, Starbuck, Hussey, Clasby, Bunker, Waterman, Coffin, &c., &c. Some members of this particular family were enterprising men, and engaged in extensive business.

Richard Pinkham married Mary, daughter of James Coffin and Mary Severance. This family is very extensive, is in connection with all the names of the "early proprietors," and subsequently with those of Myrick, Pollard, Paddack, Brown, Ramsdell, Barrett, Whippey, Morris, Crosby, Gelston, Arthur, Joy, Hayden, Wyer, Long, Brock, Trott, Maxcy, &c., &c.

The children of the above Richard were eight sons and one daughter; hence the name was extensive in the early settlement of the island. His great grand-daughter, Rose, widow of Jonathan Macy, Jr., retained her natural and dignified manner and expression in advanced life, and continued to her 93d year.—At her death she was a great-great-grand-parent. Her mother was Ann, daughter of Paul Starbuck and Ann Tibbetts. Another daughter of the latter, Abigail, widow of William Hussey, attained to about her 88th year.

Daniel Russell, of Rhode Island, married Deborah, daughter of John Macy 1st and Deborah Gardner. Their son John married Ruth, daughter of Nathaniel Starbuck, Jr., and Dinah Coffin. A large family descend from the above. Another branch of the Russell family are from Samuel Russell, Sen., and Huldah, daughter of Nicholas Oder. The latter emigrated from the Isle of Wight, and married Sarah, grand-daughter of the first Peter Folger. Their children were daughters. Jonathan Mooers, Sen., married Elizabeth Oder, and from them the Mooers family descend.—Anthony's Oder's descendants are now a numerous family, under a multiplication of names.

Benjamin, son of William Bunker and Mary Russell, lived to about his 92d year, and was one of the oldest members in descent from Anthony Oder.

John Arthur married Priscilla, daughter of John Gardner and Priscilla Grafton. Their son John, married Mary, grand-daughter of the first Peter Folger. It was an early family, and is an extensive one, being in connection with most of the original proprietors, and by subsequent intermarriages with the later names of Worth, Upham, Swift, Mooers, Russell, Pinkham, Brock, Fish, &c., &c.

Shubael Gorham, and his nephew Stephen Gorham, were connected by marriage with many of the descendants of the first proprietors, and from seven daughters severally, of each, has descended one of the largest families identified with the history of our island.

This family carries us back to the Pilgrims by the May Flower, inasmuch as its descent is from Gov. Carver, the first Governor of Plymouth Colony. Stephen Gorham's father was the Hon. John Gorham, Jr., who married Mary Otis. John Gorham Jr., and Shubael Gorham were brothers. Desire Howland, grand-daughter of Gov. Carver was the wife of John Gorham, Sen. (The name Desire, was for years continued in this family.)

As this is a branch to which I have never referred in any preceding paper, I shall in the present make a passing remark.

Shubael Gorham married Puella, daughter of Stephen Hussey and Martha Bunker. Their daughter Deborah, married Beriah Fitch; Sally, **** Lovell; Desire, Zachariah Bunker; Theodate, Reuben Gardner; Lydia, Joseph Worth; Hannah, William Manning; Ruth, Cornelius Bennett.

Stephen Gorham married Elizabeth, daughter of James Gardner, Sen. and Mary Starbuck. (The latter, daughter of Nathaniel and Mary, born March 30th, 1663, was the first white child born on the island.) Their daughter Mary, married Andrew Gardner; Susannah, Daniel Paddack; Elizabeth, David Bunker; Sarah, Daniel Hussey; Lydia, William Swain; Eunice, Peleg Gardner; Lois, Jonathan Macy, Sen.

By subsequent marriages, the Gorham family, under other names, is found in various parts of our country, to some of whom I may refer in another paper. Besides a connection with all the *early* names common to our people, the descendants of those daughters are [illegible] in the following families, viz: Wilson, Freeborn, Jones, Mitchell, Easton, Brayton, Cartwright, Austin, Green, Myrick, Watson, Cary, *Wendell, Fish, Glover, Marshall*, Trott, Knott, Clark, Mayo, Sandford, Barker, Earle, Calder, &c., &c.

Several members of the Gorham families have attained to a great age. The above Desire Bunker to her 91st; Merab, widow of Paul Mitchell, to her 84th; and Lydia, widow of George Gorham Hussey, to her 85th year.

It will be seen by the above [illegible] that the family, severally, of Shubael and Stephen Gorham is included in that of Stephen Hussey and Martha Bunker, another very large family. In the early part of this article, in allusion to Christopher, the father of Stephen Hussey, I said I should again recur to this name, and the present is its appropriate place. I said in my letter of Dec. 25th, that the *present* name of an individual does not determine the predominant stock from which he came. That is, the surname may be Hussey, when in fact, by a succession of intermarriages, the Gorham, Trott, Howes or Gayer may be very greatly in preponderation. (I had occasion once to admonish a novitiate in his own genealogy, who, evidently with much self-satisfaction, repeated the line

"And scarce an honest Hussey."

in application to one *of that name*, that the *latter* had the stigma, *if stigma it were*, by a *single* branch, while *himself* inherited it in a *triplicate* proportion.) I can best illustrate the above position, by going into families most intimately connected by the marriage of near relatives of the one, with those of the other, having different surnames, and I trust that my deductions will be self-evident and conclusive.

If my illustration is found to be truthful, the oft-repeated and most gratuitous line which I have quoted above, will no longer be used as a libel upon men who have been a blessing to their native isle. (But I must be brief, and come directly to the point.)

Sylvanus, and the first George Hussey were sons of Stephen Hussey and Martha Bunker. The former married Hepsibeth, and the latter Elizabeth, daughters of Nathaniel Starbuck, Jr., and Dinah Coffin, whom I have before named.

George Hussey, 2d, son of Sylvanus, married Deborah, daughter of Daniel Paddack, and Susanna Gorham. Their children of course were all *Husseys*, having their descent from Hussey, Bunker, Starbuck, Coffin, Paddack, and Gorham.

Ruth, daughter of the first George Hussey, married her second cousin, the third Nathaniel Gardner; the grandmother of the former being Dinah, and that of the latter, Abigail, daughters of James Coffin and Mary Severance. On the maternal side, Nathaniel Gardner descended from Peter Folger and Mary Morrell. Of course, the children of the former couple were all *Gardners*, having their descent from Gardner, Hussey, Bunker, Starbuck; Coffin, by two branches, and Folger.

Now the question arises, were not Ruth Gardner's children *as nearly connected* to Stephen Hussey as were those of George Hussey, 2d, and why are not the children of the former *equally* connected with the other *five branches*, and the children of the latter with the other *four branches* from which they descend? And hence every one will see, that if the above line is in application to those of the name of *Hussey*, it applies equally to the children of Ruth Gardner; and not only so, but it fastens with the same significance upon portions of the Bunker, Starbuck, Coffin, Folger, Paddack, and Gorham families; than which, *as families*, equally with that of Hussey, nothing can be more gratuitous and unjust.

Sylvanus Hussey, and his niece Ruth Gardner, were honored in their generation. The former, as a citizen and a merchant, was, during a long life, one of the most useful, enterprising and magnanimous of men, and he gave such an activity to business, and such an encouragement to the mechanic and laborer, by his example of perseverance and industry, as were productive of incalculable benefits to the community in which he lived. *Such* men, indeed, *are* the nerve and sinew of *any* community, and their loss is a public calamity. Eleven sons and two daughters married, and their descendants and relatives are so numerous, that they are met, almost in every Nantucket family, wherever it is situated. Besides many smaller families that descend from Sylvanus Hussey, the large families of Barnabas Coleman, Sen, and Rachael Hussey, Timothy Folger and Abial Coleman, Daniel Hussey and Sarah Gorham, Obed Coleman and Elizabeth Swain, George Folger and Sarah Coleman, William Hussey and Abigail Starbuck, Seth Coleman and Deborah Swain, Josiah Barker and Elizabeth Coffin, Jethro Mitchell and Rachael Hussey, Barnabas Coleman, Jr. and

Abial Clark, Christopher Hussey and Mary Coffin, Abisha Folger, Jr. and Elizabeth Coleman, among whose descendants, are embraced very many other names on Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, New Bedford and elsewhere, all descend from him. Besides the direct descendants of Sylvanus Hussey, there are many collateral branches, and among them families of Benjamin Coffin, an Hussey, Thaddeus Swain and Ruth Hussey, &c., &c. Micajah Coffin was one of the oldest in descent from one of the above branches, having lived to his 93d year. Stephen Hussey's brother John, moved to New Castle, Del., where he died in 1711, leaving fourteen daughters, several of whom married, and settled at Nantucket.

But to return to Sylvanus Hussey and Ruth Gardner. I have now lying before me an account book of the former, embracing some three hundred pages, including some invoices, and occasionally the copy of a letter, almost wholly the work of his own hand, which shows, in part, the extent of his business operations. This particular book embraces a period of about eight years, from 1724 to '32, which I have preserved among my collection of *valuable* papers, &c., for a great many years. He died in 1767, aged 84 years.

Ruth Gardner lived to her ninety-eighth year, and her memory is still cherished by many who knew her well. Eunice, the widow of David Mitchell, is the only child now living; but there are many descendants, under the names severally of Russell, Goodwin, Chase, Coffin, Hussey, Mitchell, Swain, &c., &c., in different localities.

She was intelligent to the last, and from her I obtained much that is valuable in the genealogical history of Nantucket. She is characterized in my notes as "a noble and estimable woman." In another paper, I shall have occasion again to refer to her. (The grandfather of her husband was the first Nathaniel Gardner, who died in England in 1713, whilst he was in the prosecution of a religious duty. Of this devoted and good man, I have among my manuscripts many interesting papers, which I must pass over.)

In the forgoing, I have selected persons of *different* names, who were most intimately and directly connected by intermarriages in the *same* families, *that I might illustrate a principle* which, in a greater or less degree, attaches to *every name*, and which should be remembered by those who are desirous of coming to right conclusions, in their investigations of a genealogical history so interwoven and complicated as is that of the early settlers of our Island.

Isaac Barker, of Duxbury, married Judith, daughter of Governor Prince and Mary, daughter of [illegible]. Their son Samuel married Deborah, daughter of John Wing, whose only child, Deborah, became the wife of Jonathan Burnell, Sen. Her mother died, and on his removal hither, her father married his second wife, Bethia, daughter of John Folger and Mary Barnard, the former the son of Peter Folger and Mary Morrell, and the latter the daughter of Nathaniel and Mary Barnard.

Their oldest son, Robert, married, first, Jedida Chase, and, second, Sarah Gardner, widow of Hezekiah, and daughter of Abisha Folger, to whom I referred when speaking of the family of Thomas Look.

Their second son, Samuel, married Christian, daughter of Bartlett Coffin and Judith, daughter of Peleg Bunker and Susanna Coffin.

Their third son, Josiah, married, first, Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Mitchell and Mary Starbuck. His second wife was Elizabeth Coffin, widow of Peleg, and daughter of George Hussey and Elizabeth Starbuck.

The descendants from the foregoing are a large family, connected with many of the early names, and more directly with the following, viz:—Swain, Russell, Paddack, Sigourney, Hazzard, (of New York,) Hammett, Bond, Rotch, Burnell.

Elizabeth Rotch, widow of Benjamin, Sen., and daughter of Josiah Barker and Elizabeth Hussey, is now in her ninety-second year.

Jonathan Barney, of Rhode Island, brother of Jacob and Benjamin, married Susanna Greene, a near relative of Gen. Greene.

Their son Jonathan married, first, Abigail, daughter of Peter Jenkins, whose wife was Abigail, daughter of Ebenezer Gardner and Eunice Coffin. The grand parents of Peter Jenkins on his mother's side were Joseph Gardner and Bethia Macy, the former being the son of Richard Gardner and Sarah Shattock.

The grand parents of his wife on her father's side were Nathaniel Gardner and Abigail Coffin, the former being also the son of Richard and Sarah, and on her mother's side were Peter Coffin, Jr., and Elizabeth Starbuck. This latter couple were first cousins by a *double* family connection, the parents on *each side* being brother and sister. [For the *illustration* and *effects* of a gratuity consequent upon their marriage, many pages would be required. *It was a most interesting occasion.*]

The father of Abigail Coffin, wife of the above Nathaniel Gardner, was also the brother of Peter Coffin, Sen.

The connection, then, in this family, is perhaps as near as any that can be recounted in the genealogical history of Nantucket.

From this marriage, a large family has descended under different names.

The above Ebenezer Gardner married for his second wife, Judith Coffin, the father and mother of the one, being the brother and sister of the other—the children of Nathaniel Gardner and Abigail Coffin, and John Coffin and Hope Gardner. The first wife of Shubael Barnard was their daughter; and the present Ebenezer Gardner, is perhaps the *oldest* descendant living, being now in his eighty-ninth year.

Of other prominent families, I have prepared a synopsis, but I must defer for the present. Among them are the first Benjamin Austin and Sarah Starbuck; Jedediah Fitch, and Abigail, daughter of Peter Coffin, Jr., and Elizabeth Starbuck; Joseph Meader and Charity, daughter of Joseph Nason and Mary Swain; Jonathan Burnell and Deborah Barker; Joseph Marshall and Mercy Short, his first wife, and Abigail, widow of Thomas Howes, Sen., his second wife; Robert Wyer and Catharine, daughter of John Swain, Jr., and Experience, daughter of Peter Folger and Mary Morrell; Timothy Wyer and Mary Sullivan, William Clasby, Sen., and Abial, daughter of Joseph Gardner and Bethia Macy; Joseph Rotch, Sen., and Love, daughter of Thomas Macy and Deborah Coffin; Simon Glover and Lydia, daughter of Beriah Fitch and Deborah Gorham; Isaac Myrick and Deborah, daughter of Jonathan Pinkham and Hannah Brown; Joseph Inott and Elizabeth, daughter of Andrew Gardner and Mary Gorham; David Joy and Sarah, daughter of Solomon Gardner and Anna Coffin; Thomas Brock and Patience, daughter of Joseph Gardner and Ruth Coffin; Thomas Clark and Mary, daughter of John Church and Abigail Severance; Benjamin Fish and Priscilla, daughter of John Arthur and Mary Folger; George Smith and Jane Armstrong; Christopher Baxter and Mary, daughter of Richard Worth and Mary Swain; James Whippey and Patience daughter of Robert Long and Sarah Skiff, the latter the daughter of James Skiff and Sarah Barnard; and the following families, viz:—Hayden, Morris, Barrett, Wendell, Ramsdell, Fosdick, Cottle, Pease, Pollard, Elkins, Giles, Easton, Coggeshall, Lawrence, Sandford, Way, Chadwick, Crosby, Ray, Parker, Jones, Upham, Randall, Hathaway, &c., &c., &c., who, with other emigrants, bring us into the early, and a *few* into the middle part of the eighteenth century. I have glanced at a *number* of very interesting, and some of them aged persons, in the foregoing synopsis; many of whom have passed away, and others yet remain, whom I cannot now

I will close this [illegible] persons on Nantucket at the time I commenced my first letter, viz:—Coffin Whippey and Abial Coffin, widow of Zenas, the latter of whom has since deceased. It is a fact worthy of notice, that the above are severally of the fifth generation from Edward Starbuck, and that the oldest person in New Bedford, Elizabeth Rodman, descends by *three* branches from the same ancestor. Coffin Whippey, now in his ninety-third year, is also of the fifth generation from Robert Barnard and Joanna Harvey, on his father's side—of the fifth generation on his mother's side from Peter Folger, and by two branches, on the same side, from Tristram Coffin and Dinah Stephens.

Abial Coffin was of the fourth generation on her father's side severally from Richard Gardner and Sarah Shattock; and Nathaniel Starbuck and Mary Coffin; and the third generation, from John Swain and Mary Wyer; on her mother's side, of the third generation from Edward Allen and Ann Coleman; and of the fifth generation from George Bunker and Jane Godfrey.

The lineage of Elizabeth Rodman, now in her ninety ninth year, presents important considerations, in connection with the objects of this article, and those of your Cape Cod and New Bedford correspondents. There were two intermarriages on her father's side, in her descent from Edward Starbuck, viz:—Benjamin Austin and Sarah Starbuck, and Joseph Rotch and Love Macy, the mother of the latter being a great-grand-daughter of Edward; and two on her mother's side, William Gayer and Dorcas Starbuck, and Benjamin Barney and Lydia Starbuck. The above were all of *foreign* origin, and from *distinct* localities. In these facts there is reflection for a Genealogist. I will briefly pass to the ages of some of her ancestors, and close this letter, which already exceeds a reasonable limit, viz:—Sarah Gardner, (Shattock) widow of Richard, 92; Edward Starbuck, 86; Sarah Macy, (Hopcott) widow of Thomas, 92; Jethro Starbuck, near 99; Nathaniel Starbuck, 83; Benjamin Barney, 84; Joseph Rotch, 80; William Rotch, in his 95th; and his wife, Elizabeth Barney, in her 90th year.

B. F. F.

New Daily Route to Nantucket.

The new and splendid sea-going Steamer "ISLAND HOME," (Captain THOMAS BROWN, 2D,) built expressly for this route, has taken the place of the Massachusetts, and will run between Nantucket and Hyannis, leaving the former place at 7 A. M., and the latter upon the arrival of the morning train of cars from Boston.

By this route MORE THAN ONE HALF OF THE WATER PASSAGE OVER THE OLD LINE VIA NEW BEDFORD, IS SAVED, and the tedious delays of stopping at Naushon, Wood's Hole, Holmes' Hole, and occasionally at Edgartown, are avoided.

Passengers from Boston to Nantucket taking the morning train from the Old Colony and Fall River Railroad to Middleboro', and thence by the Cape Cod Road to Hyannis, can arrive at Nantucket at 1 P. M. Passengers from Nantucket to Boston arrive at 12 1-2 o'clock.

Passsngers from New Bedford should take the 8 25 A. M. train over the Fairhaven Branch Railroad, connecting at Tremont with the Cape Cod train for Hyannis.

Through tickets sold and Baggage checked on board the Steamer, to Boston and New Bedford, and tickets through to New York by the Fall River steamers.

A. B. ROBINSON,
Agent Nant and Cape Cod Steamboat Co.
Nantucket, Sept. 10th, 1855.

NATHANIEL FITZGERALD,
NO. 25 FAIR STREET,

KEEPS constantly on hand and for sale, the following Medicines: Arrowroot, Anniseed, Assafœdita, Alum, Aloes, Castor Oil, Crapo's Horse Liniment, Copperas, Camphor, Cream Tartar, Davis's Extirpator, Davis's Pain Killer, Epsom Salts, Flour Sulphur, Flaxseed, Olive Oil, Paregoric, Peppermint, Senna, Saltpetre, Tinc. Rhubarb, Red Lavender, Turlington's Balsam, Vegetable Oil Soap, Tamarinds, Honey, Vitriol, Wheeler's Bitters, Log Wood, Red Wood, and many other articles too numerous to mention, for sale low at the above store.

THE undersigned has purchased the unmanufactured Stock, Lasts and Machinery of the firm of SWAIN, SWEET & CO., and taken the rooms over the store, and will manufacture and repair Boots and Shoes as usual, in the best manner.

Having served the Nantucket public for the last twelve years in this business, he hopes he shall continue to receive their patronage, and will by the most strict attention to his business, endeavor to merit still what he has always received, a generous patronage.

J. N. V. SWEET. m10

BOVEY & COFFIN'S
GREAT SALE OF GOODS
—AT—
REDUCED PRICES,
WILL CONTINUE UNTIL
FEBRUARY 1st, 1856.
THIS IS THE LAST CHANCE.

FAIRBANKS'
CELEBRATED
SCALES,
of every variety,
34 KILBY ST., BOSTON.
GREENLEAF & BROWN, AGENTS.

A full assortment of all kinds of weighing apparatus and store furniture for sale at low rates. Railroad, Hay, and Coal Scales set in any part of the country. jan 26—1y

BOOKS.

THE subscribers having completed new arrangements with publishers in Boston and New York, are prepared to furnish the latest publications, as fast as issued at city prices.

Clubs or companies wishing any Books, either of American or Foreign publication, can be furnished at the lowest trade prices, without any additional expense. KELLEY & CO. f16

CHEMICALS.

IODIDE Potass, Cyanide Potass, Bromide Potass, Prussian Blue, Chinese Vermilion, TRUE.
f16 C. H. JAGGAR.

The Genuine Blood Purifier.

THIS Medicine has been a long time before the public, and its virtues are fully known. It is purely vegetable in its composition, it cures the most stubborn cases of Scrofulous Humors; and for Cankers in Children, it is an invaluable article.
For sale at the Union Store. jan 26

LADIES' RUBBER BOOTS.

JUST recd a nice lot of the above. Also, Ladies Rubber Overshoes, at
f16 E. H. ALLEY'S.

RECD, a fine assortment of Gents' Woolen Scarfs, for sale low at
f16 E. H. ALLEY'S.

EMBROIDERIES.

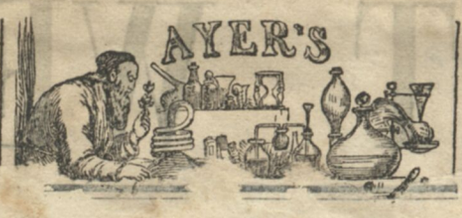
ON hand, and now selling very cheap, a large lot of Cambric, Muslin, and Lace Collars, the best assortment in town.

Also, Cambric, Muslin, and Lace Sleeves, together with Muslin and Cambric Edgings and Insertings, Spotted Swiss and Plain Muslins.
mch 1 BOVEY & COFFIN.

Hope springs Exulting from its Use, while Doubts fleeing away, give place to Conviction most Triumphant.

Be kind enough, Reader, to give your attention one moment, and you will learn what

C. A. RICHARDS'
ABBOTT BITTERS



They have been made and sold 40 years by the present proprietor, and now this great truth, he has facts in his possession, showing that they *have cured and helped thousands, yea, thousands of cases of*

INDIGESTION.

Nervous Debility,	Sickness at the Stomach,
Derangement of the Digestive Functions,	Water Brash, Humors,
Depression of Mind and Spirits,	Colds and Coughs,
Oppression after Eating,	Costiveness, Jaundice,
Acid Stomach,	Flatulency, Rheumatism,
Sick Headache,	Female Obstructions,
	Loss of Appetite,
	Pain in the Side,

AND

TORPOR OF THE LIVER AND BOWELS.

Reader! you are appealed to earnestly. Don't say—"If I only could believe this to be true! I have some of the above complaints, and I would take the medicine at once if I could only have confidence." IT IS TRUE; it is an honest truth, if ever there was one spoken. Come then, if your mind is irritable, discontented and gloomy; if you have severe Colic Pains after eating your food; if your body begins to waste, or your strength to fail you; if your countenance assumes a haggard and sallow aspect; if you have a difficulty in lying on your left side; if your skin is dry and shrivelled; if you have an appetite weak and variable, and perhaps entirely destroyed; if your whole system is languid, especially during the process of digestion; if you have a constant uneasy feeling in the stomach, why, you have only a fit of INDIGESTION! and these Bitters are made to cure Indigestion, and they will do it too, and all its attendant ills; and while at first it gently stimulates the stomach, cleansing and removing these troublesome agents,

IT ACTS UPON THE SKIN,

Removing MORBID or VITIATED HUMORS, beautifying the face, kindling life and energy in your entire frame; then, Reader, will the world *no longer look dark and gloomy; no longer* will your dearest hopes be banished and thrust aside, but with

HEALTH AND STRENGTH,

You will go forth into the world, to say with thousands of others, C. A. RICHARDS' ABBOTT BITTERS have done wonders for me. Living witnesses are ready to testify to the statement above made.—Thirty years and upwards old Doctor Abbott introduced this medicine. It has been eight years in the possession of Mr. Richards, neither of whom have advertised it, leaving it to its own merits to work its own way. Now, in view of its great curative properties—in view of a duty which every one owes to the public, it is being put before the people as it should have been long ago, through the medium of the Press. The Label is Copyrighted, and each bottle, for the protection of the consumers and proprietor, bears the Portrait of Dr. Wm. Abbott, together with the signature of

C. A. RICHARDS, Proprietor,
89 State Street, Boston.

☞ Sole Agent for Nantucket, George R. Folger & Co. o 27—6m

CHOICE TEAS.

WE have just recd from the Canton Tea Co. in New York, a large assortment of choice Teas, both Green and Black, which we are selling from 40c to $1,25 per lb Also, Ground Java Coffee put up in 1 lb papers. G. R. FOLGER & CO.

SMOKED Beef, Hams and Pork, for sale by
j30 G. R. FOLGER & CO.

WOOL MATS, very handsome and good size, for sale by G. R. FOLGER & CO.

EXTRACTS Rose, Lemon, Vanilla, Ginger, &c., for sale by G. R FOLGER, & CO.

J. N. V. SWEET,
MANUFACTURER AND REPAIRER OF
Boots and Shoes,
CORNER OF MAIN & ORANGE STREETS,
(*UP STAIRS.*)

N. B.—Rubber Boots and Shoes Repaired and Warranted. Terms Cash. m24

October 6th, 1855.
MORE NEW GOODS.

JUST opened a fresh lot of New Goods, and very desirable, such as All Wool Plaids, Mohair Lustres, DeBeiges, Delaines, and Prints. For sale at low prices. J. LAWRENCE. o 6

EMBROIDERIES.

LADIES, if you wish to see one of the best assortments of Embroideries to be found on the Island, you will do well to look in at the Ladies' Exchange, Centre St. F. GARDNER. m5

SPLENDID NEW STYLES SILKS.

JUST received, an extensive assortment of Rich Dress Silks, new designs, and very handsome. Purchasers are respectfully invited to call and examine them. Price the lowest.

NO. 3, UNION BLOCK, MAIN ST.
o 6 J. LAWRENCE

NEW BOOKS.

KELLEY & CO., have just received "ROSE CLARK," Fanny Fern's new work. Also, Headley's "SACRED PLAINS," the "MAY FLOWER," by Mrs. Stowe, and a few copies "CASTE," by Sydney A. Story, Jr. This new work excels even Uncle Tom's Cabin. jan 19

ON HAND,

10 PIECES Mohair Lustres, which we shall sell at the low price of 12 1-2 cents, to close them off, worth at least 17 cents.
jan 19 BOVEY & COFFIN.

FURS! FURS!!

JUST recd a few sets more of those Fine Fitch Marten BOAS, and for sale cheap by
jan 19 W. H. GEARY.

RUBBER BOOTS.

A LARGE assortment of Gents', Ladies', Boys', and Youths' Rubber Boots, just recd by the subscriber, and warranted to be of the best quality.
f2 C. H. STARBUCK.

SKINNER'S Bitters, Radway's Renovating Resolvent, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Pomatum, Ball Soap, German Cologne, Arnica Plasters, Blank Books, Vanilla Beans, Thayer's Patent Lacteals and Tubes, Nursing Bottles, Indigo; just received by C. H. JAGGAR. f2

HATS! HATS!!

JUST recd, another lot of those fine Beebe & Co's New York Hats, and for sale by
s1 W. H. GEARY.

IN ALL PROBABILITY

THERE will not be such an opportunity for SOME TIME TO COME to buy *DRY GOODS* cheap, as the Present Great Closing Off Sale, at BOVEY & COFFIN'S store affords.

The fact is, the Goods are selling at such low prices that the "knowing ones" are securing the Bargains. The sales will last but a

"FEW DAYS LONGER."
January 8.

PURE SPICES.

GROUND Black Pepper, Ground Cinnamon, do Cloves, do Ginger, do Jamaica Ginger, Nutmegs, Mace, Pulverized Sweet Marjoram, Summer Savory, Sage for Culinary Purposes; all of which are warranted pure, for sale by
C. H. JAGGAR,
f3 Centre Street.

"FLOUR THAT IS FLOUR."

JUST recd by the scbscriber a lot of superior Southern Flour, in bbls and half bbls, ground from Gallego and Haxall Wheat. The lot embraces the following well known Brands:—
Columbia Mills,
Congress Mills,
Chesapeake Mills,
Montgomery Mills.
Also, Croton, Milton, and Munroe Co., Flour.
jan 19 E. G. KELLEY.

CATHARTIC PILLS

OPERATE by their powerful influence on the internal viscera to purify the blood and stimulate it into healthy action. They remove the obstructions of the stomach, bowels, liver, and other organs of the body, and, by restoring their irregular action to health, correct, wherever they exist, such derangements as are the first causes of disease. An extensive trial of their virtues, by Professors, Physicians, and Patients, has shown cures of dangerous diseases almost beyond belief, were they not substantiated by persons of such exalted position and character as to forbid the suspicion of untruth. Their certificates are published in my American Almanac, which the Agents below named are pleased to furnish free to all inquiring.

Annexed we give *Directions* for their use in the complaints which they have been found to cure.

FOR COSTIVENESS.—Take one or two Pills, or such quantity as to gently move the bowels. Costiveness is frequently the aggravating cause of PILES, and the cure of one complaint is the cure of both. No person can feel well while under a costive habit of body. Hence it should be, as it can be, promptly relieved.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, which is sometimes the cause of *Costiveness*, and always uncomfortable, take mild doses—from one to four—to stimulate the stomach and liver into healthy action. They will do it, and the *heartburn, bodyburn,* and *soulburn* of dyspepsia will rapidly disappear. When it has gone, don't forget what cured you.

For a FOUL STOMACH, or *Morbid Inaction of the Bowels*, which produces general depression of the spirits and bad health, take from four to eight Pills at first, and smaller doses afterwards, until activity and strength is restored to the system.

FOR NERVOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, NAUSEA, *Pain in the Stomach, Back, or Side,* take from four to eight pills on going to bed. If they do not operate sufficiently, take more the next day until they do. These complaints will be swept out from the system. Don't wear these and their kindred disorders because your stomach is foul.

FOR SCROFULA, ERYSIPELAS, *and all Diseases of the Skin,* take the Pills freely and frequently, to keep the bowels open. The eruptions will generally soon begin to diminish and disappear. Many dreadful ulcers and sores have been healed up by the purging and purifying effect of these Pills, and some disgusting diseases which seemed to saturate the whole system have completely yielded to their influence, leaving the sufferer in perfect health. Patients! your duty to society forbids that you should parade yourself around the world covered with pimples, blotches, ulcers, sores, and all or any of the unclean diseases of the skin, because your system wants cleansing.

To PURIFY THE BLOOD, they are the best medicine ever discovered. They should be taken freely and frequently, and the impurities which sow the seeds of incurable diseases will be swept out of the system. By this property they do as much good in preventing sickness as by the remarkable cures which they are making every where.

LIVER COMPLAINT, JAUNDICE, *and all Bilious Affections,* arise from some derangement—either torpidity, congestion, or obstructions of the Liver. Torpidity and congestion vitiate the bile and render it unfit for digestion. This is disastrous to the health, and the constitution is frequently undermined by no other cause. Indigestion is the symptom. Obstruction of the duct which empties the bile into the stomach causes the bile to overflow into the blood. This produces Jaundice, with a long and dangerous train of evils. Costiveness, or alternately costiveness and diarrhœa, prevails. Feverish symptoms, languor, low spirits, weariness, restlessness, and melancholy, with sometimes inability to sleep, and sometimes great drowsiness; sometimes there is severe pain in the side; the skin and the white of the eyes become a greenish yellow; the stomach acid; the bowels sore to the touch; the whole system irritable, with a tendency to fever, which may turn to bilious fever, bilious colic, bilious diarrhœa, dysentery, &c. A medium dose of three or four Pills taken at night, followed by two or three in the morning, and repeated a few days, will remove the cause of all these troubles. It is wicked to suffer such pains when you can cure them for 25 cents.

RHEUMATISM, GOUT, *and all Inflammatory Fevers,* are rapidly cured by the purifying effects of these Pills upon the blood and the stimulus which they afford to the vital principal of Life. For these and all kindred complaints they should be taken in mild doses, to move the bowels gently, but freely.

As a DINNER PILL, this is both agreeable and useful. No Pill can be made more pleasant to take, and certainly none has been made more effectual to the purpose for which a dinner pill is employed.

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DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists
LOWELL, MASS.,
AND SOLD BY
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The whole safely and advantageously invested.

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Jan 17—1y

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LADIES' DRESSES AND CLOAKS, of all fabrics, SHAWLS, HDKFS, SCARFS and Fancy Articles of all kinds, dyed most brilliant colors and finished so much like New Goods, as to deceive the most practised eye. Silks and Silk Dresses watered in beautiful style. Woolen Dresses dyed without being ripped. Parasols and Sun Shades dyed on the frames Straw Bonnets dyed, and pressed in fashionable shapes.

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JUSTIN LAWRENCE, Agent for Nantucket.
d14

CHICAGO BEEF AND NEW PORK.

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ment and cure of every form of disease, contracted by promiscuous sexual intercourse, by self abuse, by sexual excess, with advice for their prevention, written in a familiar style, avoiding all medical technicalities, and every-thing that would offend the ear of decency, from the result of some twenty years successful practice, exclusively devoted to the cure of diseases of a delicate or private nature.

To which is added receipts for the cure of the above diseases, and a treatise on the causes, symptoms and cure of the Fever and Ague.

TESTIMONY OF THE PROFESSOR OF OBSTETRICS, PENN. COLLEGE, PHILA.—"Dr. Hunter's Medical Manual."—The author of the work, unlike the majority of those works who advertise to cure the diseases on which it treats, is a graduate of one of the best colleges in the United States. It affords me pleasure to recommend him to the unfortunate or to the victim of mal-practice, as a successful and experienced practitioner, in whose honor and integrity they may place the greatest confidence.

JOSEPH LONGSHORE, M. D,.

From A. WOODWARD, M. D., of Penn. University, Philadelphia.—It gives me pleasure to add my testimony to the professional ability of the author of the "Medical Manual." Numerous cases of Diseases of the Genital Organs, some of them of long standing, have come under my notice, in which his skill has been manifest in restoring to perfect health in some instauces where the patient hrs been considered beyond medical aid. In the treatment of Seminal weakness, or disarrangement of the functions produced by Self-abuse, or excess of venery, I do not know his superior in the professon. I have been acquainted with the author some thirty years, and deem it no more than justice to him as well as a kindness to the unfortunato victim of early indistretion, to recommend him as one in whose professional skill and integrity they may safely confide shemselves. ALFRED WOODWARD, M. D.

"This is, without exception the most comprehensive and intelligible work published on the class of diseases of which it treats. Avoiding all technical terms, it addresses itself to the reason of its readers. It is free from all objectionable matter, and no parent, however fastidious, can object to placing it in the hands of his sons. The author has devoted many years to the treatment of the various complaints treated of, and 'with too little breath to puff,' and too little presumption to impose,' he has offered to the world at the merely nominal price of 25 cents, the fruits of some twenty years most successful practice."—Herald.

"No teacher or parent should be without the knowledge imparted in this invaluable work. It would save years of pain, mortification and sorrow to the youth under their charge."—People's Advocate.

A Presbyterian clergyman in Ohio in writing for "Hunter's Medical Manual," says: "Thousands upon thousands of our youth, by evil example of passions, have been led into the habit of self-[illegible] upon themselves and their posterity. The conviction of thousands who are raising families have enfeebled, if not broken down, and they do not know the cause or cure. Anything that can be done to enlighten and influence the public mind as to cure and ultimately to remove this wide-spread source of human wretchedness, would confer the greatest blessing next to the religion of Jesus Christ, on the present and coming generations. Intemperance (or the use of intoxicating drinks,) though it has slain thousands upon thousands, is not a greater scourge to the human race. Accept my thanks on behalf of the afflicted, and, believe me, your co-worker in the good work you are so actively engaged in."

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j9 W. H. GEARY.

DOCTOR YOURSELF!
THE POCKET ÆSCULAPIUS
OR, EVERY ONE HIS OWN PHYSICIAN!
THE FIFTIETH EDITION, w[illegible]

One Hundred Engravings, showing Diseases and Malformations of the Human System in every shape and form. To which is added a Treatise on the Diseases of Females, being of the highest importance to married people, or those contemplating marriage. By

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☞ Any person sending TWENTY-FIVE CENTS enclosed in a letter, will receive one copy of the work by mail, or five copies will be sent for One Dollar. Address, (post paid,) DR. WM. YOUNG,
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IN DELAINES, COTTONS, MOHAIR LUSTRES, THIBETS; LYONESE CLOTHS; COTTON & WOOL FLANNELS, COTTON FLANNELS, DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS and NAPKINS, CLOTHS and CASSIMERES, Super Black Silks, splendid Dress Silks, latest styles, and very rich goods, Cashmere Long Shawls, Bay State do.; and they will be sold lower than ever before for cash, at
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n 17 J. LAWRENCE.

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NOVEMBER 24TH, 1855.
HOSIERY, GLOVES, &c.

GENTS' Super Buckskin Gloves, plain and lined, Gents' super Buckskin Mittens, plain and lined, Wodlen Gloves and Mittens of every quality and price; Woolen Socks of every quality at price; Men's and Boys' Comforters of every quality and price; Men's and Boys' Bay State Scarfs, Boys' Woolen Skating Caps, and many other articles suitable for Winter wear, may be had at very low prices, by calling at the ONE PRICE CASH STORE, No. 75 Main Street.
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AT BOVEY & COFFIN'S Silk and Shawl Store, can be found a better assortment of Bay State Shawls than anywhere else. b15

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JUST received and will be sold at reduced prices, Super, Black and Dark Colors Ladies Cloths, splendid shades, at low prices, new trimmings for Cloaks and Dresses, just recd in large assortments, of the latest styles. J. LAWRENCE. d15

Abial Clark, Christopher Hussey and Mary Coffin, Abisha Folger, Jr. and Elizabeth Coleman, among whose descendants, are embraced very many other names on Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, New Bedford and elsewhere, all descend from him. Besides the direct de- [illegible] there are many wife of Shubael Hussey, Thaddeus Swain and Ruth Hussey, &c., &c. Micajah Coffin was one of the oldest in descent from one of the above branches, having lived to his 93d year. Stephen Hussey's brother John, moved to New Castle, Del., where he died in 1711, leaving fourteen daughters, several of whom married, and settled at Nantucket.

But to return to Sylvanus Hussey and Ruth Gardner. I have now lying before me an account book of the former, embracing some three hundred pages, including some invoices, and occasionally the copy of a letter, almost wholly the work of his own hand, which shows, in part, the extent of his business operations. This particular book embraces a period of about eight years, from 1724 to '32, which I have preserved among my collection of *valuable* papers, &c., for a great many years. He died in 1767, aged 84 years.

Ruth Gardner lived to her ninety-eighth year, and her memory is still cherished by many who knew her well. Eunice, the widow of David Mitchell, is the only child now living; but there are many descendants, under the names severally of Russell, Goodwin, Chase, Coffin, Hussey, Mitchell, Swain, &c., &c., in different localities.

She was intelligent to the last, and from her I obtained much that is valuable in the genealogical history of Nantucket. She is characterized in my notes as "a noble and estimable woman." In another paper, I shall have occasion again to refer to her. (The grandfather of her husband was the first Nathaniel Gardner, who died in England in 1713, whilst he was in the prosecution of a religious duty. Of this devoted and good man, I have among my manuscripts many interesting papers, which I must pass over.)

In the forgoing, I have selected persons of *different* names, who were most intimately and directly connected by intermarriages in the *same* families, *that I might illustrate a principle* which, in a greater or less degree, attaches to *every name*, and which should be remembered by those who are desirous of coming to right conclusions, in their investigations of a genealogical history so interwoven and complicated as is that of the early settlers of our Island.

Isaac Barker, of Duxbury, married Judith, daughter of Governor Prince and Mary, daughter of [illegible] Their son Samuel married Deborah [illegible], whose only child, Deborah, married Jonathan Burnell, Sen. Her son, [illegible] in his removal hither, her father [illegible] and wife, Bethia, daughter of John [illegible]

[illegible] The above Families [illegible] rence, Sandford, Way, Chadwick, Crosby, Ray, Parker, Jones, Upham, Randall, Hathaway, &c., &c., &c., who, with other emigrants, bring us into the early, and a *few* into the middle part of the eighteenth century. I have glanced at a *number* of very interesting, and some of them aged persons, in the foregoing synopsis; many of whom have passed [illegible] I will close here, but remain, whom I cannot now persons on Nantucket at the time I commenced my first letter, viz:—Coffin Whippey and Abial Coffin, widow of Zenas, the latter of whom has since deceased. It is a fact worthy of notice, that the above are severally of the fifth generation from Edward Starbuck, and that the oldest person in New Bedford, Elizabeth Rodman, descends by *three* branches from the same ancestor. Coffin Whippey, now in his ninety-third year, is also of the fifth generation from Robert Barnard and Joanna Harvey, on his father's side—of the fifth generation on his mother's side from Peter Folger, and by two branches, on the same side, from Tristram Coffin and Dinah Stephens.

Abial Coffin was of the fourth generation on her father's side severally from Richard Gardner and Sarah Shattock; and Nathaniel Starbuck and Mary Coffin; and the third generation, from John Swain and Mary Wyer; on her mother's side, of the third generation from Edward Allen and Ann Coleman; and of the fifth generation from George Bunker and Jane Godfrey.

The lineage of Elizabeth Rodman, now in her ninety ninth year, presents important considerations, in connection with the objects of this article, and those of your Cape Cod and New Bedford correspondents. There were two intermarriages on her father's side, in her descent from Edward Starbuck, viz:—Benjamin Austin and Sarah Starbuck, and Joseph Rotch and Love Macy, the mother of the latter being a great-grand-daughter of Edward; and two on her mother's side, William Gayer and Dorcas Starbuck, and Benjamin Barney and Lydia Starbuck. The above were all of *foreign* origin, and from *distinct* localities. In these facts there is reflection for a Genealogist. I will briefly pass to the ages of some of her ancestors, and close this letter, which already exceeds a reasonable limit, viz:—Sarah Gardner, (Shattock) widow of Richard, 92; Edward Starbuck, 86; Sarah Macy, (Hopcott) widow of Thomas, 92; Jethro Starbuck, near 99; Nathaniel Starbuck, 83; Benjamin Barney, 84; Joseph Rotch, 80; William Rotch, in his 95th; and his wife, Elizabeth Barney, in her 90th year.

B. F. F.

New Daily Route to Nantucket.

The new and splendid sea-going Steamer "ISLAND HOME," (Captain THOMAS BROWN, 2D,) taken the place of the Massachusetts, and will run between Nantucket and Hyannis, leaving the former

Hope springs Exulting from its Use, while Doubts fleeing away, give place to Conviction most Triumphant.

Be kind enough, Reader, to give your attention one moment, and you will learn what

C. A. RICHARDS'

ABBOTT BITTE

[illegible] by the present proprietor, and note this great truth; he has facts in his possession, showing that they *have cured and helped thousands, yea, thousands of cases of*

INDIGESTION,

Nervous Debility,	Sickness at the Stomach,
Derangement of the Digestive Functions,	Water Brash, Humors,
Depression of Mind and Spirits,	Colds and Coughs,
Oppression after Eating,	Costiveness, Jaundice,
Acid Stomach,	Flatulency, Rheumatism,
Sick Headache,	Female Obstructions,
	Loss of Appetite,
	Pain in the Side,

AND

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Reader! you are appealed to earnestly. Don't say—"If I only could believe this to be true! I have some of the above complaints, and I would take the medicine at once if I could only have confidence." IT IS TRUE; it is an honest truth, if ever there was one spoken. Come then, if your mind is irritable, discontented and gloomy; if you have severe Colic Pains after eating your food; if your body begins to waste, or your strength to fail you; if your countenance assumes a haggard and sallow aspect; if you have a difficulty in lying on your left side; if your skin is dry and shrivelled; if you have an appetite weak and variable, and perhaps entirely destroyed; if your whole system is languid, especially during the process of digestion; if you have a constant uneasy feeling in the stomach, why, you have only a fit of INDIGESTION! and these Bitters are made to cure Indigestion, and they will do it too, and all its attendant ills; and while at first it gently stimulates the stomach, cleansing and removing these troublesome agents,

IT ACTS UPON THE SKIN,

Removing MORBID or VITIATED HUMORS, beautifying the face, kindling life and energy in your entire frame; then, Reader, will the world *no longer look dark and gloomy; no longer* will your dearest hopes be banished and thrust aside, but with

HEALTH AND STRENGTH,

You will go forth into the world, to say with thousands of others, C. A. RICHARDS' ABBOTT BITTERS have done wonders for me. Living witnesses are ready to testify to the statement above made.—Thirty years and upwards old Doctor Abbott introduced this medicine. It has been eight years in the possession of Mr. Richards, neither of whom have advertised it, leaving it to its own merits to work its own way. Now, in view of its great curative properties—in view of a duty which every one owes to the public, it is being put before the people as it should have been long ago, through the medium of the Press. The Label is Copyrighted, and each bottle, for the protection of the consumers and proprietor, bears the Portrait of Dr. Wm. Abbott, together with the signature of

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☞ Sole Agent for Nantucket, George R. Folger & Co.

o 27—6m

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OPERATE by their powerful influence on the internal viscera to purify the blood and stimulate it into healthy action. They remove the obstructions of the stomach, bowels, liver, and other organs of the body, and, by restoring their irregular action to health, correct, wherever they exist, such derangements as are the first causes of disease. An extensive trial of their virtues, by Professors, Physicians, and Patients, has shown cures of dangerous diseases almost beyond belief, were they not substantiated by persons of such exalted position and character as to forbid the suspicion of untruth. Their certificates are published in my American Almanac, which the Agents below named are pleased to furnish free to all inquiring.

Annexed we give *Directions* for their use in the complaints which they have been found to cure.

FOR COSTIVENESS.—Take one or two Pills, or such quantity as to gently move the bowels. Costiveness is frequently the aggravating cause of PILES, and the cure of one complaint is the cure of both. No person can feel well while under a costive habit of body. Hence it should be, as it can be, promptly relieved.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, which is sometimes the cause of *Costiveness*, and always uncomfortable, take mild doses—from one to four—to stimulate the stomach and liver into healthy action. They will do it, and the *heartburn*, *bodyburn*, and *soulburn* of dyspepsia will rapidly disappear. When it has gone, don't forget what cured you.

For a FOUL STOMACH, or *Morbid Inaction of the Bowels*, which produces general depression of the spirits and bad health, take from four to eight Pills at first, and smaller doses afterwards, until activity and strength is restored to the system.

FOR NERVOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, NAUSEA, *Pain in the Stomach, Back, or Side*, take from four to eight pills on going to bed. If they do not operate sufficiently, take more the next day until they do. These complaints will be swept out from the system. Don't wear these and their kindred disorders because your stomach is foul.

FOR SCROFULA, ERYSIPELAS, *and all Diseases of the Skin*, take the Pills freely and frequently, to keep the bowels open. The eruptions will generally soon begin to diminish and disappear. Many dreadful ulcers and sores have been healed up by the purging and purifying effect of these Pills, and some disgusting diseases which seemed to saturate the whole system have completely yielded to their influence, leaving the sufferer in perfect health. Patients! your duty to society forbids that you should parade yourself around the world covered with pimples, blotches, ulcers, sores, and all or any of the unclean diseases of the skin, because your system wants cleansing.

TO PURIFY THE BLOOD, they are the best medicine ever discovered. They should be taken freely and frequently, and the impurities which sow the seeds of incurable diseases will be swept out of the [illegible] they do as much good in preventing sickness as by the remarkable cures which they are making every where.

LIVER COMPLAINT, JAUNDICE, *and all Bilious*

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JOSEPH LONGSHORE, M. D.

From A. WOODWARD, M. D., of Penn. University, Philadelphia.—It gives me pleasure to add my testimony to the professional ability of the author of the "Medical Manual." Numerous cases of Diseases of the Genital Organs, some of them of long standing, have come under my notice, in which his skill has been manifest in restoring to perfect health in some instances where the patient hrs been considered beyond medical aid. In the treatment of Seminal weakness, or disarrangement of the functions produced by Self-abuse, or excess of venery, I do not know his superior in the profesion. I have been acquainted with the author some thirty years, and deem it no more than justice to him as well as a kindness to the unfortunate victim of early indiscretion, to recommend him as one in whose professional skill and integrity they may safely confide themselves. ALFRED WOODWARD, M. D.

"This is, without exception the most comprehensive and intelligible work published on the class of diseases of which it treats. Avoiding all technical terms, it addresses itself to the reason of its readers. It is free from all objectionable matter, and no parent, however fastidious, can object to placing it in the hands of his sons. The author has devoted many years to the treatment of the various complaints treated of, and 'with too little breath to puff,' and too little presumption to impose,' he has offered to the world at the merely nominal price of 25 cents, the fruits of some twenty years most successful practice."—Herald.

"No teacher or parent should be without the knowledge imparted in this invaluable work. It would save years of pain, mortification and sorrow to the youth under their charge."—People's Advocate.

A Presbyterian clergyman in Ohio in writing [illegible] "Hunter's Medical Manual," says: "Thousands [illegible] on thousands of our youth, by evil example of [illegible] passions, have been led into the habit of self-[illegible] upon themselves and their posterity. The con[illegible] tion of thousands who are raising families have [illegible] enfeebled, if not broken down, and they do not [illegible] the cause or cure. Anything that can be done [illegible]

1831 Dr

May 10 by 50 of A ground lead

by 1 lb linseed oil 1 gall a 110

by 5 room yellow

by 10 [illegible]

by 1 do

by 1 do No 1

by 1 [illegible] of French [illegible] 5 [illegible]

by 1 lb 36 galls [illegible] entire

Jun 7 by 20 [illegible]

by 20 Virdigree 31

by 3 galls Varnish a 1 [illegible]

by 1/4 grose of pencils

by 50 feet of 7 [illegible] Stimore glass

by 50 do of [illegible]

by 504 of ground Wlead a 9 1/4

by 1 lb of oil 36 gall a 112 1/2 gall

by 483 of W lead a 9 1/2

23 by 28 of W green

Sept 22 by [illegible] received

Oct 5 by [illegible] Do

---

lay down [illegible] ... to ride round the island the next day, and wished I would go with him. I was going to [illegible] him [illegible] cut me off short [illegible] said he wouldn't take no for an answer then, but he would come after me to morrow and if I hadn't a mind to go, why well as good—he could find somebody else—[illegible] ly—and then he left me without [illegible] him but I then [illegible]

Neutral in Politics

Cottage

Box

POETRY.

THE ONLY SON.

TO MRS. ABRAM ROSSITER, RICHMOND, MASS.

In the still new England autumn
The work of the year was done;
But [illegible] fields unsickled
Under the southern sun—
[illegible] to be reaped in battle—
[illegible] by victory won.

[illegible] men came from the hill-sides,
A thousand strong and more,
At the [illegible] of a sterner duty
The [illegible] sons had heard [illegible]
And whose under-tone was deeper
Than the [illegible] cannon's roar.

From each house a living echo
Was given unto the call,
One from the nestled cottage
One from the [illegible]
In a home [illegible] hearthers,
And the [illegible] gave them all.

They went, and the fields by the river
With their harvesting grew red;
And they came with the sheaves of triumph
[illegible] were dead:
"Welcome, my son, mine only,"
Calmly the mother said.

In the lower Mississippi
The work of the year was done;
The death [illegible] fields were sick,
Under the [illegible]
And the harvest-home was joyful,
[illegible] the mother welcomed one.

A Family Newspaper

VOL. 19.

The Weekly Mirror,

[illegible] EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY

HUSSEY & ROBINSON

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HENRY C. BURDICK,

—DEALER IN—

CLOTHING,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

[illegible] HATS, CAPS, BOOTS

THE STORM.—This year [illegible] had a [illegible] gale. We [illegible] of stor[illegible]

Literature, Instruction, [illegible]

46	25
37	95
1	25
5	25
4	25
	37
	20
18	90
12	60
128	57
9	40
5	25
	44
4	50
3	50
49	14
	50
	25
47	30
158	28
10	36
95	33
10	83
106	16
3	2
403	6

Correspondence of the Mirror.

GALLOUPE'S ISLAND,
Boston Harbor, March 21, 1864.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—We have changed our "base of operations," and are re-organized as Co. A, Permanent Garrison, making a company of one hundred and twenty; or, in other words, the two drafted companies have been consolidated, and we now glory in being the first letter in the alphabet, and are No. 1 in the garrison; that is, we occupy No. 1 barracks. Our little island is pretty well housed, there being twenty buildings one hundred feet by twenty, and taking in head-quarters, &c., we number thirty, making quite a large town. We have left our little "cottage by the sea," with its tobacco-stained floor (soldiers are very neat), its smoky covered top and its fragrant smell of fried hog and onions, for a larger and more commodious palace, in some respects more comfortable; but had I my way, I would prefer the tent to barracks, as in the former we were alone sometimes, now never. Have you ever been in one of these "institutions?" I guess not, as you never were *drafted*. Well, it is some like a bowling alley, with the exception that the pins are on the side instead of the end. We have two shelves six feet wide, the whole length of the house, and at nine we are laid away on the shelf till six in the morning. I never thought that I should be so *useless* as to be stowed away in that manner, and on an *upper one*, too. "But such is life," and if we are old and good for nothing, it's not our fault.

I see there is a prospect of the drafted men receiving a bounty. Hope we will; don't know of a class of men that could use it better, or a class that need it more. Come on, bounty! I am sure that I for one will give it a hearty grasp of the hand.

We have got quite a severe fever here; all the men that have been to sea are wishing and trying to be transferred to the navy, but I "can't see it," preferring to stay here, rather than being before the mast as jack; but of the two, land or sea, I prefer the latter, provided I could get the position that I am qualified to fill. I would not look too high either. "Be Content," is the name of a song I have heard somewhere, so I banish all ambitious thoughts and settle down to the same old "shoulder arms," &c., and think I am very lucky. I am eight months in the service, and still as perfect as when I entered, not having been in any serious engagements. Our boys are still doing duty, going out South with volunteers, and as yet have conducted themselves as men, doing their duty right up to the handle, and returning "on time," *all right*, sober and sedate, losing nothing, and still adding bricks to the reputation of the company.

Soldiering is great business when you are in garrison. One never gets lost. The time is employed either in cleaning up for inspection, or watching the few females that come here to see their friends. That is a great treat, and when a female heaves in sight, down goes grub, cards, or anything that we are doing, just to get a peep at a woman. I remember having read in the early part of the California excitement, when a white female was unknown in the mining region, that a miner who had been to the city, astonished his companions on his return, by the sight of a cast-off bonnet which he had picked up on the road. A gathering of all the miners for miles around was had, and a great dance got up, and kept up all night, in honor of the new arrival. The sight of a female here, creates almost as much excitement as did the sight of a bonnet among the miners of El Dorado.

Well, I must wind up, as it is most time for dinner; hearty grub, salt meat and bread, and a prospect of more, and that is more than all of Uncle Sam's children can say.

I am glad you have filled your quota on the other call, but hope you will keep on enlisting, and make Nantucket stand first as regards recruits. I must say good-bye for this time.

Yours truly,
CONSCRIPT,
Co. A, Permanent Garrison.

Confidence in Wives.

If you are in trouble or a quandary, tell your wife—that is if you have one—all about it at once. Ten to one her invention will solve your difficulty sooner than all your logic. The wit of woman has been praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Counsel with your wife, or your sweetheart, or your mother, or your sister, and be assured that light will flash upon your darkness. Women are too commonly adjudged as verdant in all bat purely womanly affairs. No philosophical student of the sex thus judges them. Their intuitions or insight are more subtle, and if they cannot see a cat in the meal, there is no cat there. In counseling one to tell his troubles to his wife, we would go further and advise him to keep none of his affairs secret from her. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune retrieved, by man's full confidence in his "better half." Woman is far more a seer and prophet than man, if she be given a fair chance. As a general rule, wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands, having no involvements to screen from them. Why not reciprocate it, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence? We are certain that no man succeeds so well in the world as he who, taking a partner for life, makes her the partner of all his impulses.—"Help-meet" was no insignificant title, as applied to man's companion. She is helpmeet to him in every darkness, difficulty and sorrow of life. And what she most craves and most deserves, is *confidence*—without which love is never free from a shadow.

☞ The vessel reported in our last as being sunk near the Cross Rip Light Ship, proved to have been the schooner Triumph, of Gloucester, which was run into by steamer Western Metropolis. She was bound into New York with a load of fish and mackerel. The vessel was valued at $9000, on which there was some insurance. The cargo was valued at $12,000, on which there was $2000 insurance. Two of the crew were lost by the sinking of the vessel.

WHALING ENTERPRISE.—We announce with much satisfaction that the enterprising owners of schooner Rainbow are fitting her for a cruise in the Atlantic. She is to be commanded by Capt. Zenas Coleman, formerly master of ship Atlantic, a competent navigator, skilful whaleman, and in all other respects A 1. We are glad to see such a man take an interest in the undertaking, and we predict for it a successful result.

TO BE TRANSFERRED.—Orders have been issued for the transfer into the navy of seafaring men enlisted in the army, and 7000 such have already made application to be transferred.

RATHER TOO NEAR.—"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, to the bone."

"What is his character?"

"Didn't know as he had any."

"Does he live near you?"

"So near that he has only spent five shillings for firewood in eight years."

PATRIOTISM IN AMERICA.—Noble is the profuse generosity of the American people when they are called upon to contribute to the cause of their country. No such spectacle has ever been presented by another nation.—The liberal bounties they pay to those who go forth to fight the battles of freedom—which excite the surprise and suggest the darkest prophecies of ruin to Jefferson Davis—are more than equalled by their princely expenditures in support of the sick and the wounded and the families of the fallen and the absent brave. Milions have been raised at the various fairs and exhibitions, and the emulation does not seem to abate. In the midst of these constant and constantly increasing donations the masses at home are happy and prosperous, and the great interests of peace, art, manufactures, agriculture, and commerce are flourishing beyond all former experience. Like the patriotism of our countrymen, the more they give the more they have to give; and the source of their riches seems to increase the stronger the draft is made upon it.—*National Intelligencer.*

SCARCITY OF SEAMEN.—Eighteen or twenty vessels ready for sea, are detained at the various ports in the United States for the want of seamen. The recent act of Congress authorizing the enlistment of sailors from the army and navy to the number of 12,000, will it is thought, supply as many as are at present needed. As large bounties induced sailors to enter the army, so in this case the prospect of prize money will doubtless influence them to enter the more, to them, appropriate branch of the public service.

The Navy Department have been compelled to retain in service for months after their time has expired sailors who are entitled to and should in justice have received their discharge; but the exigencies of the service have been such that it could not be given them. During all this time the Navy Department have been in receipt of hundreds of applications from seamen who have got into the military service, and who desired to be transferred to the navy; but heretofore this could not be done. The depleted ranks of sailors will now probably be speedily filled up, and the efficiency of the navy very much increased thereby.—*Barnstable Patriot.*

SPRUCE UP.—If you get a moment to spare, spruce up—put that gate on its hinges, put a little paint on the picket fence you built last year, trim up about your door yard, make it cozy and inviting; don't say you can't find time for these things. The fact is, you have no right to go slovenly—your wife and children will be happier, your farm will sell for more money in the market, and be worth more to you at home, if you devote an odd hour now and then to spruce it up.

A NEW BOAT.—We learn from the New Bedford Mercury that arrangements are being made to run a steamboat between that City and the Vineyard, and that parties are now in New York for that purpose. The Mercury hopes the effort will be successful.

When a beau was asked why he wore his resplendent Hessian boots in the finest weather, and appeared in shoes and silk stockings only when it was wet and muddy, he answered, "My wife washes my stockings, but I have to clean my boots myself."

Say what is right, and let others say what they please. You are responsible for only one tongue—even if you are a married man.

The reason why woman has her way so much oftener than man, is that both he and she are conscious that her way is the best.

If you would pass for more than your value, say little. It is easier to look wise than to talk wise.

Showing kindness to the ungrateful is like feeding strange dogs that will bark at you none the less.

The rich depend on the poor, as well as the poor on the rich. The world is but a magnificent building; all the stones gradually cemented together. There is no one subsists by himself alone.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY

JOHN A. ANDREW,

GOVERNOR:

A PROCLAMATION

FOR A DAY OF

FASTING, HUMILIATION, AND PRAYER.

By and with the advice and consent of the Council, I do hereby appoint THURSDAY, the Seventh day of April next, to be observed throughout this Commonwealth, as a day of HUMILIATION, FASTING, AND PRAYER.

And I beseech all the People within this Commonwealth on that day, to hallow the same and make it sacred by the solemn and penitential offices of Religion; by the examination of their own hearts; by sincere and humble thought of God, of Human Duty, and Immortal Life.

Let us especially consider our obligations and privileges as a People, earnestly striving to be convinced of Sin wherein we have heretofore erred or strayed from the right way, and faithfully determining, with the favor of God, to amend our lives and to conform our hearts to the behests of His Supreme and Holy Law. Remembering that "He is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness," let us accept with filial confidence the offers of His forgiveness, and resume, with courageous Hope, the race which is set before us.

Let us seek to make this day acceptable to the Lord, by devoutly consecrating our purposes as a People to the fulfillment of the Great Work of National Duty, committed to our charge by the divine commandment, "to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke."

So then shall we inherit the promise—"They that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations: and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in."

Given at the Council Chamber, in Boston, this fourth day of March, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-eighth.

JOHN A. ANDREW.

By his Excellency the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Council.

OLIVER WARNER, Secretary.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION DROPS DOWN.—A disabled Wisconsin soldier, whose name this moment escapes us, has written a book about the war. Two or three weeks ago we clipped from a newspaper the following, taken from its pages:

"I have not had time to finish my article, commenced weeks ago, which was to write down the United States Sanitary Commission, and I am glad of it, for here again we have been made to feel that the Commission is a power for good. Whilst the officials have been wrangling over the question as to how the hospital stores of the army got lost in the move from the Potomac to the Peninsula, and whilst the soldiers have been suffering for want of them, this Commission has been actively devising means to supply the much-needed articles, and behold! right in the midst of the battle to-day, whilst generals were inquiring of surgeons: "Have you the necessary comforts for the wounded?"—and whilst surgeons were anxiously inquiring what they were to do in the absence of them, this Commission drops down amongst us—from somewhere—their wagons are unloaded, and the wounded made comfortable. That 'writing down' article will not spoil by a little more keeping."

A thousand years from now the United States Sanitary Commission will be spoken of. It has reared up for itself a monument in the hearts of the people, more enduring than the marble or bronze. The Sanitary Commission drops down on every battle-field.

'Tis little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather—even with artillery. Forty little debts of a dollar each will cause you more trouble and dunning than one big one of a thousand.

A South Carolina Fourth of July toast:—*Woman*—To her virtues, we give our love; to her beauty our admiration; and to her hoops, we give—way.

A YOUTH'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION.—We are glad to see that Rev. William M. Thayer, author of the "Pioneer Boy" and other popular works, is engaged upon a History of the rebellion for the young, and that Messrs. Walker, Wise & Co., of Boston, will issue the first volume about the first of April. The importance of such a work cannot be over-estimated. The young ought to understand the nature and history of this struggle, as a means of inspiring their hearts with patriotism, and attaching them with all the ardor of their youth to free institutions. There are lessons for them in this war that can be derived from no other source, and we rejoice that they are going to appear in permanent shapes. All intelligent parents will desire to have their children instructed on this subject, that they may not lose the lesson of the hour. The value of this History will not be confined to the young. Many families cannot afford to purchase either of the histories of the Rebellion written avowedly for adults, the cheapest of which will cost seven or eight dollars. As this work of Mr. Thayer's, when completed, will not probably cost half that, and yet will contain the substance of the larger works, families who cannot afford the larger works (made large by the introduction of public documents, long speeches, &c., that few desire to read) will find this a valuable history for their use, whether they have children or not. Condensation—the most in the smallest space—is what our people crave; and this, we understand, will be a characteristic of this History of the rebellion for the young.

This work, the price of which we learn from the publishers is to be $1.25, should attract the attention of Book Agents, as it is destined to have an immense sale all over the country.

GLOUCESTER.—*An Affecting Incident—The Bride of an Hour.*—Among the marriages in our to-day's issue, is that of Mr. John Haskell and Miss Sarah J. Parsons. The circumstances which attended this marriage were of a peculiar nature, and forcibly illustrate the uncertainty which attends earthly affairs.

Some two weeks since the lady had a fall which injured her internally. She was, however, recovering, but took cold, and inflammation set in, which finally assumed such a serious form that her life was despaired of. The couple had been engaged for some years, and shortly before her death, when all hope had been given up, she expressed a strong desire to become united by marriage, with the loved one of her choice. This was readily acceded to, and Mr. Collyer, her pastor, performed the ceremony, which was of the most impressive and solemn nature. As her last moments drew near she was perfectly calm and resigned, frequently expressing her hopes of a happy life beyond the tomb; and enjoining upon her husband and friends the great necessity of being prepared to die, quietly bade them farewell, until she should meet them in that better land where partings and sorrows are unknown.—*Cape Ann Advertiser.*

CAUTIOUS MEN.—Some men use words as riflemen do bullets. They say little.—The few words used go right to the mark. They let you talk and guide with their eye and face, on and on, till what you say can be answered in a word or two, and then they launch out a sentence and pierce the matter to the quick and are done. You never know where you stand with them. Your conversation falls into their minds as rivers into deep chasms and is lost from sight by its depth and darkness. They will sometimes surprise you with a few words, that go right to the mark like a gun shot, and then they are silent again as if they were reloading.

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.—Well has a forcible writer said "Flowers are not trifles, as one might know from the pains God has taken everywhere; not one unfinished, not one bearing the marks of brush or pencil. Fringing the eternal borders of mountain-winters, gracing the pulseless breast of the old gray granite, everywhere they are harmonizing. Murderers do not ordinarily wear roses in their button-holes. Villains seldom train vines over cottage doors." And another adds: "Flowers are for the young and for the old, for the grave and the gay, for the living and the dead, for all but the guilty, and for them when they are penitent."

ANGLO-SAXON WEDDINGS.—Not till the ninth or tenth century did women obtain the privilege of choosing or refusing their husbands. Often they were betrothed, as children, the bridegroom's pledge of marriage being accompanied by a "security," or "wed," whence comes the word. Part of the wed always consisted of a ring, placed upon the maiden's right hand, and there religiously kept until transferred to the other hand at the later nuptials. Then, also, were repeated the marriage vows and other ceremonies, out of which those now prevailing have grown. The bride was taken "for fairer, for fouler, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer," and promised to be "buxom and bonny" to her future husband. At the final ceremony, the bridegroom puts the ring on each of the bride's left-hand fingers in turn, saying at the first, "In the name of the Father," at the second, "In the name of the Son," at the third, "In the name of the Holy Ghost," and at the fourth, "Amen." Then also the father gave to his new son one of his daughter's shoes, in token of the transfer of authority which he effected, and the bride was at once made to feel the change by a tap or a blow on the head given with the shoe. The husband, on his part, took an oath to use his wife well. If he failed to do so, she might leave him, but by the law he was allowed considerable license. He was bound in honor "to bestow on his wife and his apprentices moderate castigation." We have nothing to show the exact amount of castigation held moderate by the Anglo-Saxons; but one old Welsh law decides that three blows with a broom-stick on "any part of the person, except the head," is a fair allowance, and another provides that the stick be no longer than the husband's arm, nor thicker than his middle finger. Prior to the seventh century a wife might at any time be repudiated on proof of her being either barren, deformed, silly, passionate, luxurious, rude, habitually drunk, gluttonous, very garrulous, quarrelsome, or abusive.—*Thrubb's Anglo-Saxon House.*

Lord Braco, a miser of the most intense class, was a Scottish judge of the last century. One of his farmers, seeing him one day pick up a farthing, said, "I would give a shilling, Lord Braco, to have a sight of all the gold and silver which you possess."

"Well man," his lordship replied, "it shall cost you no more." The shilling was paid down in hand, and his lordship fulfilled his part of the bargain, exhibiting to his tenant a considerable number of iron boxes filled with gold and silver money. "Now, my lord," said the tenant, "I am as rich as you, after all." "How, my man?" said his lordship.

"Because I see the money, my lord, and you have not the heart to do anything more with it."

AMERICAN ENDURANCE.—It is a common remark of persons coming to the States, that it is a rare thing to hear children cry. A boy will tumble upon the sidewalk and receive some severe contusion; he jumps up and runs off laughing as if nothing were the matter.

At a meeting of the New York Historical Society, Dr. Bacon stated as a singular fact worthy of attention, that Americans never groan when wounded in battle. Major General Gaines told him this, and said that he had heard so from Gen. Stark, and other generals of the revolution. They always knew when there were screams and groans after a volley, that the British had the worst of it. He desired to have this put in print; he thought the same power of enduring pain without any external manifestation which existed in the aborigines, had descended to their successors in the country. It seems to be the result of climate.

EXPEDITION.—Despatches from Vicksburg of the 8th inst. say, that twenty steamers were at the wharves taking on board the troops for an expedition, which it is supposed will unite with Gen. Banks' command and go up Red river. It is to be hoped they will not make a mistake, and go up Salt river.

F. R. S.

The following story respecting the meaning of these important, (and to foreigners) cabalistic initials, is told in the last number of Titan :—

It appears that a certain United States man of eccentric habits, acquired great notoriety from his fondness for oysters, and other testaceous delicacies. This worthy was in the habit of writing after his name, whether upon his card or in the visitor's book at hotels, the mysterious letters, F. R. S. One morning, a newly-come English gentleman, of middle age and grave aspect, was looking over the list of arrivals. He was struck by the mysterious letters, as every one else had been.

"F. R. S.," muttered he; "it can't be! yet there the letters are! Who would have thought it?"

The clerk was called up and questioned to explain. He knew nothing more than that one of the boarders and lodgers had put his name down with that handle attached.

"Show him to me!" said the Englishman, eagerly.

"There he goes, sir," said the clerk, pointing to our hero.

The next moment "Old Shell" felt his hand grasped by another hand, whilst his arm went through a rapid and vigorous motion, familiarly known as the "pump handle action." It was the Englishman, his face beaming with cordiality.

"Delighted to see you, sir! Had not the slightest idea of seeing one of our society on this side of the water! When were you a member? My memory is so defective."

"Member of what?" said "Old Shell," half surprised, half angry.

"Oh, don't be so modest, my dear sir!"

"Modest! the deuce! what society?"

"No bashfulness, now. You are a fellow, I know."

"Dash my buttons, stranger!" exclaimed "Shell," thoroughly indignant; "do you call me a fellow?"

"Fellow of the Royal Society, sir. You mistake my meaning. Fellow of the Royal Society of London."

"I am no Londoner, man; I come from down South, I do. I am an oyster-man, I am."

"Why, what on earth does F. R. S. mean, then, attached to your name?" said the astonished Englishman, science and surprise beaming from his countenance.

"Well, stranger, I don't care if I do tell you. You see I like oysters, I do; and F. R. S. means exactly nothing more nor less than Fried, Roasted and Stewed!"

Death of Capt. W. C. Barstow.—Capt. William C. Barstow died at the Sturtevant House, East Boston, this morning. He was born at Hanover, Plymouth county, May 9, 1801. Descending from a family who had for some generations been engaged in shipbuilding and navigation, at the early age of fifteen years he chose the sea for a profession, and so soon won the confidence of his employers as to be entrusted with the command of a ship when he was only nineteen. This was his employment for over thirty years, and for a long time he was in command of some of the finest packet ships sailing from New York, when he left to take charge of the interests of the East Boston Company, which as Superintendent and President, he has managed to the present time. Capt. B. was a man of good judgment, and great decision of character, and as a faithful manager of large trusts he had the confidence of all. In social life he was esteemed by his many friends, and his death has left a void not easily filled.—[Transcript, 31st.

Vermont Horses for the French Emperor.—A Newport letter in the New York *Post* states that the French Legation has lately visited Boston to approve the purchase of a well-known horse dealer of five superb Vermont horses for the stables of the French Emperor, who also possesses twenty-four specimens of the same breed. The new horses are fifteen hands high, having a fine action and a speed of not less than 2.50. They are of the Emperor's favorite color, a deep bay, as are nearly all the Emperor's stock of four hundred, and their tails are of the natural length, with one exception. The cost was between $2000 and $3000 a pair.

How a Man's Boots saved his Life.

Now that the name of Varnhagen von Ense is brought so prominently forward through the Humboldt correspondence, it may not be amiss to quote from one of his works a story about a pair of boots, which, by their opportune disappearance, did their owner better service than did ever boots before, by the promptest attendance. It occurs in the author's account of Crab Schlaberndorf, a writer of no little power, who lived in a Paris garret, was miserly in trifles and lavishly generous in great things,—who was primarily a hearty friend of liberty, and secondarily a persevering, disinterested patriot. A friend of the Girondists, he speedily found his way to prison, under the sway of Robespierre.

One morning, the death-cart came for its usual number of daily victims, and Schlaberndorf's name was called out. He immediately, and with the greatest coolness and good humor, prepared for departure. Presence of mind in some shape, a grand stoicism or mere indifference, were common in those terrible times, and Schlaberndorf was not the man to make an ungraceful departure when the unavoidable *must* of fate stood sternly before him.—He was soon dressed,—only his boots were missing. He sought, and sought, and the jailor sought with him, in this corner and in that, but they were not to be found.—"Well," said Schlaberndorf, sharply, "this is too bad; to be guillotined without my boots will never do. Hark ye, my good friend," said he good humoredly to the jailor, "take me to-morrow; one day makes no difference; it's the man they want, not Tuesday or Wednesday." The jailor agreed. The wagon, full enough without that one head, went off to its destination. Schlaberndorf remained in prison. Next morning at the usual hour, the vehicle returned, and the victim who had so strangely escaped on the previous day, was ready, boots and all, waiting the word of command. But behold! his name was not called that day, not the third day—not the fourth, and not at all. There was no mystery in the matter. It was naturally supposed he had fallen with the other victims named for the original day. In the multitude of sufferers, no one would curiously inquire for an individual. For the days that followed there were enough of victims without him, and so he remained in prison till the fall of Robespierre, when, with so many others he recovered his liberty. He owed his miraculous escape, not the least strange in the strange history of the Revolution, partly to the *kindness* of the jailor and mainly to his good temper. He was a universal favorite in the jail.

A lady was told, the other day, by a travelling gentleman, that every lady who had a small mouth was provided with a husband by the government. "Ith it pothibul?" said the lady, making her mouth as little as she could. The gentleman added, "that if she had a large mouth she was provided with two husbands." "My Gracious!" exclaimed the lady, at the same time throwing her mouth open to its full extent. The gentleman became alarmed, made his escape, and has not been heard of since.

Two Full Moons.—A strange astronomical occurrence takes place during the present month—that of two full moons. On the first day of the month, at 11 o'clock and 33 minutes, the moon's phase changed from the first quarter to a full moon; on the 31st of this month there will be another change at 2 o'clock 57 minutes, from a first quarter to a full moon.—This occurrence rarely happens.

LACONIC SWORD PRESENTATION.

The New Albany (Ind.) Ledger states that a rather laconic sword presentation took place at Camp Noble a while since. A member of the 66th Regiment purchased a sword for Captain Gerard, and Capt. J. H. Fawcett was deputed to present it. This the captain did, as follows: "Here, John, is a sword." Capt. Gerard took it, and replied: "Thank you; I'll see you again about it after I have tried it." The presentation and reply were both to the point.

THE NEWSPAPER.

J. V., IN CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

In this one sheet how much for thought profound,
How much for feeling deep doth meet the eye!
Here man's decease, here empire's fate is found,
And yet with careless glance we pass them by!
Perchance upon one page enough we find
On which through a long life we well might muse;
But oft with husks we fill the hungry mind,
When men the gifts of speech and thought abuse.
Not in the many words, or books we read
Is knowledge gained of Nature, or of man;
Oft in a single word lies wrapt the seed
Of changes vast, would we its meaning scan;
But lacking still the wisdom to be wise,
The Truth we seek is hidden from our eyes.

Barbar-ous.—A gentleman was traveling in New Hampshire some years ago, before railroads were in fashion, and while the stage stopped at noon to dine the passengers, he stepped into a barber's shop which adjoined the tavern to be shaved. After being duly lathered, the barber commenced his operations,—but the first scrape of the razor caused the poor subject to jump out of the chair, and almost out of his skin. "What's the matter, sir, did I hurt you?" "Hurt me? to be sure you did, your razor is as dull as an oyster knife; you ought to be ashamed to shave a man with such a tool as that." "Well, the fact is the edge *is* a little rough, but I guess I can put it through, I'm very strong in the arms."

Speaking of barbers, there is a story of one in an Eastern town, who showed so many evidences of insanity that it was thought to be dangerous to allow him to flourish edge tools about the throats of peaceable and unsuspecting citizens, and the Selectmen therefore took his razors away from him. He continued however to open his shop as usual, and spent his time there very quietly, and, to common observation, as well as anybody. A stranger came into his shop one day, took off his coat and cravat, and sat down in the chair, "for to be shaved." The barber was very polite, tucked a clean napkin under the gentleman's chin, and proceeded to lather him. And he lathered and talked, and talked and lathered, till he had raised quite a white mountain of soap suds; and the customer becoming impatient said, "there, there, my friend, that's enough, certainly." "Yes, sir, said the barber, I should think that would do." He then took a newspaper and very composedly sat down to read. The customer in surprise said, "come, are you not going to shave me?" "Oh, no sir, said the barber, I only lather,—*the Selectmen shave.*

High Price of Vessels.—The Yarmouth Register says there was never, probably, a time, when vessels of moderate tonnage, suitable for the coasting and fishing business, brought such high prices in the market as at present. In some cases such vessels have, to our knowledge, brought double what would have gladly been taken for them one year ago. Although the building of this class of vessels has been pushed vigorously for the last few months, the demand is greatly in advance of the supply, and those who have them just finished and in the market, will realize immense profits for their construction, even at the present price of labor and materials. The Cape fleet of vessels in both the coasting and fishing business will this year be an unusually large one.

☞ The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald thus refers to General Grant at the White House during one of the President's levees :—

"Everybody was delighted at his diffidence and soldier-like bearing. Neither the President nor any of the Cabinet, except Stanton, had ever seen him before. He had never before been in the White House. He was frequently cheered by the guests in the East Room. He blushed like a girl. The handshaking brought streams of perspiration down his forehead and over his face. The hot room and pressure of the crowd, and the excitement of the occasion, swelled every vein on his forehead. He appeared more like a soldier in a hard fight than a hero in a drawing-room. He had lost the key of his trunk, and so came to the levee in his rough and ready travelling uniform, a good deal the worse for wear. He quite affects the plain and homespun style of doing things, and acts it admirably."

One of the late Governors of South Carolina was a splendid lawyer, and could take a jury out of their seven senses. He was especially noted for success in criminal cases, almost always clearing his client. He was once counsel for a man accused of horse stealing. He made a long, eloquent and touching speech. The jury retired, but returned in a few minutes with a verdict of not guilty. An old acquaintance stepped up to the prisoner and said, "Jem, the danger is passed; and now, honor bright, didn't you steal that horse?" To which Jem replied, "Well, Tom, I've all along thought I took the horse; but since I've heard the Governor's speech, I don't believe I did."

Choice of Deaths.—A singular law exists in Utah Territory granting to criminals under capital sentence a choice of deaths. They may elect to be hanged, to be shot, or to be beheaded. In the case of John R. Luce, who was executed at Salt Lake on the 12th ult., for the murder of Samuel Bunton, the prisoner declined, at the time of sentence, to make any choice, so the presiding judge had himself to determine the mode of execution. He ordered him to be shot, and at the hour appointed, he was taken to the court-house yard, and a volley of five shots were fired at him from the windows of a basement, where the executioners were concealed from view. All the shots penetrated Luce's breast, and he fell over a corpse.

The Rebel Army.—The Nashville correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer estimates the number of veteran troops in the rebel army at 224,000, and the recent conscripts at 120,000, making a total of 334,000 troops. Lee's army, including Longstreet's forces, and the troops in East Tennessee and South-western Virginia number 90,000 men.

Heavy Robbery.—In New York on Monday, at about 11 o'clock, the porter of the Greenwich Street Savings Bank was sent to the Greenwich Street Bank with a check for $5000, which he drew in bills, and placed them in his breast pocket. As he reached the street he was accosted by a stranger who inquired the way to Jersey City Ferry, and as the porter turned round to indicate the locality, the stranger snatched the bills from his pocket and made off. The porter pursued for a short distance, but the robber was soon out of sight.

Kossuth, with the few remaining members of his family, were in Paris at last accounts. It is said that the illustrious Magyar felt keenly the death of his sister, and that when he read the account of the attention and respect manifested by the gentlemen of Brooklyn at her funeral, he wept and exclaimed—"Oh, that their people were my people, and their God my God." From some mysterious source Kossuth receives quarterly $1,000, the accompanying note indicating simply that it is from a friend in America, and that it is intended for his personal expenditures.

FROM ST. LOUIS.

Rebel Fooks Suppressed---Emigration to Idaho---Barbarity of Forrest's Forces.

St. Louis, March 31.—The Provost-Marshal-General has ordered the seizure of Pollard's Southern History of the War, the Confederate Official Report, the life of Stonewall Jackson, Morgan and his Men, and all publications based on rebel information, circulating or for sale in the department.

The steamer Florence, which sunk in the Missouri river on Monday, was valued at $50,000, and insured for $28,000. She was laden with bacon, hemp and grain, most of which will be lost.

About 200 wagons leave St. Josephs daily for Idaho.

The special despatch of the Democrat from Cairo says:—Rebel prisoners state that the main body of Forrest's force, which was ordered from Jackson, Tenn., to Paducah, had returned. Col. Hicks, the Union commander, being strong enough to repulse any attack. During the fight at Paducah, the rebels took Mrs. Hammond from the hospital and murdered her; Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Eagan and Mrs. McChorg, were also taken to the front, placed between two fires and kept there for an hour. Their dresses were perforated with bullets. While the rebel flag of truce was moving forward, the rebels disposed their men for action. Our men had ceased firing for fear that the women would be killed.

A man has been arrested on the steamer Anderson having in his possession the freshly taken scalp of a white man. It is supposed to have belonged to one of our soldiers. Several persons have been arrested as spies, among them two women.

New Orleans papers of the 23d contain no news.

HASTE NOT!

WALTER'S JOURNAL IN THE EAST.

Without haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not! let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might:
Haste not! years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not! life is sweeping by;
Do and dare before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time!
Glorious 'tis to live for aye
When these forms have passed away!

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate!
Duty be thy polar guide—
Do the right whate'er betide!
Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

Personal.—The New York *World* tells the following anecdote of a well-known authoress:

"It is related of a personage, more or less mythical, named Fanny Fern, that, stopping at the office of a Philadelphia hotel to pay her bill, on the eve of her departure, she found a charge for breaking of her toilet set. She admitted the breakage of one piece, and desired to pay for that, but for no more. The price of the whole set, however, was demanded, because the 'set' was broken. The carriage was at the door; the train soon to start. There was no time for discussion, little for thought, but enough for action. Hastily paying the entire demand, and directing the carriage to wait a moment, she went directly back to her room, and taking up the poker, incontinently broke every remaining piece in the set."

A Mysterious Box.—The treasurer of Amherst College has lately received from Mr. Daniel Sears of Boston, a small and carefully sealed box, with the instruction that it is not to be opened for one hundred years, on a pain of forfeiture of the gift which it contains. Speculation is at fault as to the contents and the reasons for the accompanying condition. The shrewdest guess is that the box holds deeds of real estate in Boston, now under lease for one hundred years, but then to be transferred to the College. The Springfield *Republican* advises us to be patient till 1960, and then we shall all know.

A Fiend at Large.—The Oskaloosa (Iowa) *Herald* says a worthless scoundrel named Hall, living near Tallyrand, Keokuk County, treated his wife with fiendish cruelty a few days since. She had been teaching school to maintain the family. Without her knowledge he drew her wages, then beat her, took from her every article of clothing, and with a cord tied her hands and feet, and left her in that condition. He then burned every particle of her wearing apparel, and left her naked and tied, to escape as best she might. Her cries soon brought assistance and relief, but the fiend had fled.

A Bit of Royal Romance.—Those who remember the early years of the Queen of England will not forget that a tenderness was suspected between her august young ladyship and the heir of Elphinstone. This bit of gossip, which no degree of vigilance could keep entirely quiet, was peculiarly interesting to those on both sides of the water who had more sentiment than discretion, and who cared not for interests of state, so that the course of true love might once run smooth. But interests of state are inexorable. Young Elphinstone was advised to travel, and was helped on his way by certain distinctions. When he returned he found the royal lady married. How much the hearts of either were interested, will perhaps never be known. One thing is certain, that Baron Elphinstone never married. On his return to England he was appointed lord-in-waiting upon his royal mistress, but not a breath has ever fallen upon the public ear that could gratify the most curious or delicate taste. He subsequently became governor of Bombay, and rendered essential services to his government at the time of the Indian mutiny. He recently came home with shattered health, and survived his return but a little while.

Encounter of a Steamer with a Whale.—The steamer Eastern City on her last trip to St. John, ran into a "school" of whales, humpback species, five in number, off Cape Ann.—The monsters were enjoying the mating season and the steamer struck the bull of the herd, sixty feet long, with such force that a portion of her cut-water was displaced.

A few minutes after another whale was seen coming towards the vessel at great speed, and it was expected that the creature would attack the steamer, but at about two lengths distance it suddenly "dove" and disappeared. On Thursday morning, as the boat was on her return trip, this side of Portland, between Noon Island and Cape Elizabeth, she came near running upon another whale, but the creature "made a dive" at a distance of about ten feet from the vessel.

Narrow Escape.—On Saturday evening, after the freight train left Myrick's for Taunton, and when two or three miles from the former station, the conductor, Mr. Campbell, missed his little son, about 10 years of age, whom he left a moment or two before on the forward end of the passenger car, telling him to go on the inside, while the father went upon the roofs of the freight cars. He conjectured that the lad had fallen from the train, and promptly ordered the reversion of the engine. After running back a mile or more, the child was discovered running with all his speed towards the cars, and when taken on board, to the joy of his father and all present, was found to be entirely uninjured, with the exception of a severe fright. The boy did not know how he happened to fall, but miraculously was unhurt, although falling from the forward end of a car at full speed.—*New Bedford Standard.*

Death of the Nearest Male Relative of Aaron Burr.—The Saratoga *News* has the following obituary announcement:—

Mr. Charles Burr died at his residence, in this village, on Tuesday evening. The inheritor of wealth, he was of an eccentric disposition, and for years preferred a committee appointed by the courts to take charge of his wealth. Generous and upright, he was generally respected. His age was about 70 years. He resided in Albany for many years in indigent circumstances, boarding with a poor woman who, we believe, resided in Canal street, his father paying his board—*two dollars* a week—when at the same time his father was estimated to be worth a quarter of a million!—"Poor Old Charley" used to peddle almanacs, pamphlets, &c., around our streets. Many a time and oft have we seen him trudging along, through sleet and snow, with that old "white coat," and with shoes minus half their soles, and his toes protruding. His father died at Sandy Hill in 1853, without making his will, consequently Charles, *his only* son and heir, became possessor of the vast fortune. He married a widow Beach, daughter of the late Senator Young. Since his marriage, Mr. Burr has resided in his splendid mansion at Saratoga Springs. As Mr. Burr has no children, we suppose his immense property will go to his widow, who is yet young and blooming, and withal amiable and kind-hearted.

To Pilots.—Our pilots will doubtless be glad to learn that the pilot laws are not in force in this section of the State, the Commissioners having failed to comply with the provision of the law which provides that their rules and regulations, after being approved by the Governor and Council, *and published one week in one of the newspapers printed in the* CITY *or* COUNTY *to which* THEY *apply, shall be in full force.* The law further provides, that the Commissioners shall, at least twice a year, at their own expense, publish all the regulations in force concerning the pilotage of the State. The Pilot Commissioners having thus failed to comply with one of the most important provisions of the Act, so far as the Vineyard, Nantucket, and the Cape ports are concerned—[Boston was attended to]—the pilots of these particular localities are not bound by the "rules and regulations," and are under no obligations whatever to the Commissioners, but are as free to act in all matters concerning pilotage, as they would be were there no Pilot Commissioners in existence.—*Vineyard Gazette.*

Two Naval Celebrities.—A singular coincidence in the movements of two men-of-war, which took place recently, is worth remarking. An English frigate, prized by all loyal Britons for having captured a Yankee craft, and a Yankee frigate, whose heroic defeat and seizure of two British national ships, fill so glorious a page in our naval annals, both being, in maritime parlance, invalids, have, within a few days of each other, been equipped for a cruise and sent to sea. Her Majesty's frigate Shannon, the captor of the Chesapeake, left Portsmouth, England, a few days ago, to make her annual cruise, and "Old Ironsides," commanded by an officer of 1812 notoriety, a little while after left Portsmouth, United States, for a cruise, preparatory to taking her station at Annapolis.—Each was about to be broken up some years ago, and each was saved by a song-writer, Messrs. Holmes and Tennyson, having poetically remonstrated with "the powers that be" against destroying "those old monuments of naval heroism."

☞ Lady Franklin, the relict of the brave and lamented Sir John Franklin, arrived in the Adriatic at New York on Saturday last. She will remain in New York two or three weeks as the guest of Mr. Henry Grinnell, who fitted out the Grinnell Arctic expedition, and whose son, Mr. C. Grinnell, accompanied her on the voyage to this country. She proposes to make a tour into Canada, probably in time to witness the reception of the Prince of Wales, and will then travel through the northern states, and probably visit California.

The Ocean House.—This fine hotel, under the management of its present popular proprietor, is now in the full tide of successful operation. A large number of visitors have patronized it this summer, and almost the entire Boston daily press of Tuesday morning noticed it favorably. Mr. Hooper is winning golden opinions, as a landlord.

Mrs. John Brown was killed by lightning at Hampton on Wednesday, last week. Mrs. Brown had just remarked that if the Lord was to take them, she knew of nothing better for them to be doing than to be at prayer, and was almost instantly killed.

An old hen at Sacramento is nursing a nest of three kittens, and immediately shows fight if any one attempts to disturb them.

The Middleborough *Gazette* says the Weweantit Nail Company at Wareham are now making 900 casks or 45 tons of nails per week—value about $3,000. The works have been in operation six or seven years, employing sixty men.

☞ The grave of an unknown soldier at Newport News, Va., is marked by a headboard bearing only this very touching and poetic epitaph: "A soldier of the Union—Mustered out."

SELECTIONS.

What an Umbrella Indicates.—There is a good deal of truth in the following, as our readers will detect and acknowledge:

An umbrella, it is said, can be taken as a test of character. The man who always takes an umbrella out with him is a cautious fellow, who abstains from all speculation, and is pretty sure to die rich. The man who is always leaving his umbrella behind him, is one who generally makes no provision for the morrow. He is reckless, thoughtless, always late for the train, leaves the street door open when he goes home late at night, and is absent to such a degree, as to speak ill of a baby in the presence of its mother. The man who is always losing his umbrella, is an unlucky dog, whose bills are always protested, whose boots split, whose gloves crack, whose buttons are always coming off, whose change is sure to have some bad money in it. Be careful how you lend a hundred dollars to such a man. The man who is perpetually expressing a nervous anxiety about his umbrella, and wondering if it is safe, is full of uneasiness and low suspicion. Let him be ever so rich, give not your daughter to him, he will undoubtedly take more care of his umbrella than his wife.

Franklin and his Nephew.—Benjamin Franklin had a nephew who was a sad spend thrift, for whom, however, in spite of his faults, he entertained a warm regard. Being in Philadelphia, John Williams was on one occasion reduced to great straits, and found himself compelled to have recourse to his friends. His first application was to his uncle, of whom he asked the loan of sixty dollars. Franklin told him to call next morning, when, if possible, he would accommodate him. Of course John was there, and had the gratification to see his uncle counting out the cash. While this operation was going on, he took a sheet of paper from the desk, with the intention, no doubt, of giving his I O U. If such was his design, he was disappointed, for Franklin gently drew away the paper, and with a benevolent smile, said, "You need not waste my paper, too, John."—*Home Journal.*

Two of the Fathers on False Hair.—Tertullian says, "If you will not fling away your false hair, as hateful to Heaven, cannot I make it hateful to yourselves, by reminding you that the false hair you wear may have come not only from a criminal, but from a very dirty head; perhaps from the head of one already damned!" This was a very hard hit indeed; but it was not nearly so clever a stroke at wigs as that dealt by Clemens of Alexandria. The latter informed the wig-wearers, when they were at church to receive the blessing, that they must be good enough to recollect that the benediction remained on the wig, and did not pass through to the wearer! This was a stumbling block to the people; many of whom, however, retained the peruke, and took their chance as to the percolating through it of the benediction.

A school director at Jaynesville, Pa., has been arrested for taking away a Bible from a school teacher, tearing the book in pieces, throwing the leaves upon the floor and trampling upon them. The outrageous act was perpetrated during school hours, and caused great indignation among the people.

A most affecting evidence of the "devotion of woman" is noticed in the English papers. The ladies of a fashionable congregation in London are raising a fund by subscription, to enable their minister—still young and good looking, we infer—to get a divorce from his wife.

A Body from the Hungarian Recognized.—The body of Mr. W. R. Crocker, of Norwich, Ct., was recovered from the wreck of the ill-fated Hungarian steamship, last Thursday. Papers of some value, by which the body was identified, and some money, were found in the pockets.

A Gift of $1000 to a Clergyman.—Rev. J. B. Haughtwout, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Fall River, has received leave of absence for six months and a purse of $1000 to enable him to visit Europe for the restoration of his health.

How Eggs should be Boiled.—Everybody knows Mr. Charles "Forbes" Claffey, of the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, and with what grace and courtesy he presides over the gentlemen's great parlor of that establishment—his tasty dress, the grand gold chain, the London made watch, (as true as the sun,) the brilliant diamond studs and the glittering ring on the little finger of the right hand. He was here last week attired in Ackerman's best and decorated in Tiffany's brightest, and suffered with us, in common, during the recent "cold snap," at the Atlantic Hotel.—To Mr. Forbes Claffey's imagination, the Atlantic hitches. He pronounced the beds hard, the towels coarse, the heating contrivances of the inn bad, decidedly, and the servants dull. He never could get his eggs done to suit him. On Friday last he called Apollo, an old darkey, and stated his grievance. "Here," said he, to the servant, "take my watch, and boil my eggs with it just three minutes." "Yes, massa," said Apollo, "I'll do that ar," and so saying he bounded off to the kitchen. In due time he returned, three eggs on one plate and the smoking watch and chain on another plate. "My God, man!" shouted Mr. Forbes Claffey, "what have you done?" "Jus what the massa tol me; boil dem eggs with it, jus three minutes, as you said, massa." The guests saw what had happened, and the table was in a roar of course. Apollo stood alone mute. He seemed searching for some solution of the sudden merriment of the breakfasting party. Mr. Forbes Claffey could not refrain from laughing at last, and turning to his neighbor, he said—"I am in the condition of the profane man, the tail-board of whose cart came out as he was ascending the hill, and spilt his potatoes. "There is no use swearing; I cannot do justice to the subject;" and so saying, he pocketed his watch and proceeded to devour his morning meal."—*From the Norfolk, Va, New Regime.*

Special Prize for Bartlett Pears.—Messrs. H. B. Stanwood & Co., of Boston, have placed at the disposal of the Committee of Arrangements of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society a beautiful silver cup, valued at $25, to be awarded to the finest dish of Bartlett pears, at the annual exhibition in September, at the Music Hall. The prize is open to *all competitors*, subject only to the rules and regulations of the Society. Weight and perfection of fruit will be important requisites in the decision of the Judges. Competitors should give due notice to the Chairman of the Committee, in writing, previous to 12 o'clock, on Monday, September 17. The fruit presented will revert to Messrs. Stanwood at the close of the exhibition.

Singular Discovery in Floriculture.—It is said that ex-Mayor Tiemann of New York has accidentally made a discovery which threatens to revolutionize horticulture. One of the hands at his paint factory having thrown some liquid green paint of a particular kind on a flower-bed occupied by white anemones, the flowers have since made their appearance with petals as green as grass. The paint had in it a peculiar and very penetrating chemical mixture, which Mr. Tiemann has since applied, with other colors, to other plants, annual, biennial, and of the shrub kind—the result being invariably that the flowers so watered took the hue of the liquid deposited at their roots.

A New Town.—A new town has been added to Dukes County; the act establishing the town of Gosnold, embracing the Elizabeth Islands, heretofore a part of Chilmark, having been signed by the Governor, and become a law.

Re-Enlisted.—Mr. Edward C. Bennett, of this town, a member of the 3d Rhode Island Battery, stationed on Morris Island, is now in town on his furlough, having re-enlisted for another three years.

OUR QUOTA.

It is gratifying to know that Nantucket is well out of the draft. We have a surplus of 58 men after meeting all calls, even including the third call lately made. This satisfactory state of things is mainly attributable to the fact, that so many of our citizens have gone into the Navy. Nor do we mean to undervalue the services of our friend Crosby, who as a recruiting officer has done the State and Town good service.

If Nantucket be not in truth the banner town in the work of raising men at her country's call, she must be very near that honorable rank. Our citizens and ladies have worked together and with a will, in the patriotic work of sustaining the government by sending men to the field, and in the benevolent work of ministering to the wants of the sick and wounded in the hospitals. We have done this at a time, when we might very plausibly ask to be excused from a share of service even equal to that rendered by other towns. There are few towns in the State which have not derived some benefit from the war, while contributing to its support. It has not been so with us. Neither the whale nor cod-fishery has been prosecuted by us to any advantage since the war began. The shoe business, begun a few years ago with much spirit and on a liberal scale, has failed, and the Straw-Works give but limited and interrupted employment to a comparatively small number of operatives. Our school appropriations have been reduced, while other places have advanced theirs in view of the increased cost of living. Still, when aid for recruiting, or aid for hospital uses has been called for, it has been rendered, and rendered freely.

There was much philosophy in Justice Shallow's remark: "Ay marry and a man that has had losses." As we sadly perambulate our deserted and ruinous wharves, we are consoled by the thought, that if we are now fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, we once had a vigorous spring-time and a grand maturity. Our whale-fishery was historical; it excited the admiration of foreign nations, and was introduced into their own ports. We colonized New Bedford, and the thrifty child, gifted with a good constitution by inheritance, and nurtured in more favorable circumstances, than those in which we had our childhood, soon grew beyond the stature of its parent. We have spoken of our deserted and ruinous wharves. If we turn from them to the factories and warehouses now closed and crumbling, visions of former times come thick and fast. We seem to see the ponderous drays creaking beneath their heavy loads of stores and provisions on their way to the lighters, or upward bound, with the rich returns of successful voyages. The old Comet and Planet and Edna and Sally and Iris, and that original Great Eastern, the Manuel, piled to an almost unmanageable height, are seen slowly forging along to "the Bar" or to "Oldtown," as our unsophisticated fathers used to call the modern Edgartown. What difficulties we surmounted! How common it used to be, before we had a steamboat, for both inward and outward bound ships to ground on the flats or bar, and to lie sometimes for a week at a time, suffering detention and even injury. For want of a steamer, they were detained waiting for a favorable wind, even if they cleared the bar and flats. Still we prospered, and our ships were increased in number and size until their aggregate tonnage was 25,000. We may be permitted to dwell on these reminiscences with complacency, still more, because although our ships are gone for want of employment, and new investments have not been made or have proved unprofitable, we are not destitute of enterprising spirit. Our young men, and men of middle age, many of them have gone abroad to seek employment, and bravely breaking the ties which bound them to their island home, have sought new homes; thus imitating their sturdy ancestors, who did the like in the pinching times which preceded and followed the Revolutionary war.

A Ghost Story.—The following is from the San Francisco Alta California:—

"Several weeks ago a married lady residing in the Sandwich Islands, who had come to this city for her health, and was boarding at a house on California street, awoke in the night and plainly saw a phantom of her husband, which she supposed to be her living husband, and in that supposition, called to her son, a boy about twelve years of age, saying, 'Henry, here's your father.' She got up and advanced toward the figure and it disappeared. She pinched herself to see whether she was not asleep, but found herself to be fully awake. The vision disturbed her very much; notwithstanding the fact that she had left her husband in vigorous health at Honolulu, a few weeks before, she feared greatly that the vision indicated his death. When she went down to breakfast in the morning, a gentleman boarding in the same house noticed the marks of weeping and endeavored to get her into a good humor. She told him the cause of her uneasiness, and he attempted to remove the unhappy impression from her mind, but failed. She insisted that her husband must be dead, and that she must return to Honolulu by the first boat, and so she did. A few days after her departure a vessel arrived from Honolulu with news that her husband had died. His death, however, did not take place on the day when she saw the vision, but a week before."

The Cigar Steamer.—The Baltimore correspondent of the Charleston *Courier* writes:

"I learn that Thomas Winans, our opulent enterprising fellow citizen, is determined to exhibit for a brief period his novel craft, alongside the Great Eastern, during her anchorage at Annapolis Roads, which will constitute a double attraction. This (cigar) steamer is one of the funniest looking things imaginable. It resembles somewhat a huge whale with its back out of water. Each end comes to a point as sharp as a needle. It is designed to plunge through waves, storm and tempest, going under, if necessary, all save the pilot house, or platform, which is elevated many feet above the upper deck. Mr. Winans is still sanguine, more than ever, that his plan of ocean steam navigation will be a success. He has, on trial trips, made twenty miles per hour, and, it is said, has the full knowledge within himself, from private experiments, that his boat can be put up to an average of 30, perhaps 35, miles an hour. So confident is he that the invention will eventually succeed, that, in due time, he proposes to build another vessel, of similar construction, on a more extensive scale. The one now built has cost him about $200,000."

Wedding Sermons.—Of these old-fashioned affairs, a writer in the Atlantic Monthly says:

"The practice of wedding discourses among the Puritans was handed down into the last century, and sometimes beguiled into rather startling levities. For instance when Parson Smith's daughter was to marry Mr. Branch (what graceful productions of pen and pencil have come to this generation from the posterity of that union), the father had permitted the saintly maiden to decide on her text for the sermon, and she meekly selected 'Mary hath chosen the better part, which shall not be taken away from her,' and the discourse was duly pronounced. But when her wild young sister Abby was bent on marrying a certain Squire Adams, called John, whom her father disliked, she boldly suggested for the text, 'John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine and ye say he hath a devil.' But no sermon stands recorded under this prefix, though Abby lived to be the wife of one President of the United States, and the mother of another."

☞ A meeting of the friends of Gen. Fremont was held in New York on Friday of last week, and nominated him for the Presidency. Horace Greeley was the principal speaker.

One of Gen. Sherman's Feds thus squelched an irate dame whose chickens he had confiscated: "Madam, this accursed rebellion must be crushed, if it takes every chicken in Mississippi."

Mr. Hallett's Entertainment.—We call the attention of our readers to Mr. Hallett's advertisement, which may be found in another column. We have not been favored with a peep behind the scenes, but from what we learn by description, we have no doubt that a pleasing as well as novel (not the less pleasing because novel) entertainment is in store for those, who are to patronize Mr. H. on Tuesday evening next. The Zouave Drill is fascinating as usually seen; but when fascinating young ladies don the garb, and sway the rifle, and the charms of music are interspersed, a combination decidedly taking is secured. We bespeak a rousing company for the Zouave Corps, and Father Kemp.

Personal.—Lieut. Charles F. Folger, 2d, of this town, of the 27th Wisconsin regiment, is now in town visiting his friends. Lieut. Folger has been in the Department of the West, under General Grant.

Capt. John W. Summerhays, of the Mass. 20th, is also in town for a few days, on leave of absence.

☞ Schooner Tryall, of this port, 96 tons, has been purchased by William Phillips & Son of New Bedford, for $2800. She will be employed in the coasting business between New Bedford and New York and Albany, under the command of Capt. Isaac Sowle.

Schooner Susan, of this port, has also been sold to Capt. Benjamin Baker of New Bedford.

Mr. Gowan, the gentleman engaged in raising the sunken fleet at Sebastopol, writes to a friend in London:—

"On July 9, I raised and brought alongside the wharf the sixty-gun frigate Koolefchi, the large masts of which stood upright in the centre of the harbor. She is in good condition. Since you left I have raised some twelve vessels, among them four wooden and one iron war steamers, of two hundred and sixty horse power each. The steamer Vladimir will be the next one; and after her some line-of-battle ships. I have paid great attention to the reparation of the cemeteries where your brave countrymen are buried, and have ornamented the cemeteries where they repose. I have also caused extensive repairs to be made to the graves of the French and Sardinians who were killed during the war, and in some cases I have covered with concrete the graves of your Generals. I am thoroughly convinced that the Russian government and authorities have the greatest regard and respect for the graves of all, yet I think that some person should be appointed to look after the graves, for it can hardly be expected that the Russian government could watch over three hundred graveyards, covering over twenty square miles of territory."

The Great Meteor.—Professor Bartlett, of the West Point, Military Academy, has come to such conclusions as the circumstances of the case admit of, in regard to the height, velocity and destination of the remarkable meteor which passed through our horizon on the 20th ult. He thinks it could not have been less than from sixty to seventy miles above us; that its velocity, in reference to the earth's centre, was at least seventeen miles a second, its diameter at least half a mile, and finally, that it must have passed out of the earth's atmosphere to pursue a modified path around the sun, and return again, perhaps, at some future day.

A Washington despatch says that the prospect of a speedy return of the people of Arkansas to loyalty and submission daily brightens.

A housemaid the other evening slipped from a chair upon which she was temporarily standing, and fell head foremost into a barrel of flour. To show the effect of mental agony, we will state that her hair became white in a single night.—*Bangor Whig.*

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA, OR LUNG MURRAIN.—The Secretary of the Mass. Board of Agriculture, C. L. Flint, again sounds a note of warning which farmers and all who eat meat, should heed. This horrible malady, compared with which the devastations of the most terrible murrains sink into insignificance, exists in Massachusetts, probably also in most or all of the New-England States, and very likely in New York, and further west. No measures are taken to restrain its spread, and unprincipled men will sell suspected cattle to get them off their hands, while honest men *may* unwittingly sell those infected, and thus the disease will surely spread. The losses which may thus be inflicted on this country may, in a few years, equal all the expenses of the war. In the British Islands, the most moderate estimate of the loss by this disease alone, is $10,000,000 a year. Mr. Flint says, that over a million head of cattle died within 6 years ending with 1860, valued at $60,000,000. In addition to this immense number, a great many are slaughtered for beef on account of the disease.—The report to the House of Lords, represents the most reckless traffic in diseased meat, and says that those animals when slaughtered are commonly eaten (except the lungs) "even though the disease has made such progress as to taint the carcass." "At present there is a keen competition among butchers for a cow in the last stage of pleuro-pneumonia. Diseased town dairy cows realize from £5 to £20, ($25 to $100) each." This state of things, taken in connection with the fact, that live stock insurance companies have nearly all failed on account of the ravages of this disease, has so increased the price of meat that the meat-consuming public is annually paying $50,000,000 more now for the same amount of meat, than it did the year before the importation of the disease into England. "The contamination of the animal food-supplies, has affected the health of the people to an extent becoming more and more appreciated, the more the subject is investigated. The tens of thousands of carcasses of diseased animals, sold in large towns, are stealing life from human beings when and where we least expect it."—Doctor Gamgee, who was employed in extensive investigations under the authority and direction of the government says: "My opinion became confirmed that the flesh of cattle affected with pleuro-pneumonia, when eaten by man, induces boils and carbuncles *to an incredible extent*." Of the patients he says they were "seized occasionally with vomiting, diarrhœa, abdominal pains, etc., and have traced such accidents to the meat to such an extent that many refused to eat it. Circumstances compel me to withhold farther details." The contagiousness of the pleuro-pneumonia is established. Of 100 exposed animals, 75 take the disease; of these all are capable for a long time of giving it to others; at least a third of them will die outright; another third will drag out a dying life, and the other third will apparently recover. The facts presented in this letter ought to be laid before every State Legislature, and they should be acted upon, by thoroughly alarming and rousing the people to a knowledge of their impending danger—by encouraging the immediate establishment of Veterinary schools or departments in our colleges, and, perhaps, by the employment on the part of the State of the best Veterinary surgeons who can be induced to come to this country from Europe, for we now have few, if any, who understand the disease.—*American Agriculturist.*

For the Mirror.

Died, Jan. 31, 1864, Mrs. SARAH C. RULE. It is fitting that one who has gone from our midst, never to return, should receive from the pen of friends, a tribute to her memory.

Mrs. Rule has held the position of Principal of one of our Intermediate Schools for several years. As a teacher she was faithful and efficient. Pupils entering the Grammar School, from under her charge, have been marked for their thorough training.

Mrs. R.'s warm heart, sunny smile, and tact for repartee, made her an agreeable friend. By a wide circle is the departed mourned. Her Christian friends have to console them, that she fell asleep in Jesus, and is at rest in Him; while her only daughter, who is made an orphan by this bereavement, may think of her mother in Heaven, watching over her pathway, and waiting to welcome her above, when *her* life's journey shall close.

SQUABBLES AMONG POLITICIANS.—The Boston Transcript takes the right view of the case in an able article regretting the course taken by the friends of aspirants for the Executive Chair, who are busy initiating and managing an electioneering campaign, and leaving no stone unturned respectively to advance their rivalling ambitions for office and spoils. The Transcript says:—"This condition of things is to be seriously and emphatically deprecated. Its first evil effect is to distract attention from what should be the primary concern. Everybody with half a brain can see that precisely to the degree the political strife is encouraged and allowed to rage, precisely to that extent will the fight with the armed rebellion be neglected,—if not by the army itself, by those who control it and by those who ought to give it an undivided and moral support.

The work of the hour is military work, the demand of the hour military success. And those alone are truly serving the country, who, wherever or whoever they may be, accept and perform this work, and listen to and answer this demand, as they have ability and opportunity. To overthrow the traitor President of the Confederacy, is far more important at present than to electioneer for an occupant of the White House."

INDIGENOUS POETRY.

The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser has been so fortunate as to obtain a copy of the "mournful and pathetic ballad on the murder of John Love," which it says has been long out of print. We are happy to republish it, confessing that we were before ignorant of one of our richest national ballads.

In England some years ago
the sun was pleasant fair and gay
John Love on board of a ship he entered
and sald in to a merica.

Love was a man very percevering
in making trades with all he see
he soon ingaged to be a sailor
to sail up and down on Lake Eri.

he then went into the Southern countries,
to trade for furs and other skins
but the cruel French and saveg Indians
came very near of killing him.

But God did spare him a little longer
he got his loging and come down the lake
he went into the town of lockport
Where he made the grate mistake

With Nelson Thayer he made his station
thrue the summer for to stay
Nelson had two brothers Isaac and Isreal
love lent them money for thare debts to pay

Love lent them quite a sum of money
he did befriend them every way
but the cruel cretres tha couldn't be quiet
till tha had taken his sweet life away

One day as they ware all three to gether
this dreadful murder tha did contrive
tha agreed to kill Love and keep it secret
and then to live and spend thare lives

On the fifteenth evening of last december
in eighteen hundred and twenty-four
tha invited Love to go home with them
and tha killed and murdered him on the floor

First Isaac with his gun he shot him
he left his gun and went away
Then Nelson with his ax he chopt him
tell he had no life that he could perceve

After tha had killed and most mort'ly brus'd him
tha drawd him out whare tha killed thare hogs
tha then carried him of a pease from the house
and deposited him down by a log

The next day tha ware so very bold
tha had Loves horses riding round
Some asked the reason of Loves being absent
tha sed he had clerd and left the town

tha sed he had forgd in the town of Erie
the sheriff was in pursuit of him
He left the place and ran awa
and left his debts to collect by them

they went and forgd a power of turney
to collect loves notes when tha war due
tha tore and stormed to git thare pay
and sevrl nabors tha did sue

After tha had run to high degree
in killing love and in forgery
tha soon were taken and put in prison
whare tha remained for thare cruelty

Tha were bound in irons in the dark dunjon
for to remain for a little time
tha ware all condemd by the grand jury
for this most foul and dreadful crime

Then the Judge pronounced thare dredful sentence
with grate candidness to behold
you must all be hanged untell your ded
and lord have mursey on your souls.

NEW FISHING STATION.—We learn from the Barnstable Patriot that three enterprising citizens of Chatham—Capt. Erastus Nickerson, Capt. Joseph Nickerson, and Mr. John E. Perry,—have recently purchased some three or four acres of land bordering on Townsend harbor, Boothbay, Me., on which they intend to establish a first class establishment for fitting out fishermen, packing and inspecting mackerel, curing codfish, etc. Hundreds of fishing vessels weekly visit this place during the fishing season, yet it is said there is no establishment at which they can procure stores and cure and pack their fish within fifty miles of there.

FAST DAY.—The Governor and Council have designated Thursday, April 7th, to be observed as a day of fasting.

THE DEAD AT GETTYSBURG.—All the bodies of the Union soldiers hastily interred in ditches and trenches after the battle of Gettysburg, have been removed to appropriate places in the National Cemetery. The whole number was 3512, of whom about one-thousand were unknown. About one-fourth of the whole number belonged to New York regiments. A monument is to be raised by the 1st army corps, near the spot where General Reynolds, their brave commander fell. It is probable that the bodies of the Confederate dead will be collected and placed in an enclosure by themselves.

HERE, GIRLS, READ THIS!

Girls must think and talk less of matrimony. If they will look upon marriage as the height of worldly aspiration, as the grand source of earthly happiness, we can tell them of a better way to reach that goal than by frequent discussions of the theme. Let them seem, by assiduously cultivating the graces of life, by attention to the needs, tastes and happiness of their associates, to forget their own personality. Let them cultivate cheerfulness, physical health, industry, and the Christian graces springing from conscientious devotion to duty, and they are sure to become the objects of that solid admiration which recommends them for wives and mothers.

THE SOLDIER.

BURNS.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the soldier's prize;
The soldier's wealth is honor;
The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he 's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

RESPECT FOR AGE—MANNERS.

DEWEY'S OLD WORLD AND NEW.

Heaven avert that the rising generation among us should lose that most beautiful trait of youth, modesty, deference, respect for age, respect for superiors! Let the manners of a nation want this—let a people become ill-bred, coarse and vulgar—let especially the youth of a country be growing more forward and presumptuous, and let there be no sense, or refinement, or moral sensibility sufficient to put a check upon it; and vainly would such a nation claim our respect, though the sound of liberty were in every breeze, and parchment constitutions were piled to every roof-tree.

RETRIBUTION.

LONGFELLOW.

Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all.

THE HEN'S MEASURE.

One of the latest juvenile stories is of a little girl and boy, who had been cautioned, in their morning strife after hen's eggs, not to take away the nest egg; but one morning the little girl reached the nest first, seized an egg and started for home. Her disappointed brother followed, crying, "Mother! mother! Susy 's been and got the egg the old hen measures by!"

WORTH HAVING.—A still tongue in a backbiting company.

THE [illegible] to be abused and not lose yo[illegible]

BOD[illegible]—Setting up one's back at n[illegible] always bent on mischief.

A[illegible] A SAGE if he seeks for wisdon[illegible] has found it he is a fool.

M[illegible]Y.—A crooked temper.

[illegible].—Gossipping wo[illegible]

A Rich Scene.

In the Canadian House of Assembly, recently, they had quite a spirited debate on the bill to prohibit the use of hoops and crinoline, introduced by Aikens. We publish a few of the most brilliant passages:—

Mr. Drummond was an ardent admirer of hoops from childhood. He was born with a love of hoops. When he was a child of tender growth, he used to trundle his hoop, all unconscious of the fate that was in store for him. Later in life he swallowed a ring, which resulted in a hoop-incough; and even now the sight of an empty hogshead brought tears into his eyes.

Mr. Brown complained that it was impossible now to choose a wife, since her defects were so hid by hoops, and enveloped in crinoline, that the naked—

Speaker—Order.

Mr. Brown—Mr. Speaker—

Speaker—The honorable gentleman is out of order.

Mr. Brown—But, Mr. Speaker, the naked—

Speaker—Hold your tongue, sir.

Mr. Brown—The naked—

Speaker—Upon my soul, Brown, cork up, or I'll have you arrested.

Mr. Brown—Permit me to explain, Mr. Speaker. When I said the naked—

Speaker (yelling)—Clear the galleries of ladies, Mr. Sergeant.

Mr. Brown—In the name of the seventeen graces and the fifteen muses, Mr. Speaker—dearly beloved Smith—let me apologize; then I only meant to say that hoops and crinoline have reached to such a rotundency that it was impossible to arrive at the naked—

Speaker (frantically)—death and blue devils! Stop, or I'll brain you with the mace. Consider the impropriety of—

Mr. Brown (wildly) — Truth! truth, truth! naked truth! was what I was going to say.

Mr. Dunbar Ross understood his honorable friend to say that people could not pass along the streets without being assaulted by highwaymen. Now surely the honorable member from Lake Ontario could not but be aware that the character of every member of the House was affected by such dam—

Mr. Talbot objected to such unparliamentary language.

Mr. Ross protested against interruption. He was going to say, by such dam—

Mr. J. Cameron—The honorable member should not swear in that dreadful manner.

Mr. Ross—Wasn't doing anything of the kind; but would be tempted to do so, if not allowed to finish his sentence—but such a dam—(order, order) a dam—(confusion) he would repeat it—by such a dam—(tremendous uproar.)

Mr. Wright stood up and moved, amidst the wildest confusion, that Mr. Ross be expelled from the house for such awful language.

Mr. Ross (black in the face) exclaimed that damaging statements was all he meant to say, when he was interrupted by a fool—

Mr. Talbot—Who's a fool—

Mr. Ross—Foolish ass—

Mr. Ross (wildly)—foolish ass-assertion of profanity.

'Why don't you buy a thingumbob, and-what-do-you-call-it your side-walk with it every morning?' asked one neighbor of another.

'Because I hain't got no what's-his-name to buy it with,' replied his neighbor.

Repeat the following three times in succession without a mistake: 'I saw five brave maids sitting on five broad beds, braiding broad braids. I said to those five brave maids, sitting on five broad beds, braiding broad braids: 'Braid broad braids, brave maids.'

SOMNAMBULISM—*A Thrilling Incident.*—The Detroit Free Press relates the following incident, combining all the palpitating chances of hair-breadth escape with the strange and romantic venture of somnambulism which transpired in that city last week at the residence of Mr. Israel Moreton, from whose lips the statement is furnished:—

At about half-past two o'clock in the morning he was awakened by a knocking at the front door of his residence, and upon answering the call, found a man on the steps who, in a very incoherent and excited manner, requested him to walk across the street and look at the top of his house. The proposition was so strange that he declined, and stood irresolute for a few moments, and was about retiring again, suspicious of foul play, when his eye caught a moving shadow on the front of the opposite house, cast by the moon, which was shining dimly through the fleecy clouds of a gathering equinoctial storm. It indicated that some moving, living thing was walking noiselessly along the narrow ridge of his roof, and, as he looked at its slow creeping motion, an indefinable chill crept over him. The shadow stole across the front of the opposite building, and was lost for a moment in the darkness, and then crept into view again, returning in an opposite direction, with the same slow, gliding motion. His companion had regained the opposite sidewalk, and stood gazing up in silence, seemingly struck speechless with horror, and with trembling steps Mr. Moreton gained his side and turned his eyes in the same direction. His consternation may be imagined when his eye fell upon the form of a human being shrouded from head to foot in a long white night dress, about which a mass of long hair, which gleamed darkly in the moonbeams, fell in wild confusion. This spetral form paced slowly to and fro on the nrrrow ridge-board which covered the apex of the roof, approaching in frightful proximity of the abrupt termination at the ends, and calmly turning about to retrace the distance, always with the same unfaltering step and easy, gliding motion. The house was a high one, and a mistep, or a step too far, would have plunged the night walker down to certain destruction—as also would a casual sound, the shout of a midnight reveler, or the crow of a morning cock.

The walker was a woman, and, as she moved back and forth, she occasionally raised her hand to her head, as though engaged in thought or troubled with pain. The head never moved to the right or left, up or down, but always maintained the same position, erect, and straight as a statue. A chimney stood directly in the middle of the roof, around which she passed with ease, placing one hand upon its top, and walking down the sloping roof to get around. Once in this spectral walk she paused at the edge of the roof, and, before turning, looked straight out ahead into the black night, as if peering beyond mortal vision, into some mysterious realm. A waving movement of the right hand accompanied this act, which lasted but a moment, when the walk was again renewed and the light shadow passed across the faces of the spell-bound gazers as she hid the moon for an instant from their sight. The same spot was reached again a few moments after, when the figure again paused, and again gazed out into the darkness, and then, with a slow motion, stretched out a hand, and with outspread fingers clutched at something which had no existence except in the fevered mind of the sleeper. The other hand was then extended in like manner and the body went forward in such a way that the upper portion hung over the abyss, while the fingers reached out, until there was no further reaching, and then clutched again with a quick, convulsive snatch, and were withdrawn. The form was motionless a moment, and then commenced its walk again, continuing as far as the middle of the roof, when it turned toward the rear of the house and, moving down the slope of the roof was lost to sight.

Mr. Moreton, while witnessing this scene, had recognized the features and form of his servant-girl, a young female of about eighteen, named Jane Mooney. With a feeling of indescribable relief he saw her disappear [illegible] knew that she had descended through [illegible] light to the garret, and [illegible] own [illegible] Hastening in, he arou[illegible] his wife, [illegible] with her to the girl's room, and [illegible] sitting on the side of the bed, wide [illegible]age, and in a state of mind [illegible]der ing on distraction. She had no knowledge of the occurrence, but had been awakened by the noise of her employer entering the house, and found herself standing in the middle of her own room in the condition described. That the results were no worse was a matter of devout thankfulness to all within that house.

The girl had been suffering from a brain fever, from which she was gradually recovering, which undoubtedly caused this dangerous freak. She has no knowledge of anything of this kind having occurred previously, and will be well watched in future, as she is highly esteemed. It was a thrilling adventure [illegible] a happy result.

For the Inquirer.

Nantucket.

A SONG.

TUNE—*Ellen Asthore.*

BY A. M. M.

Be blessings, forever,
On Nancy's lone Isle!
Tho' ice-bound her winter,
Yet wearing the smile.

Tho' earthlings neglect her,
And frowns she may bear,
The *stars* never *weary*
With watching and care.

And blessed be ever
Her children so dear!
United to aid in
Her comfort and cheer;

When tempests beat 'round her,
And [illegible] swells the wave,
Her daughters [illegible]
Her sons [illegible] d, "at thirty"

Then blessings, forever, do
On Nancy's lone Isle!
Tho' ice-bound in winter,
Yet hoping, the while,

That, when the spring opens,
The "world-tidings" be—
"God smiles on our Country,
The States are all FREE."

TO MAUD.

Sitting in my lonely chamber,
Where I've sat since eventide,
I am thinking of thee only,
Out of all the world beside.

And the midnight bells are ringing
Out their long and solemn chime,
To my saddened senses bringing
Consciousness of passing time.

Time that passing oft reminds me
Of the joy I've lost with thee,
Time that passing only binds me
Closer to thy memory.

Life was aimless till I knew thee,
All its purposes were vain,
But thou camest, and I, through thee,
Fight life's battle o'er again.

I could fight it nobler, better,
With the by me in the strife,
Thee—to break each earthly fetter
Binding to a meaner life.

I could wrestle bolder, longer,
With a more than human pride,
Daily, hourly growing stronger
If I had thee by my side

But in absence I must wake me
From this fatal lethargy,
Striving every hour to make me
Worthy of myself and thee.

It were shameful now to falter,
More than shameful not to win;
Since the past I cannot alter
Here life's duty I begin.

True to manhood's best achieving,
Doing nobler day by day,
Never faltering—only leaving
Time enough to watch and pray.

Hoping thus to leave behind me
Something worthy of thy pride,
When declining years shall find me
Floating calmly down life's tide.

ANOTHER SACRIFICE.—Another noble Nantucket young man has fallen, a victim to the fiendish cruelty practised at the Andersonville prison. Mr. William H. Gruber joined our navy early in the war. After serving for two years, he was honorably discharged, and returned home, strong, robust, active, the picture of health. Soon afterwards he joined the 2d Mass. Cavalry, and was taken prisoner near Vienna, Va., in February, 1864. He was taken to Andersonville, and kept there until October, enduring, all the time, sufferings almost impossible to conceive. With about 30,000 men he was confined in a lot of seventeen acres, without tent, shed, or shelter of any kind to afford protection from sun or storm. Their daily food, he said, consisted of a pint of coarse meal and a piece of bacon about half as large as his first finger. The lot in which they were confined, contained a swamp, and stagnant water was all the time there. Such a mode of life could not but engender disease, and Mr. Gruber contracted a chronic diarrhœa which, resulting in an ulceration of the bowels, ultimately caused his death.

While in prison he met several of his old shipmates of the gunboat Lodona, who had been captured at Charleston. One of them finally sickened and died, and when, a few days afterwards, it was announced that 200 sailors were to be exchanged, Mr. G. assumed the name of his dead companion, and thereby effected his escape. Too feeble to walk, his old associates with true sailor generosity, constructed a litter, on which they carried him for fifteen days, until they arrived within our lines. When brought in, his only clothing was a part of a shirt.

Since his arrival home he has had every attention that love and affection could bestow. But all was not able to save him from death. His hardy, vigorous frame had suffered a shock from which it could not rally, and he grew gradually weaker until on Wednesday morning last, with perfect resignation, and consciousness undimned to the close, he quietly breathed his last. He was a man of a generous nature, of warm affection, of high moral character. Every one who knew him spoke his praise. A young widow and two little ones are left to grieve for him.

They will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that the loved one sacrificed his life for his country's defence, and left behind him many friends who appreciate his worth, and who will esteem it a sacred pleasure to afford all the consolation in their power, to the bereaved.

Fire in Bedrooms.

"Most people," says Dr. Lewis, "even many intelligent reformers, have the idea that to sleep in a cold room is good—essential to health. It is an error. It is better to have an open fire in your bedroom. The atmosphere is not only by this means constantly changed, but with the fire you will keep the window open which will add greatly to the needed ventilation. But more than this. With the fire you will have fewer bedclothes over you, which is a gain, as a large number of blankets not only interferes somewhat with the circulation and respiration, but prevents the escape of those gases which the skin is constantly emitting. Even furnace or stove heat with open window is better than a close, cold room. In my own house I have ten open grates, and find with coal, at twelve dollars the expense is frightful, and if it were in any other department of housekeeping, I should feel I could not afford it; but in this I do not flinch, so important do I deem the open fire.

An old widower says when you pop the question do it with a kind of laugh, as if you were joking. If she accepts you, very well; if she does not you can say you were only in fun.

"Mr. Jones, don't you think that marriage is a means of grace.

"Certainly, madam; anything is a means of grace that breaks up pride and leads to repentance."

Scene closes with a mop handle.

"Ma, is the portrait of father torn?" asked a little cherub of three summers.

"No child. Why do you ask?"

"Why this morning he said darn my picture!"

WOMAN.—Place her among flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness and sometimes folly—annoyed by a dew-drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, and ready to faint at the rustle of a beetle; the zephyrs are too rough, the showers too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rose bud. But let real calamity come, rouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then; how her heart strengthens itself—how strong is her purpose. Place her in the heat of battle—give her a child, a bird—anything she loves or pities, to protect—and see her in a relative instance, raising her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimsons her upturned forehead, praying for life to protect the helpless.

Transplant her in the dark places of earth, awaken her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing. She disputes, inch by inch, the stripe of the stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, shrinks away pale and affrighted. Misfortune haunts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, and goes forward with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of colors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them a broad—pure gold, valuable, but untried in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle—a mystery, the center from which radiates the great charm of existence.

SCENE AT AN EXEMPTION OFFICE.—An Irishman enters, and when asked on what ground he claimed exemption, answered, 'I'm sure it's because I'm an Irishman, and I am opposed to fighting.'

Commissioner—'Are you naturalized, sir?'

Irishman—'Indeed I am not.'

Commissioner—'Then, sir, you cannot be drafted; but recollect you will not receive protection from the United States Government.'

Irishman—'An' who am I to look to for protection?'

Commissioner—'Queen Victoria.'

Irishman—'To h—l with Queen Victoria; I'll stand the draft before I'll ask her to protect me!'

He left the premises amid the laughter of bystanders, and cries of 'good boy,' 'he'll fight,' &c.

CREDIBILITY OF INSPITED WRITERS.—In the following verse of Dryden, a powerful argument for the divine authority of the Scriptures is condensed into a few comprehensive and easily remembered lines:

Whence, but from heaven, could men, unskilled in arts,
In different ages born, in different parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
Unasked their pains;—unwelcome their advice;—
Starving their gains;—and martyrdom their price.

IRREVERENT RHYMING.—A somewhat amusing *jue d'esprit* is going the rounds of the clubs. Rumor fathers it on a well known M. P., but the mythical authorship of these things is proverbial. It is said to have originated in an after-dinner challenge to find a rhyme for Timbuctoo. The modern Theodore Hook took up the gauntlet, and immediately came out with the following:

If I were a Cassawary,
On the sands of Timbuctoo,
I'd eat up a missionary,
Skin, bones, and HYMBOOK TOO.

—London Paper.

Water Metaphors.

Probably there is nothing under the sun which is the basis of so large a number of figures of speech as water. Its flow oceanward is likened to the lapse of Time, and the ocean serves the poets—though not very happily—as a symbol of Eternity. But it is in the familiar figures of ordinary conversation that one hears most of water.

A poor argument "won't hold water."

A babbler is a "leaky vessel."

A half-drunken man is "half seas over."

"Fishing in troubled waters" is another name for getting into difficulty.

"Still waters run deep" is a hint that your quiet and demure person has more in him than the world possesses.

Strong dislikes are compared to his Satanic Majesty's antipathy to "holy water."

If a man is in a bad predicament he is in "hot water."

Disappointment is a "wet blanket," (wet with water of course.)

When a lover gets "the mitten," "cold water is thrown on his hopes."

The hungry man's "mouth waters."

The strengthless are "weak as water."

Fortune has its "tides" as well as the sea.

Sometimes it "rains blessings."

News is always "afloat."

Speculators are often "swamped."

The muse informs us that there are "tongues in the running brooks."

LOVE A WIFE AND CARE FOR A WIFE.—I wish every husband would copy [illegible] memorandum book this sentence, [illegible]ently published work: "A word said [illegible]tten, and we are happy; omitted, [illegible]ache, as if for a great misfortune. [illegible]t feel it or guess at it; if they did, [illegible]reless of them would be slow to wo[illegible]

The grave hides many a hea[illegible] which has been stung to death, because one who might, after all, have loved it after a certain careless fashion, was deaf, dumb and blind to the truth in the sentences we have just quoted, or, if not, was at least restive and impatient with regard to it. Many men, marrying late in life, being only accustomed to take care of themselves, and that in the most erratic, rambling, exciting fashion—eating, drinking, sleeping and waking, whenever their fancy or good cheer and amusement, questionable or unquestionable, prompted—come at last, when they get tired of this, with their selfish habits fixed as fate, to matrimony.

For a while it is novelty. Shortly, it is strange as irksome, this always being obliged to consider the comfort and happiness of another. To have something always hanging on the arm, which used to swing free, or at most, but twirl a cane. Then they think their duty done if they provide food and clothing, and refrain (possibly) from harsh words. Ah, is it! Listen to that sigh as you close the door.—Watch the gradual fading of the eye, the paling of the cheek, not from age—she should be yet young—but that gnawing pain at the heart, born of the settled conviction that the great hungry craving of her soul, as far as you are concerned, must go forever unsatisfied. God help such wives, and help them from attempting to slake their soul's thirst at poisoned fountains.

Think you, her husband, how little a kind word, a smile, a caress to you, how much to her. If you call these things childish, and "beneath your notice," then you should never have married. There are men who should remain forever single; you are one. You have no right to require of woman her health, strength, time and devotion, to mock her with this shadowy, unsatisfying return. A new bonnet, a dress, a shawl, a watch, anything, everything but what a true woman's heart must crave—sympathy, appreciation, love. She may be rich in everything else, but if she be poor in these, and is a good woman, she had better die.

There are hard, unloving, cold monstrosities of women (rare exceptions), who neither require love nor know how to give it. We are not speaking of these. That big-hearted, loving, noble men have occasionally been thrown away upon such, does not disprove what we have been saying. But even a man thus situated has greatly the advantage of a woman in a similar position, because, over the needle, a woman may think herself into an insane asylum, while the active out-door turmoil of business life is at least a sometime reprieve to him.

Do you ask me "Are there no happy wives?" God be praised, yes, and glorious, loveable husbands too, who know how to treat a woman, and would have her neither fool nor drudge. Almost every wife would be a good and happy wife were she only loved enough. Let husbands, present and prospective, think of this.—*London Journal.*

NE CEDE MALIS—"Do not yield to misfortunes." How many destroy themselves, and in a great measure the happiness of others, by yielding to trouble. Some, through a misturn of misfortune's wheel, lose property or friend; or may be, get their honor wounded, and dwell upon their troubles with such intensity that the mind aberrates, and soon they become raving maniacs. Others fly to the "wine cup" to drown their sorrows, but instead of drowning sorrow, they drown their mental and moral powers in the "flowing bowl;" and at length the great "*maelstrom*"—hell—will swallow them, soul and body, forever. Others resort to suicide and reach the same end. The best antidote for a troubled mind is the grace of God.—*Rev. A. W. Holden.*

As Jeff. Davis disclosed his sex by showing his heels beneath the crinoline, the twenty-second verse of the thirteenth chapter of Jeremiah is peculiarly applicable to his case: "And if thou say in thy heart, Wherefore come these things upon me? for the greatness of thine iniquity are thy skirts discovered and thy heels made bare."

CAPTURE OF JEFF. DAVIS.—The *Herald's* correspondence gives the particulars of the arrest of Jeff. Davis, fully confirming the official accounts already published. When the guard went to the tent they were met by Mrs. Davis *en dishabille*, with "Please, gentlemen, don't disturb the privacy of ladies before they have time to dress." "All right, madam," said the Corporal, "we'll wait until you can change your dress." Presently there appeared at the tent door an ostensibly old lady with a bucket on her arm, escorted by Mrs. Davis and her sister. "Please let my old mother go to the spring for some water to wash in," said Mrs. Jeff., in a pleading tone. "It strikes me your mother wears very big boots," said the guard, as he hoisted the old lady's dress with his sabre and discovered a pair of No 13 calf skins—"and whiskers, too," said the Sergeant, as he pulled the hood from her face, and lo! Jeff. Davis stood before them. A pistol was immediately placed at his ear, and he was placed in durance vile.

Only about $8000 in specie was found with the party, though several boxes were not searched. They were brought along, however, and will be delivered to the authorities at Washington. There were found on the person of Postmaster General Reagan papers showing that a large amount of specie had been shipped for London, which will also be delivered to the authorities by Col. Pritchard.

The latter, with the prisoners, immediately started for Macon. The party were all sullen, and Davis remarked to Pritchard that had they not been taken by surprise they would not have surrendered without a fight. While on the road they received a copy of the President's proclamation offering $100,000 reward for Davis. Davis read it and trembled and pressed his hand to his side, and with a groan he dropped the paper. His wife picked it up and read it aloud, when the entire party burst into tears.

The cavalcade arrived at Macon on the 13th, and soon after took a special train for Atlanta and thence for Augusta.

Stephens and Wheeler were captured by a detachment of Gen. Upton's division, and Clay and his lady surrendered to Gen. Wilson at Macon.

SOMETHING FOR VOTERS TO THINK OF.—Heretofore it has been the law that when a *person*, seven or more days prior to any *election*, gave notice in writing, accompanied by satisfactory evidence, to the assessors, that he was liable to taxation at the last assessment in the place of his residence, he should then be assessed, and thereby be entitled to vote. This provision of law was repealed by the last Legislature. It is important, therefore, to those who do not wish to lose their vote, and who may have relied aforetime upon the law that is now repealed, to see to it that the assessors do not overlook them at the time the general assessments are made. Be taxed early or you cannot vote. Taxes paid on the eve of an election will not secure the right to vote.

It is proposed that we shall do with Jeff. Davis what Daniel Webster did with his scythe. Daniel was anxious for a more liberal education than a country school afforded, but his father was afraid it could not be afforded, and set the young man at farm work. Daniel unwillingly acceded to the parental requirement, but one day, while lazily mowing, resolved to bring matters to a crisis, and complained that the scythe did not hang to suit him. His father tinkered upon it a while, but upon trial Daniel was not satisfied. The old gentleman tried again; but still the scythe did not hang right. So at last Daniel was requested to hang it to suit himself, and he hung it on a tree and walked off. We believe that tree still remains, and bears an annual crop of *sour apples.—N. B. Standard.*

BY THE CARD.—The Army and Navy Journal says:—"Surely, if Davis had recalled his old experience at cards, he would have remembered that a Knave is known from [illegible] his boots."

Fifty-five thousand dese[illegible] the last proclam[illegible] have within t[illegible] Canada, report[illegible] returned to Federal serv[illegible]

FRESH-BLOWN FLOWERS IN WINTER.—Choose some of the most perfect buds of the flowers you would preserve, such as are latest in blowing and ready to open; cut them off, with scissors, leaving to each, if possible, a piece of the stem about three inches long cover the end of the stem immediatcly with sealing-wax, and when the buds are a little shrunk and wrinkled, wrap each of them up separately in paper perfectly clean and dry, and lock them up in a dry box or drawer, and they will keep without corrupting. In the winter, when you would have the flowers blow, take the buds at night and cut off the ends of the stems and put them into water wherein a little nitre or salt has been diffused, and the next day you will have the pleasure of seeing flowers with the most lively colors and agreeable odors.—[Scientific American.

CHARACTER IS POWER.—It is often said that knowledge is power, and this is true. Skill or faculty of any kind, carries with it superiority. So to a certain extent, wealth is power, and rank is power, and genius has a transcendant gift of mastery over men. But higher, purer, and better than all, more consistent in its influence and more lasting in its sway, is the power of character; that power which emanates from a pure and lofty mind.

Take any community, who is the man of most influence? To whom do all look up with reverence? Not the 'smartest' man, nor the cleverest politician, nor the most brilliant talker, but he who in a long course of years tried by the extremes of prosperity and adversity, has approved himself to the judgment of his neighbors and all who have seen his life, as worthy to be called wise and good.

AN ALBUM TRIBUTE.

BY W. A. FOGG.

In hours of the future, when time will have shattered
Youth's beautiful casket of pleasur[illegible]d like
How precious the sentiments love[illegible] utter,
As Diamonds of thought in a [illegible]dine like this.

In moments of darkness, should deep-rooted sorrow
Refuse to thy heart the relief of a tear,
What deep-gushing sympathies still it may borrow
From fountains that friendship will open thee here.

O yes, and as tie after tie shall be broken
Thy spirit has cherished, and loved ones depart;
How touching—how beautiful, then, every token
Inscribed by affection, will seem to thy heart.

Hingham, Mass., Nov., 1851.

DRESS.

[illegible]ll-[illegible]is feminine art. Too great a trickli[illegible] world we dwell too much on outsides. [illegible] are three good uses we may lawfully make of apparel; to hide shame, to preserve from cold, and to adorn the body. The worst task we can put it to, is to engender pride; when we think the log is precious, because the bark is aromatic and perfumed. When Demonax saw the fool in fine apparel, and by reason thereof to wear, as well as it, an outward insolence, he harks him in the ear with this: "That fine wrought wool, that you, sir, are so proud of, was worn by a beast before it was worn by you; and yet that beast doth still a beast continue."—*Feltham.*

Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.
Cowper.

President Johnson has respectfully declined the equipage tendered by the New York merchants, as he has ever held that those occupying official positions should not accept such presents.

The London Times says of Booth's death: "Such an end was too good for such a miscreant, and most honest men will feel in common with the American people that justice has been cheated of a victim.

The chivalry bragged to the end that 't would fight,
And in the last ditch make its shrift;
Behold it in petticoats hiding its flight!
Reduced to its ultimate shift!

—*Providence Journal.*

1831

Foil 33 **Barzilla Burdett**

1830	To charge omited in June 15 rose colour 6 read 12	18
Octr 30	To charge omited from Day book read & black 3/8 $	8
1831 May 17	To 0 11 of read & black	11
21	To 2 5 of yellow paint at 7	38
		75

1830

August 10 **Ebin Ran**

	To ballance due from Leger 3d foil 136	49
1831 May 17	To 0 9 of light paint at 20 pr #	10½
	To 9 2 of lead colour & black at 7	1 52
	To 1 gill of Varnish	20
		2 31½
Novr 27	To glazing 1 light of glass	17
		2 48½

Alfred Folger Dr

Nov 19	to amount from foil 13	$ 2 24
	To 0 13 of blue paint at 25 pr #	26
May 28	To 0 15 stone & 6 black	22
Augt 30	To 1 5 of read at 7	22
		2 94

~~Charles Coffin~~ **Naly Baley**

	To Amount from leger 3d foil 153	3 38
April 14	To 1½ dry yellow	12
Augt 12	To 9 deep blue	18
May 10	To 1 qt molasses	9
28	To ¼ y. Hyson tea	25
Augt 1	To ¼ Tea	27
Septr 10	To 1 bunch of onions 6¼ 14 yellow paint 14	20¼
Feby 14	To ¼ Tea	27
Septr 14	To 5 14 of white paint at 7 98 1 paint of oil 18 & 1 po sperets of Tirne 12½ Deliverd to Wm Gurel	1 28½
		6 14¾
		6 5

1831

Foil 33 **Barzilla Burdett**

1830	To charge omited in June 15 rose colour 6 read 12		18
Octr 30	To charge omited from Day book read & black 3/8 $		8
1831 May 17	To 0 11 of read & black		11
21	To 2 5 of yellow paint ad 1/		38
			75 00
			38½

1830

August 10 **Ebin Ran**

	To ballance due from Leger 3d foil 136		2
	To 0 9 of light paint ad 20 pr		6 25
1831 May 17	To 9 2 of lead color & black ad 1/		85
	To 1 gill of Varnish		50
Novr 27	To glazing 1 light of glass		60
		2	50

Alfred Folger Dr.

			1 36
[illegible] 19	to amount from foil 13	$ 2	1 50
[illegible]	To 0 13 3/4 of blue paint ad 25 pr	" 2	50
May 28	To 0 15 3/4 stone & 6 3/4 black	2	09
Augt 30	To 1 5 3/4 of read ad 1/	2	10
		2 9	27½
			81¼
			25

~~Charles Coffin~~ **Naby Baley**

			68¾
	To Amount from leger 3d foil 153	3	74
April 14	To 1½ dry yellow		16½
Augt 12	To 9 3/4 deep blue		55½
May 10	To 1 qt molasses		28
28	To ¼ y. Hyson tea		48
Augt 1	To ¼ Tea		55
Septr 10	To 1 bunch of onions 6¼ 14 3/4 yellow paint 14		27
Feby 14	To ¼ Tea		38
Septr 14	To 5 14 3/4 of white paint ad 1/ 98 1 paint of oil 18 &		76
	1 pa Sperets of Tirne 12½ Deliverd to Wm Gurel		1 75
		6 1	27
		6	

Two Model Adresses.

Last week we gave an account of the presentation of a banner, by the ladies of Lawrence, to Essex Engine Co., No. 1 of that place. Our space then did not allow only an abstract of the presentation and reception speeches on the occasion. But they are so beautiful in diction, and expressive in sentiment, that we cannot no resist the temptation to publish them in full.

On presenting the banner, Miss Tibbets spoke as follows:

Mr. Foreman, Officers and Members of Essex Fire Company, No. 1, of Lawrence:

It devolves upon me, as the chosen representative of my companions in this enterprise, to address and present to you a testimonial of our respect and confidence, and it behooves me to say that this duty might have fallen upon others more capable of discharging it than myself.

There is something noble and praiseworthy in the voluntary efforts of men to produce an organization for the protection and safety of individual and public interest. We would commend these efforts, especially when free from all sordid and selfish motives. We would commend them as the recipients of that safety and protection which you would secure for the helpless and dependent—for all classes and conditions of society. Conspicuously among the public and private guardians of our property and our homes may be placed the Independent Firemen. He who volunteers to sacrifice his comfort and convenience, his repose and ease, to rescue and protect the interest of others. He who, fearless of danger and the raging elements, rushes boldly forth to battle with destruction, and stay the ravages of the destroyer. He who, amid cold and heat, storm and night, is found courageously struggling to assist the unfortunate and succor the hopeless, and does it all urged by a generous impulse to save and succour, may justly claim the title of guardian and protector, and should be placed first among the noble objects of our respect and admiration.

And may it not be said and claimed that he whose heart is throbbing with the generous impulses to protect and assist the unfortunate and helpless in one respect, cannot be wanting the feelings which shall ever lead him to kindred acts in every respect? Can the nature of his mission as a public guardian of property and homes render him insensible to any condition of distress? Does he not act upon a principle, a generosity of nature which has no limits, but which will ever go out in commisseration and relief towards the needy and helpless? Is not the strong arm which is ever ready and willing to battle the devouring elements equally as ready and willing to do service in protecting from the ravages of every destroyer to uphold helpless innocence and virtue, amid the raging elements of a sinful world, and throw around the friendless and oppressed—the poor and the needy—the weak and unprotected—that same strong arm of help and safety; forming a defence for the defenceless—a rock for the fallen—a fort to which we may ever fly when beseiged with danger.

The Knight Errant of olden times was not only bound by the laws of Knight Errantry to proclaim the superior beauty and maintain with his life the matchless perfections of his *lady love*, but he was the bound protector of all who needed his protection. His willing arm must be ever ready to strike a blow for the weak and defenceless—to fight the battle of the helpless and homeless, and fly to the rescue of the suffering and distressed. Especially was he the sworn protector of helpless woman—and who was recreant to his vow and character in this or any other respect, dishonored his Knighthood and dimmed the star of glory which burned upon his brow, he was no longer deemed worthy to wear his sword or balance a lance.

The order of Knighthood has passedaway may we not look to you to fill its place? May you not be honored the Knights of modern times,and may we not look to you not only as the faithful protectors of property and homes against the ravages of fire, but as the sworn foes of violence and oppression, the enduring friends of helplessness and virtue? And may you ever vindicate and maintain by your deeds of valor and heroism the title of worthy Knights, faithful at your post in the hour of danger and distress, true to your trust as firemen and freemen, with strong arms to rescue our homes, from the devastation of the elements, and with stout hearts to brave all dangers and protect all who are unprotected.

But, brave sirs, let me enter upon the more immediate duty which calls us together, and for which I am upon this rostrum. In all ages of the world when men have united their efforts for any particular object, they have reared some standard around which they could rally and concentrate their strength and powers. Some canvass has been unfurled over their heads and floated in the breeze, bearing an insignia which told to the world who and what they were, and hinted at the object of their organization. They have placed before them some object upon which they could fix their gaze and receive courage and animation—some object which told them as no language could speak, the greatness of their enterprise, and urged them with an irresistable energy and untiring vigilance, to persevere and endure. We would place such an object before your eyes, in this Banner, the productions of the united contributions of the ladies of the Atlantic Cotton Mills of Lawrence. Cheerfully have we contributed our mites to swell the sum which has enabled us to appear before you with this gift. Humble as our position in life maybe we would not be deemed unmindful of true merit and enterprise. We would not be regarded as spiritless and unable to appreciate the luadable efforts which are being made, not only to secure the safety of our town against the ravages of fire but the protection of every growing interest around us.

Accept, then, this Banner—a present from the ladies of the Atlantic Cotton Mills, of Lawrence,to the Essex Fire Company No. 1, of the same. Betokening a sense of their confidence in you, as an organization, for the general welfare—their admiration for your good decipline and untiring zeal and activity in the discharge of your responsible duties—and their high respect for you as friends and fellow citizens. And as its silken folds wave over you unfurled by the breath of Heaven, may it inspire you with a noble emulation to excel in all things that pertain to the general good. And as this significant insignia shall meet your gaze, may it incite you to deeds of bravery and greatness, and remind you of the great responsibilities which rest upon you, as iemperance men and firemen of Lawrence.

Captain Tukey responds as follows:—

Ladies of Lawrence—

It devolves on me, as Foreman of this Company, to receive from your hands, this beautiful Banner—this token of your generosity and kindness—this most *distinguished mark* of your *esteem*, and *approbation*. Permit me, therefore, in the behalf of the Company which I represent, *to accept* this Banner—and in return tender you our most grateful thanks, and be assured that I can but faintly convey to you, the response of gratitude that fills the heart of every member of this Company—you have, by this *act*, done honor to the fireman's profession—you have shown a just appreciation of the noble object he has in view—you have conferred an honor upon this Company which its members will ever be proud to fold, as the first and brightest laurel won;—and be assured that this token of your regard shall ever be cherished by us as a memento worthy of the highest place in our remembrance. And as this beautiful Banner floats gracefully above us, in the pure breeze of heaven's breath—oft will memory revert to this scene—to this act of noble, high minded generosity performed by you—and ever shall it prompt us to strive for peace and *union*, "Union Forever." Ever prompting us to preeminence in our calling, determined that we will bravely dispute to the last, with the devouring element—never to surrender or be conquered by any other fire than that which you may be the incendiaries, and our own hearts the mouldering fabric. If the devouring element must come to break the gentle repose of our midnight slumbers, then will we rally to the music of the midnight bell, and the terrific cry of "fire! fire! fire!' braving every danger—ready for any duty that suffering humanity may require.

You have alluded to the great responsibilities that rest upon us, citizens of this embryo city as temperance men, and as independent firemen. We thank you for your timely counsel, and while in our organized capacity we battle with the devouring element, we are no less ready to face *King Alcohol* or to bend the strong arm of an independent man—to stay the powers of vice and oppression—to aid the unfortunate, and lift up the downtrodden. If in this, you recognize the true character of an ancient Knight, then be it so—ever may we prove true Knights of honor to you.

And let me here impress upon your mind, the great truths that however great the duties may be which devolve upon us—you have a mighty work to perform. It has been wisely said that if the world is ever to be made better and happier, the influence of woman must accomplish it. To her, we look as the principal agent—she is the pioneer that leads the way—she is the star that shines brighter and brighter as the moral atmosphere of our horizon darkens. To you is given that silent, but irrseistible power of controlling and moulding our rougher natures—to you is committed the moral destinies of the young man. Without your friendly counsel—your heavenly influence, man would be half complete: he would be like a ship at sea, without either chart or compass, and left to the mercy of every wind that blows.

Providence has seen fit to cast our lot in this new city where we are, for the most part strangers to each other—we have left the homes of our *childhood*, with all its hallowed scenes and its restraining influences, here surrounded by temptations and trials—amidst the bustle and noise of the anvil and loom, are we to build up for ourselves a character that will exist forever. Here are we to lay the foundation upon which must rest all our future hopes. And here, on this beautiful Banner, pointing Heavenward in all its purity and beauty, may we see a theme with a moral. May our lives be crowned with all that is beautiful in character—our every action pointing heavenward. And as we rally around this standard, may the counsels of the fair donors ever be cherished—their generosity and virtues imitated. And, as humble as our position in life may be, or as unpopular as our daily avocations may be in the minds of some, we would cast aside all minor distinctions of honorable calling as unworthy of being cherished for a moment, impressing upon the minds of all, the great truth, that

> 'Honor and shame from no condition rise,
> Acting well our part believing in that alone,
> true honor lies.

And in conclusion, permit me to cherish the hope that so long as you dwell in this land of Star Spangled Banners, you may never have occasion to regret this donation—and in the language of him, who but a few days ago, was the pride of this nation, may it ever be said of us, *that we have done our duty.* And well may we, when we realize that we have *your sympathy* and *approbation. That shall ever prompt* us to press forward with renewed hope and courage, and when dangers fly thick and fast then will we think of you, and should misfortune overtake you then will we rush to the rescue; and breathing the language you have so beautifully inscribed upon this banner: yes,

> "Should hissing flames around you fly,
> We will save your lives, your homes, or die."

DECIDEDLY TAKEN IN.

A man in Philadelphia married a woman under the impression that she had the "dimes," but when he found it was not so, he complained before the mayor, and prayed for relief. The following are the facts elicited before the police court:—

"A man with a pair of whiskers, or rather a pair of whiskers, with something faintly resembling a man, attached to them, appeared before the municipal bench with an accusation against Clementine Derby, otherwise Millet, who, according to the affirmation of the complainant, Abraham Millet, had swindled him out of his personal freedom, by inducing him to marry her, the said Clementine, who proved afterwards, on close inspection, to be a mere pretence. Abraham, the man of whiskers, had become acquainted with Miss Derby at a reputable boarding-house, where the lady had fixed her temporary residence. She had a fine suit of brown hair, charming teeth, and a due proportion of roses and lilies in her complexion, an innocent maidenly countenance, a good figure, and a fortune of $40,000, including a rice plantation stocked with ninety-three negroes, somewhere out south. Some of these attractions were visible to Mr. Millet, but the rice ground and negroes had never been seen by him; they were merely objects of faith, therefore. Miss Clementine gave such a particular account of the property, the real estate especially, that Abraham was quite satisfied with its reality. After a rapid courtship, they were married; 'and then,' said Mr. Millet, 'I found her out. Her fine hair was merely a wig, and when this was off, her head was as naked as a sandy desert—an unvegetating Sahara, without a single oasis. Her charming teeth were all porcelain; her roses and lilies chalk and carmine; her exquisite figure cotton wadding; and as for her 'maidenly innocence,' observed Mr. Millet, very ruefully, 'I found she had two children boarded out in Jersey, one of which children is a dingy, curly-headed, little fellow, that looks prodigiously like he had African blood in him. Still,' said Mr. Millet, pursuing the subject, 'the thought of the rice plantation out south, and the ninety-three negroes, afforded me some comfort; but it wasn't long before I discovered that this plantation was so confoundedly far out south that there was no comin' at it; and as for her niggers, I guess she has none except that little frizzly chap that calls her 'mammy.' "

"I pity your case, Mr. Millet," said the mayor, "but we can do nothing for you. Your own imprudence brought you into this predicament. You were in such a hurry to secure your fortune, that you got bit."

"Yes," answered Abraham, "bit, indeed, and by a woman that hasn't got a tooth in her head that she can call her own, for the dentist she bought them from never was paid for them."

"Settling that bill is a privilege that will be long to you," said his honor, as Abraham, with many a convulsive sob, left the Hall of Justice.

Change for Market.—"My dear, what shall we have for dinner to day!"

"One of your smiles," replied the husband; "I can dine on that any day."

"But I can't," said the wife.

"Then take this," and he gave her a kiss and departed. He returned to dinner. "This is excellent stake," said he; "what did you pay for it?"

"Why, what you gave me this morning," said the wife.

"The deuce you did!" said he; "then you shall have money the next time you go to market."

ANECDOTE OF STEPHEN KEMBLE.

When Stephen Kemble resided at Newcastle-on-Tyne, he was seated in his study one morning, when his servant ushered into his presence two strangers; one had the appearance of a Hebrew, but his darker skin seemed to proclaim him as belonging to some other tribe; the other figure was arrayed in a fantastic garb, and the wildness of his looks almost terrified the great comedian. The wild figure was an Indian warrior, and the other gentleman was his friend and interpreter. After a few specimens of fantastic, warlike performances, a bargain was struck, and Stephen agreed to give the Indian warrior £21 for five nights' performances at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle. The engagement was completely successful, and crowded houses witnessed and applauded the performances of the great Kah-Re-Ki-Go-nah-wa-pe.

Three weeks after the extraordinary performance, it was Morpeth Fair, and the Newcastle company, with its fat manager, were transferred to the Theatre Royal, Morpeth. Stephen, while sauntering along the fair rows, was asked by a pedler to purchase—

"A rashor—a very good rashor—shalves well."

Stephen, looking at him, said:—

"Seen your face before. You —— rascal! I'll break every bone in your skin!"

"No you von't," said the pedler, alias Kah-Re-Ki-Go-nah-wa-pe, for it was no less a personage. "What for you breakshs my bonesh? are we not two humbugs togeyder?"

"Humbugs!" roared the manager; "how dare you call me a humbug? Explain, sirrah, or by Jove—" and he raised his cane.

"Well, said the pedler, "my real name ish Levi Jacobs; my assumed ish Kah-Re and stittery. Your real name ish Stephen Kemble; your assumed name ish Penruddock, Falshtaff, and stittery. You leave your house for the theatre, and practise humbug. I leave my stall in the market, and do the same thing. You no Falshtaff, but Stephen Kemble. I no Kah-Re, but Levi Jacobs. We are a couple of humbugs, and it ish all humbugs togeyder."

Miss or Mistress.—The indiscriminate use of "Miss" and "Mrs." to unmarried ladies is often very perplexing. The "Mrs." was not always accompanied by the christian name for unmarried ladies, and the custom lasted at least as late as the reign of George II. Pope in his letters (about 1719) mentions "Mrs. Lespel" and "Mrs Bellenden," maids of honor. The examples are innumerable; but the latest instance I remember is the Duchess of Queensberry addressing Patty Blount in 1756 as "Mrs. Blount," though, no doubt, Patty was, by that time, entitled to what is called brevet rank..—*Notes and Queries.*

Frugality.—Frugality is necessary even to complete the pleasure of expense; for it may be generally remarked of those who squander what they know their fortune not sufficient to allow, that in their most jovial expense there always breaks out some proof of discontent and impatience; they either scatter with a kind of wild desperation and affected lavishness, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot escape it, or pay their money with a peevish anxiety, and endeavor at once to spend idly and to save meanly; having neither firmness to deny their passions, not courage to gratify them, they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poison the bowl of pleasure by reflection on the cost.

☞A tutor of a college, lecturing a young man on his irregular conduct, added, with great pathos, "The report of your vices will bring your father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." "I beg your pardon, sir," replied the pupil, "my father wears a wig."

LOCAL ITEMS.

Court Proceedings the past Week.—No cases of magnitude were before the Municipal or Police courts this week. In the former court, a number of thieves were covicted and sentenced to work for the commonwealth in the building at Charlestown. Several assaulters were provided with quarters in the house of correction, and divers drunkards and lewd women were sent to the same institution. A Miss Sarah McGonegal and a companion named Ellen Fay, were surrendered to the court by John Augustus, who had been their bondsman. Some weeks since, these ladies were taken before the Police Court, and were there proved to be of a lewd character, and were sentenced to the house of correction. They appealed from the decision of the court, and John Augustus gave bonds for their appearance at the Municipal court. The girls were taken to John Augustus' home and behaved very well for several days. At the end of that time they became dissatisfied with their virtuous mode of living, and took to the pave again. The good Augustus endeavored to regain them, but was unsuccessful. He then gave the officers authority to have them arrested, and on Tuesday they were brought to court for trial. The jury found them guilty of the charges preferred against them, and they were sentenced to the house of correction, one for five months, and the other for six. Before leaving the court, Miss Fay thought proper to make a speech to the jury, in which she insinuated that that honorable body would have no hesitancy in performing the same crime for which they had couvicted her, and use her person for the purpose if an opportunity presented itself. Miss McGonagel was more modest and left the dock, uttering a desire that the honorable Judge might kiss her—no matter what. It is probable that the nymphs would have received a much heavier sentence if they had been better known in court. As it was, we think they should have received an additional award for the contempt of authority displayed by them.

"Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense."

The Municipal Court adjourned on Friday, after a remarkable short session of one week. Several cases were continued to the next term.

The Police Court was crowded on Monday morning. Five young bloods were examined for disorderly conduct in the streets, and for an unprovoked assault on "Our Mose," the oysterer, and Watchman Hill. The prisoners were the victims of Peter Humbug Barnum's swindle, and were endeavoring to obtain a redress of grievances, and after having ascertainee that Barnum could do nothing for them, they unanimously agreed to do for selves. They cried lustily for "more rum," and "Barnum," and espying the snug retreat of mose they endeavored to effect an entrance, thinking that the former of these villianous compounds was to be had there. Mose endeavored to quiet them and assured them that he did not deal in humbug articles,—(if they had known him they would have no need of this assurance)—but they were determined to "go in." Finding that persuasion was useless, one of the party drew a sword and slightly wounded Mose on his knuckles. The watch heard the affray, and ran to the point of danger; the pugnacious gents received them without ceremony, and during the melee that ensued watchman Hill was horribly cut (in the coat) and narrowly escaped a severe wound. The law was mighter than the sword, and the gents were conducted to secure quarters in Leverett street. Three of the party were fined $3 and costs, each, and the other two were sent to the Munipal Court for trial.

The Queen of Spain, leaning on the arm of her husband, walked through the streets of Madrid to visit the churches, in compliance with a vow made by her Majesty during her confinement. If she is any related to the Queen of England should she make a vow not to be confined again, it would be equally as prudent.

Nine hundred and fifty-one emigrants arrived at Philadelphia during the month of September.

A fugitive slave has been arrested in Detroit, which created great excitement.

The war steamers Costella and Vulcana, sailed from Barcelona on 15th with troops for Cuba.

Bull fights were the rage at Havana at the last accounts.

It is not astonishing that people wish to "kill Time," when the old follow is quietly and certainly killing them.

Burr's Mirror, at the Melodeon, is just the one to look into, not to see yourself as you are, but some of Nature's wilds as they *is*.

Charleston papers say that Gov. Seabrook, of South Carolina, will shortly call the Legislature to deliberate in regard to the admission of California.

The corn crop in Northern Wisconsin proves to be very heavy. Potatoes, though rotting in some localities, are, generally speaking, a good yeld.

Them three big boys, Webster, Mann, and Felton, are quarrelling about which got their *cap ta tore's*.

From Toronto, U. C., we learn that fugitive slaves arrive by almost every steamer, from the American side.

Specimens of auriferous rock, yielding about 70 per cent of gold, have been received in London from Jamaica.

The potatoe crops of France are suffering severely from the prevalent rot.

A screw steamer is about to proceed to California from the Clyde.

President Sparks says that Benjamin Franklin was not subservient to French interests in the least degree. That Ben never was led by the nose, and although he always remembered paying too dear for the whistle, he never would sell himself at any price.

The Wisconsin Wesleyan Methodist, at their last Annual Convention, declared themselves, as a church, in favor of Land Reform.

Gold in California don't grow on bushes, but is dug right out of the ground, by the sweat of the brow and a little elbow grease.

Hon. I. R. Giddings affirms that every fugitive slave, having been once on British soil, might return to the United States with impunity, as he could not again be reduced to slavery.

From Fraser's Magazine

THE DYING GIRL'S REQUEST.

'Music before I die!
Let me hear those thrilling sounds once more,
Ere I depart to a brighter shore,
To my home on high;
And sing me the strains which thou sang'st
With a tearful eye.

'Sing hymns and songs of praise,
For my heart is panting again to hear
Thine own sweet voice, my mother dear,
Ere I hear the lays
Which shall shortly burst on my ravished ear,
Where no joy decays.

'Wipe off these bitter tears,
That scorching fall on thy pallid face,
Where anxious watching has left its trace;
For the morn appears,
And I must depart from thy loved embrace
To celestial spheres.

'Mother, thine own sweet voice
Is the sweetest music now to me,
For it soothes my soul with its melody,
And makes my heart rejoice;
And to die with my thoughts fixed on Heav'n and thee,
Was my heart's first choice

'We'll meet, my mother, *there*,
We'll meet above in that blessed clime,
Whose glories we cannot know in time;
Nor can words declare
The peace, the joy, and the bliss sublime,
That our hearts will share.'

Then ceased the tones so mild!
And the mother her darling sang to rest.
Ere that song was done she was with the blest;
Her beloved child,
With bright gems crown'd and in white robes dress'd
Pure and undefiled.

From the Yankee Blade.

WAKE DEAREST, WAKE.—A Serenade.

Wake dearest, wake, the stars are gleaming
Far down thro' the silent sea,
And from thine eyes the love-light beaming,
In my soul should mirrored be!
Earth fairer smiles when their light is dancing
Thro' the sapphire-halls above,
And my soul seems purer when there is glancing,
The light of thy holy love!

Wake, dearest, wake, the breeze is gliding,
All calmly on unseen wing,
And the sleeping flowers, dreamily riding,
In silence their fragrance fling;—
Thus o'er my heart thought-breezes stealing,
Wake incense pure and free,—
Then dearest, list the sweet revealing,
Love, trembling breathes to thee!

Wake dearest, wake, now darkly o'er us,
Is drooping the wing of night,
But swift the shades shall flee before us,
Beneath morn's glorious light;—
Thus o'er my soul the night of sadness
Droops dim, when far from thee,
But thy smile shall fall with joy and gladness,
As the dawn of Heaven, to me!

Portland, July, 1847. AMIE.

SOULS NOT DRESSES.

Who shall judge a man from manner?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vest could do no more.
There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever welling out of stone;
There are purple beds and golden,
Hidden, crushed, and overgrown.
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

The Maiden and the Hero.

On the night of the Battle of Brandywine, I was sent with a message from General Greene to Count Pulaski, a noble Polander, who took a prominent part in our freedom. He was quartered in a neat farm-house, near the upper fords. After our business was finished, the Count asked me to take some refreshments, and at the same time he called out—

"Mary, my lass—Mary!"

In an instant a rosy-cheeked girl entered, her face beaming with joy, it would seem at the very sound of Pulaski's voice.

"Did you call me, Count?" said she, timidly.

"How often have I told you, my love," he said, bending his tall form to kiss her cheek, "not to call me Count; call me your dear Pulaski. This is a republic, my little favorite. We have no Counts, you know."

"But you are a Count, sir, when at home, and they say you came a long way over the ocean to fight for us."

"Yes, Mary, very true, I did come a long way; but one reason was I *had* to come, in a measure. Now, can you get for this gentleman and myself a little refreshment? He has a long way to ride to-night."

"Certainly, sir," and she went out of the room like a fairy.

"A fine, pleasant girl," said Pulaski; "would that I had the wealth that I once had, I would give her a portion that would send half the youth hereabouts after her sweet face."

On the morning of the 11th of September, 1777, the British army advanced in full force to Chadd's Ford, for the purpose of crossing the Brandywine Creek, and bringing on an action with Washington. Sir William Howe drove Maxwell's division across the creek by ten o'clock, at one of the lower fords.

The Hessian General, Knyphausen, with a large force advancing up the side of the creek, and uniting with Lord Cornwallis, who commanded the left wing of the army, crossed at the upper fords of the river and creek.

It soon happened that during the raging of the conflict, in carrying orders I passed immediately in the direction of Pulaski's quarters, that I had visited the night before. Situated as the house was, in the midst of battle, curiosity induced me to ride up.

Suddenly a sheet of flame burst forth. The house was on fire. Near the door-step lay the body of Mary, her head cut open by a sabre, and her brains oozing out of the terrible wound!

I had not been there more than half a minute, when Pulaski, at the head of a troop of cavalry, galloped rapidly to the house. Never shall I forget the expression of his face, as he shouted like a demon on seeing the inanimate form—

"Who did this?"

A little boy that had not been before noticed, who was lying amid the grass, his leg dreadfully mangled, said—

"There, there they go!"

He pointed to a company of Hessians, then some distance off.

"Right wheel, men—charge!"

And they did charge; I do not think that one man of the Hessian corps ever left the field, except to be placed in the grave.

The last I saw of Pulaski was on the battle-ground of Brandywine.

OUR MOTHER.

James, the novelist, utters the following beautiful sentiment in one of his books;

"Round the idea of one's mother, the mind of a man clings with fond affection. It is the first deep thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft, and capable of receiving the profound impressions, and the after feelings of the world are more or less light in comparison. I do not know that even in our old age we do not look back to that feeling as the sweetest we have through life. Our passions and our wilfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we learn even to pain her heart, to oppose her wishes, to violate her commands; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her counsels or opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a past storm, raises up her head and smiles among her tears. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our dead parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not she possessed."

A Ghost Story.

One of the best authenticated ghost stories in circulation is given in Beaumont's *World of Spirits*. This incident is dated in the year 1652, and it relates to an apparition seen by the daughter of Sir Charles Lee, immediately preceding her death. No reasonable doubt can be placed on the authenticity of the narrative, as it was drawn up by the Bishop of Gloucester, from the recital of the young lady's father.

Sir Charles Lee by his first lady had only one daughter, of which she died in childbirth; and when she was dead, her sister, the lady Everard, desired to have the education of the child, and she was by her very well educated, till marriageable, and a match was concluded for her with Sir William Perkins, but was then prevented in an extraordinary manner.

Upon a Thursday night, she thought she saw a light in her chamber. The maid said, "she left none, and there was none but what she had brought with her at that time;" then she said it was the fire, but that her maid told her was quite out; and she said she believed it was only a dream; whereupon she said it might be so, and composed herself again to sleep.

But about two of the clock she was awakened again, and saw the apparition of a little woman between her curtain and her pillow, who told her that she was her mother, that she was happy, and that at noon of that day she should be with her. Whereupon she knocked again for her maid, called for her clothes, and when she was dressed, went into her dressing-room and came not out again till nine, and then brought out with her a letter sealed to her father; brought it to her aunt, the Lady Everard, told her what had happened, and desired that as soon as she was dead it might be sent to him.

The lady thought she was suddenly fallen mad, and thereupon sent presently away to Chelmsford for a physician and surgeon, who both came immediately; but the physician could discern no indication of what the lady imagined, or of any indisposition of her body; notwithstanding the lady would needs have her let blood, which was done accordingly.

And when the young woman had patiently let them do what they would with her, she desired that the chaplain might be called to read prayers; and when prayers were ended, she took her guitar and psalm-book and sat down upon a chair without arms, and played and sung so melodiously and admirably that her music-master, who was then there, admired it. And near the stroke of twelve, she rose and sat herself down in a great chair with arms, and presently fetching a strong breathing or two, immediately expired, and was so suddenly cold as was much wondered at by the physician and surgeon.

She died at Waltham, in Essex, three miles from Chelmsford, and the letter was sent to Sir Charles, at his house in Warwickshire; but he was so afflicted with the death of his daughter, that he came not till she was buried; but when he came he caused her to be taken up, and to be buried with her mother at Edmonton, as she desired in her letter.

☞ An Irishman being in a church where the collection apparatus resembled election-boxes, on its being handed to him, whispered in the carrier's ear that he was not naturalized and could not vote.

☞ "Dey does say, dat way down in Georgia dey make poor nigga work twenty-five hours ebra day. Now, look heah—I's been told dat a day besn't got no more nor twenty-feur hours."

"Golly mighty, what ignoramuses nigga you is, Scipio; why, way down dar dey make poor nigga get up one hour afore day—doesn't dat make 'em twenty-five?"

A hopeless job.—An old liquor-drinker out West, who had been patronizing one drinking-house for the last eight years, gave his reasons for joining the Sons, in the presence of several persons. "There," said he, pointing to the saloon, "is a drinking establishment that I have been trying to drink out for these eight years; and finding it impossible, have concluded to withdraw from the field, and try Lake Michigan!"

AN EFFICACIOUS CHASTISEMENT.

A most exemplary wife had the misfortune to wed a husband who, shortly after their marriage, became almost a sot. He was not a hard-hearted nor an unjust man, but, like numerous others, could not resist temptation, and whenever asked to drink, had not the moral courage to say "No." His wife, whom he really loved, expostulated and reasoned, until he promised never to taste liquor again; but as soon as thrown into company, his resolutions were forgotten and he fell into his old, degrading habit. She wept bitter, bitter tears, and began to despair of ever weaning him from his monstrous vice, especially as she had implored one of his false friends, in vain, not to lead her husband into evil company. Regularly, however, the corrupting associate called, and in despite of her tears, solicited her husband to visit such and such a place. The infatuated man could not resist, and went and came in a beastly state of intoxication.

The wretched woman, wrought to frenzy by the seeming ruin that awaited her, determined upon some plan to free her liege lord from the importunities of his deceitful companion. One night, while her husband was asleep, she heard the well known footstep and knock at the door, and, opening it carefully, with a stout horsewhip in her hand, seized the unwelcome visitant by the hair of the head, and inflicted on his body a chastisement of the most severe character. As soon as she released him, he ran off, and has never since returned to sow thorns in the domestic *parterre* of her once peaceful home. Her husband was so impressed with her strength of mind and courage, that he resolved to be as much a man as she was a woman, and has since been abstemious and happy.

This is a fact, and happened in our city not a month past. The parties, however, are not generally known.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

☞ If a hole is twice as wide as it is deep, and twice as deep as it need be, how many potatoes will it hold, provided they are half mercers.

☞ As fathers love their daughters better than sons, and mothers love their sons better than daughters, so do sisters feel towards brothers a more constant attachment than towards each other. None of the vanities, heart-burnings, and jealousies that—alas! for poor human nature—are but too apt to spring up in female hearts can arise between brother and sister; each is proud of the other because it cannot interfere with self—nay, on the contrary, it is even flattering to self.—*Lady Blessington.*

☞ A boy, at the late examination of candidates for admission into the High School, in this city, when asked,—What Mason & Dixon's line was,—replied that it was a line of Expresses! Well, it is a line over which there is occasionally some fast running. Was that question one in *Geography?*

☞ Willis, in speaking of the West Indies, says the fields of sugar-cane are so unprovided with fences that all a wayfarer has to do when he wants refreshment is to cut a stick and suck. Dobbs, who has tried it on, says the better way is, to suck and "cut stick," especially if the overseer keeps a bull-dog.

☞ The Newbrunswicker has it that the Liquor Law will positively go into effect in the Provinces on the 1st of next June; and that the Queen had no voice in the matter, it being purely of a local nature.

☞ The following was found in the pocket of a suicide. No inquest was held on the body:—Why is a rhinoceros, after swallowing a tiger-cat, like a Roman swordsman? Because he is *glad-he-ate-her!*

☞ Of all thieves fools are the worst; they rob you of your time and temper.

Written for the True Fla

THE CLERK'S COMPLAINT.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The sun has set, and upon the earth
The shadow of twilight falls;
And the sounds of music and of mirth
Are heard in the rich man's halls;
The night creeps on with its magic wand
To charm all nature to sleep,—
But we are bound in a mightier spell
Who labor's dull vigils keep.

We are forced to rise at early dawn
To toil in the morning's light;
To labor all day unceasingly,
And scarcely have rest at night;
And toiling thus with our aching brain
All morning, and night, and noon,
It is no wonder the bow of life
Is broken asunder so soon.

We rise in the morn with aching brow
And heavily burden'd eyes;
We hear the lark sing her morning song,
As she cleaves the balmy skies—
It fall on the throbbing brain in tones
Melodious, wild and chill;
And now the lark is asleep in her nest,
But we are toiling still.

They say the chains are struck from the limbs
Of the poor and feeble slave,—
But they never dream that we poor clerks
Have ever a soul to save;
'Tis true we are neither bought nor sold,
Nor have epithets at us flung,—
But the very life's blood from out our hearts
By our masters is daily wrung.

Faded and worn in body and soul,
We often in silence grieve,—
And await the hour of closing up
As a criminal waits reprieve;
We hear the clock as it strikes the hours,
And our hearts are happy then:
"By Heaven! 'tis now but striking eight,
And we must labor till ten!"

It cannot be just that we must work,
Ere the rising of the sun—
That it should rise on our daily toil,
And set ere that work be done.
We were taught in youth that every thing
Had rest in our Maker's plan,—
But now we find, what God has given,
Is withheld from us by man!

An Intelligent Lady.

The *Knickerbocker* gives the following account of a landlady on Long Island, of whom the inquirer sought to obtain some statistical information:—

Desirous of drawing her into conversation, and of obtaining some useful information, I put to her the following question—"Numerically, madam, what is the population of Riverhead?"

"There is a considerable number of Presbyterians," she replied, "a few Methodists, some Baptists, and a few Swedenborgers, tew."

Enlightened by her direct and off-hand answer, I then asked—"What is the orthodox and evangelical state of the community in the village?"

"Well! some goes for Scott, and some for Fillmore, and Webster, *he's* got a few friends, tew, I guess!"

Such is the amount of the population, and such is the state of "matters and things in general," in and about the lovely village of Riverhead. I think my "informant" must have been the woman who so bothered the late census-taker. He gave her up as a very "difficult case."

☞ He who marries for wealth sells his happiness for half price.

Mrs. Mary Whittaker of Manchester, N. H., having been beaten by her husband because she bore him no children to inherit his name, his fortune and amiable disposition, undertook to drown herself in the canal on Thursday morning last, but finding the water too everlasting cold, she called for help and was rescued. She made up her mind not to repeat the trial in cold weather.

It is proposed to establish in New York an institution similar to the *Societe des Creches* of Paris. These French Institutions receive the babes and young children of poor women, who wish to go out to work, in the morning, and take care of them till 8 o'clock in the evening, the women paying a few cents for the care exercised over their little ones.

How to Sell Turkeys.—A young farmer having some turkeys to dispose of, and having prolonged his sitting over a social glass, after market, for some few hours longer than usual, bethought him of offering his turkeys for sale to the landlord, but not finding a purchaser in that quarter, he then put in practice the dodge generally learnt by school boys of selling a horse by the number of nails in his shoes, "a farthing for the first, halfpenny the next, and so on, doubling the amount every time." Having fourteen turkeys he offered to sell them in the same way; this was immediately accepted by one of the company, and each deposited a sovereign with the landlord to make the bargain binding; but imagine the purchaser's astonishment when he found the amount to be £17 1s. 3 3 4d. We opine that he gladly forfeited his sovereign.—*Eng. Paper.*

Life.—A modern philosopher has apportioned man's existence as follows:

Seven years in childhood's sport and play— 7
Seven years in school from day to day—14
Seven years at a trade or college life—21
Seven years to find a place and wife—28
Seven years to pleasures follies given—35
Seven years by business hardly driven—42
Seven years for some a wild goose chase—49
Seven years for wealth, a bootless race—56
Seven years for hoarding for your heir—63
Seven years in weakness spent and care—70
Then die and go—you should know where!

Injustice.—Capt. Watkins thinks injustice has been done Captain Strout, of the brig Napoleon. He is of opinion that Capt. Strout did all in his power to relieve the San Francisco's passengers, and states that the drifting of the steamer, which was altogether peculiar to that class of vessels, might reasonably have been expected to have caused her to lose the Napoleon.

☞ Shawls are much worn by men, as substitutes for overcoats. They are warm and economical. Not more than one in twenty know how to adjust them gracefully. They answer many purposes sometimes. There is a man in Boston who uses his shawl for an overcoat, umbrella, carpet, table-cloth, window-curtain, apron, towel, bed-quilt, and pocket handkerchief. There is a rumor that he sometimes carries home coals in it, but the report is, we are happy to say, untrue.

☞ That was rather a "fast" specimen of juvenile "Young America," not yet inducted into trowsers, who said one day, recently, to his father—

"Father, come and get me this apple."

"There being no immediate signs of compliance, the young "chip" exclaimed—

"Father, why don't you start? *I* always start when *you* tell me!"

A Substitute for a Bell.—The first bell in Haverhill, Mass., says the Salem Gazette, was purchased in 1784; before that time there was a singular substitute, as appears by a vote passed in 1630:—"That Abraham Taylor blow his horn half an hour before meeting, on the Lord's day and on lecture days, and receive one pound of pork annually for his services from each family.

☞ Mrs. Partington says that flour rises so fast there isn't the least need of "emptyings" in making bread.

TRUTHS WELL TOLD.

Horace Greeley says some good things at times in his quaint way. Read the following, by way of illustration:—

"Wanted.—A young man of industry, ability and integrity," &c., &c.

This meets our eye daily in the column of "Wants," and it is true as the Pentateuch.—Wanted? Of *course* they are—*always* wanted. The market can never be overstocked; they will always be called for, and never quoted "dull" or "no sale." Wanted for thinkers—wanted for workers—in the mart, on the main, in the field and the forest. Tools are lying idle for want of a young man; a pen is waiting to be nibbed; a tree to be felled; a plough to be guided; a village to be founded; a school to be instructed.

They talk about staples and great staples. Honest, industrious, able *young men* are the great staple in this world of ours. Young man! you are wanted, but not for a Doctor. No, nor a Lawyer. There are enough of them for this generation, and one or two to spare. Don't study a "profession," unless it be the profession of brick-laying or farming, or some other of the *manual* professions. Don't measure tape, if you can help it. It's honorable and honest, and all that, but then you can do better. Of all things don't rob the women.—It's *their* prerogative to handle silks and laces, tape and thread. Put on your hat, then, like a man, don an apron, and go out doors. Get a good glow on your cheek, the jewelry of toil upon your brow, and a good set of well developed muscles. We would go, if we could, but then we were young, longer ago than we like to think; and you know, when one's "old, he *can't*."

Besides, if you become a Doctor, you'll have to wait—"because you are too young," say all the women. If you are a Lawyer and likely to rise, they'll put a weight on your head *a la* Swiss, to keep you under, or if you make a good argument, some old opponent, as gray as a rat, will kick it all over, by some taunt or other, because you were not born in the year one. And so it will go, until you grow tired and soured, and wish you had been a tinker, perhaps "an immortal" one, or anything but just what you are.

Be a farmer, and your troubles are over, or rather, they don't begin. You own what you stand on, "from the centre of the earth," as they used to say, "up to the sky;" you are independent all day, and tired, not weary at night. The more neighbors you have, and the better farmers they are, the more and the better for you.

There's one thing more, young man. You are wanted. A *young woman* wants you.—Don't forget her. No matter if you are poor. Don't wait to be rich. If you do, ten to one if you are *fit* to be married at all, to anybody that's fit to *be* married. Marry while you are young, and struggle together, lest in the years to come, somebody shall advertise "Young men wanted," and none to be had.

Anecdote.—The Journal of Commerce tells the following capital anecdote of Joe Smith, the Mormon:

"Some persons visited him during his troubles in Illinois, and the conversation turned upon self-defence. He was asked what he thought of the words of the Scripture, which required him who had been smitten on one cheek to turn the other also. 'A very remarkable passage,' he answered, spoken by Jesus himself, and strikingly illustrative of his thorough acquaintance with human nature. A man may strike you at first under a mistake, or without intending any harm; and you ought not to strike back immediately, but turn the other cheek and give him an opportunity to explain, or, if he be in earnest, to repeat the offence. However, you need not turn a third time, but if a man strikes you twice, then into him like a thousand of brick.'"

A Horrible Affair.—The *Natchez* Free Trader gives an account of the burning of a negro alive near the city of Natchez, which is one of the most frightful phenomena of the peculiar institution that we have ever had to record, and will match in atrocity, gladiatorial and inquisitorial times.—The slave, according to the account, struck a white man, and the democracy of that region, not waiting for "justice" to take its course, inflicted Lynch law. The victim was chained to a tree, faggots were placed around him, while he showed the greatest indifference. When the chivalry had arranged the pile, in reply to a question if he had anything to say, he is reported to have warned all slaves to take example by him, and asked the prayers of those around. He then asked for a drink of water, and after quaffing it said—"Now set fire. I am ready to go in peace." When the flames began to burn him, in his agony he showed gigantic strength, and actually forced the staple from the tree and bounded from the burning mass! But he instantly fell, pierced with rifle balls, and then his body was thrown into the flames and consumed, to show that no such being had ever existed. Nearly four thousand slaves from the neighboring plantations were present as a moral lesson written in characters of hell fire. Numerous speeches were made by the magistrates and ministers of religion (facetiously so called) to the slaves, warning them that the same fate awaited them if they proved rebellious to their owners.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞ In Washington city, on Thursday evening, a married man of the name of Beach, was severely cowhided by two sisters, with one of whom he had attempted to be too familiar on a previous evening. The lady having hired a hack, proceeded with another sister, both armed with cowhides to a spot where, meeting the man, they dismounted, leaving the hack a short distance off, and inflicted upon him a summary and well merited punishment, returned to the vehicle and drove off, before the people residing near, who had hurried out on hearing his cries for help, could come up. Beach was terribly cut about the face and other parts of the body, and his appeals for mercy could be heard a long distance. "Served him right."

The Sailors' Gift.—Twenty-four sea captains have united in presenting Capt. Creighton, of the Three Bells, with a purse of fifty-three gold sovereigns. Their letter, accompanying the gift, was as follows:

"Although a nation has expressed its admiration and gratitude for your noble conduct in rescuing the passengers and crew of the ill-fated steamer San Francisco, yet those who are daily exposed to the perils of the sea, and who can fully appreciate your services, are also anxious, as fellow sailors, to record their approbation of your professional merit as well as your humanity. Permit us, therefore, to tender you our warmest thanks, and at the same time, please accept the enclosed as a token of their sincerity. Very truly, your friends."

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THE EYE OF A NEEDLE.—A recent traveler to the Holy Land says that there is at the side of the principal gate of Jerusalem a small one, which, upon occasions of great urgency, was opened for the admission of persons after the great gates of the city were closed for the night. This gate from its small size, was called the Eye of a Needle; and to get a *camel* through it at all was no small task—for a *loaded* camel to pass was an utter impossibility. With the above fact before the mind, one can see that the words of our Saviour, when speaking of the "straight gate" and the "rich man," were more literal than many suppose. And we see how as the rich man passes into the narrow way, the sides and low top of the straight gate scrape everything from him in which he had before trusted. No one can take *anything* but himself through. Far easier is it to strip a camel of its burden than to divest a rich man of his trust in riches.

A PROGRESSIVE MAGISTRATE.—In a recent London journal is a report of a case where four boys were brought before the police magistrate for bathing in an exposed place. Instead of fining the offending youths and committing them in default of payment, the sensible magistrate directed the boys to be discharged, remarking that bathing was an admirable practice; that swimming was an accomplishment which should be encouraged; that there was something ridiculous in the prudery commonly manifested on this subject and that if people were so very thin skinned as to be shocked at the spectacle of persons bathing, they should select another place and time for their promenades.

——Capt. Charles F. Russell of Nantucket has just been appointed Acting Ensign in the United States Navy.

WORK OF BOHEMIAN WOMEN. The men walk upright, with unburdened backs, while their women lose all grace, all comeliness, nay, even the very form their Creator gave them, beneath the fardels they bear alone. Not an hour since, we saw from our windows an instance of the merciless fashion after which they are permitted by their husbands to abuse their feeble powers, in a couple passing beneath our windows. A woman, the heavy basket familiar to all who visit these parts, strapped to her back, was bearing therein a more than sufficient load for one stronger than she seemed to be, but on her left arm she carried a pig, no less! which she maintained there with evident difficulty—she grasped the muzzle of the animal with her right hand (thus drowning its cries in her respect for the repose, or rather for the gentility, "save the mark!" of those before whose dwellings she was passing, poor soul!) while her own slight frame was shaking and quivering, as she tottered along, with the immoderate exertions she was making. And the man's share in all this, what was it? Why, he carried the rope by which one leg of the pig was bound.—*Travels in Bohemia.*

DREAM I ALWAYS.

Dream I always, mid the din and flutter
Of this world I bide in, dream I ever
Of my lost one: thoughts I cannot utter
Dream I sadly—cease I dreaming never.

Dream I always of that hour of rapture,
When these arms first folded the dear blessing—
Arms that trembled at their own great capture—
Trembled at her tremulous caressing.

Dream I always how at God's own altar,
Vowed we, sobbing as we vowed, together
Aye to walk with faith that should not falter—
Aye to walk through clear or cloudy weather.

Dream I always how when past the danger—
Sharp maternal pang and pain prevailing—
Kissed we Annie—called her heaven sent stranger;
Smiled together at her early wailing.

Dream I always how the skies were weeping
When we laid our Annie 'neath the flowers;
Laid the child there—left her calmly sleeping—
Only wishing that her bed were ours.

Dream I always, wife! of that great sorrow—
How I watched your pulses slowly beating:
Newly mother, how the next to-morrow
You for me in heaven were camly waiting!

Dream I always, 'midst the world's confusion,
Of these two—for these two sadly calling,
Till I happier grow in fond illusion—
See them dimly through the tear drops falling.

Dream I always—when shall I see truly?
Spectral forms no more before me moving?
Let these sundered souls but greet me newly!
God, who severed, join once more the loving!

A LADY WITH A WOODEN LEG.

Henry, who formerly consulted us about a young lady with a wooden leg, has now brought the matter to a crisis by marrying her; and now, after a month's experience, an entire honeymoon, Henry says,

"I am happy to say a wooden leg is no bad bargain. I married Jessie about a month ago; she refused to give up the wooden leg for a cork one, as she said she detested false appearances. She is always at home, except when she goes out with myself; she never flirts with other men; she never dances at a party; she requires only one stocking and one boot or shoe, and these serve her a long time, as she does not walk much, and yet she is not unpleasant to walk with; she differs very little from other young women. The only expense of the wooden leg is the breaking of a strap, which is easily repaired, and the supplying a little gutta percha for the end of it, to prevent noise in walking. Balancing profit against loss, a lady with a wooden leg is rather profitable, not to speak of other benefits. I find in Jessie all that enjoyment could desire."—*Family Herald.*

SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.—Chateneuf, Keeper of the Seals to Louis XIII., when a boy of only nine years of age, was asked many questions by a bishop, and gave very prompt answers to them all. At length the bishop said, "I will give you an orange if you tell me where God is." "My lord," replied the child, "I will give you two, if you tell me where He is not."

Dorchester.

THE HOCKING MURDER. The late terrible tragedy at the Lower Mills, of which Mr. Abel Hocking, a cabinet maker, was the unfortunate victim, continues to create excitement and grief throughout the town. The oldest inhabitants of the town have no recollection that there was ever a murder there before, and they do not remember to have ever heard an account of any from their parents before them. Many of the leading citizens of the town are anxious that no effort shall be spared in ferreting out the perpetrator of this deed, and among those most active are Frederick W. Hassam, Hon. William D. Swan, and Messrs. Tileston and Peirce. The selectmen of the town have also offered a reward of $500 for any information that shall lead to the arrest and conviction of the guilty party or parties, and it is probable they will specially place the matter in the hands of a detective. There is a general feeling existing in Dorchester against one individual who, it is thought, is aware of more facts connected with the murder than he cares about disclosing. At the coroner's inquest, it will be recollected that Mr. Hall testified that he left Mr. Hocking at work in his shop at seven minutes past nine, on the evening of the murder, and went directly home and went to bed, and the next he knew of the affair was when he was informed of Mr. Hocking being hurt, shortly after, the same evening, while still in bed. He has subsequently told other parties that he did not go directly home from Mr. Hocking's shop, but went to another house, in the same vicinity where he boarded, to see a Mrs. Burgess, whose husband is at the seat of war, and that he stayed there fifteen or twenty minutes, and then went home and went to bed. Mrs. Burgess says he left her house at half-past nine, and that she knows that was the time because she wound her clock up after he went away, and took notice of the time. Mr. Templeman, with whom Mr. Hall boards, says that he wound his clock up at a quarter to ten, and that Hall had not come home at that time, and his house is scarcely ten feet from Mrs. Burgess', where he was visiting. Mr. and Mrs. Templeman went to bed immediately after winding the clock, and they think it was more than a quarter of an hour after that before Hall came in. Upon entering he went immediately to bed, but had not been there more than ten minutes when some one came and informed him of Mr. Hocking's condition. The groans of Mr. Hocking were first heard about five minutes past ten, and he was left safely at work in his shop at seven minutes past nine, therefore the murder must have been committed during the intervening hour. This intervening hour, or a portion of it, at least, is, unfortunately for Mr. Hall, the one for which he fails to give a satisfactory account of himself. He left Mrs. Burgess' house at half past nine, and did not go home until ten, and the distance of the two houses from each other is scarcely ten feet. Mr. Hall, however, may be able to explain his whereabouts within this half hour, which was the time during which the murder was committed.

THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.—According to a correspondent of the Tribune, the Emperor of Japan is "a grave man, and very proud of his dignity. When, some time ago, the King of Holland sent him a present in the form of a precious service of plate, his Imperial Majesty received it very ungraciously. He was surprised that the King of Holland should presume to place himself on the same level, and to make him a present. Accordingly he accepted nothing. As a token of his grace, however, or rather as a sign of his continued toleration, he sends regularly every year a dozen of his silken night-gowns to the Governor of Java. As soon as the gowns arrive at Batavia they are sent to the auction room under the name of 'Imperial night-gowns.'"

PRESENCE OF MIND.—It is recorded of Lord Berkly, that he was suddenly awakened at night in his carriage by a highwayman, who, thrusting a pistol through the window, and presenting it close to his lordship's breast, demanded his money, exclaiming at the same time that he had heard that his lordship had boasted that he never would be robbed by a single highwayman, but that he should be taught the contrary. His lordship, putting his hand in his pocket, replied, "Neither would I be robbed, were it not for that fellow who is looking over your shoulder." The highwayman turned round his head, when his lordship, who had drawn a pistol from his pocket instead of a purse, instantly shot him on the spot.

CURE FOR RATTLESNAKE BITE.—Dr. Blackburn, of Flat Shoals, Geo., in a letter to the "Northern Lancet," gives an account of the cure of the bite of a rattlesnake, in a negro female eight hours after the bite was inflicted. The cure was effected by giving her an abundance of corn whiskey. This is the fourth case, he states, of bites by poisonous reptiles which has been cured by him with the use of the same remedy. He has perfect confidence in the cure, as he considered this negress to be in a moribund condition when he administered the whiskey.

TEST OF SKILL.—One day last week, a gander was "on duty," near the Canal Basin, at Albany, in keeping guard over a flock of goslings, which led to a rencontre between his gandership and a rooster. The contest, however, was of short duration, for the gander seized the cock by the neck and straightway flew into the canal, where he thrust his antagonist under water and there held him until he was dead.

An interesting discovery has been made in France with regard to engrafting fruit trees. Instead of making use of a graft, a slip is taken from an apple tree, for example, and planted in a potatoe, so that a couple of inches of the slip remain visible. It soon takes root, develops itself, and finally becomes a handsome tree, bearing fine fruit. This method is due to a Bohemian gardener.

SMART OLD MAN.—Joseph Adams, aged 86, of Shelbourne, Vt., was attacked by a steer and thrown to the ground, in which position he thrust his fingers into the beast's nostrils, and with his jack knife cut his throat.

GO BOLDLY FORTH.

Go boldly forth and fear no ill,
When fierce oppressors rise;
Let mental strength, abounding still,
Such puny foes despise.
Though stung with many a bitter word,
And persecuted long,
Yet let them pass as if unheard,
And in the right be strong!

The noblest causes ever known
Have met with scoff and jeer—
The brave, though journeying alone,
Should never yield to fear!
Go onward—up the rugged steep,
Beyond the lagging throng;
Thy own heart's counsel wisely keep,
And in the right be strong!

How Husbands may Rule.

'Dear May,' said Harry———, to his little wife "I have a favor to ask of you. You have a friend whom I am quite sure will make trouble between us. Will you give up Mrs. May for my sake, Mary?"

A light shade of vexation crossed Mary's pretty face, as she said, "you are unreasonable, Harry; she is lady-like, refined, intellectual and fascinating, is she not?"

'Yes, all of that; and for that reason, her influence over one so yielding and impulsive as yourself, is more to be dreaded, if unfavorable. I'm quite earnest, Mary. I could wish never to see you together again."

'Pshaw! dear Harry, that's going too far; don't be disagreeable, let's talk of something else. As old uncle Jeff says: How's trade, and she looked archly in his face.

Harry didn't smile.

"Well," said the little wife, turning away, and patting her foot nervously, "I don't see how I can break with her Harry, for a whim of yours.

Harry made no reply, and in a few moments was on his way to his office.

Mary stood behind the curtain, and looked after him as he went down street. There was an uncomfortable sensation in her throat, and something very like a tear glittering in her eye. Harry was vexed! she was sure of that; he had gone off for the first time since their marriage, without the affectionate goodbye that was usual with him, even when they parted but for an hour or two. And so she wandered restless and unhappy, into her little sleeping room.

It was quite a little gem. There were statuetts, and pictures, and vases, all gifts from him either before or since their marriage—each one had a history of his own, some tender association connected with Harry.—There was a bouquet, still fresh and fragrant, that he had purchased on his way home the day before, to gratify her passion for flowers.

There was a choice edition of Poems, they were reading together the night before, with Mary's name written on the leaf, in Harry's bold hand. Turn where she would, some proof of his devotion met her eye. But Mrs. May! She was so smart and satirical! she would make so much sport of her for being 'ruled' so by Harry! Hadn't she told her, "all men were tyrants," and this was Harry's first attempt to govern her. No, no, it wouldn't do for her to yield.

So the pretty evening dress was taken out, the trimmings re-adjusted and re modelled, and all the little etceteras of her toilette decided. Yes, she would go, she had just made up her mind to that. Then she opened her jewel case; a little note fell at her feet. She knew the contents very well. It was from Harry slipped slily into her hand on her birth day, with that pretty bracelet. It couldn't do any harm to read it again. It was very lover like like for a year old husband, but she liked it! Dear Harry! and she folded it back, and sat down more unhappy than ever, with her hands crossed in her lap, and her mind is a most pitiable state of irresolution!

Perhaps after all Harry was right about Mrs. May; and if he wasn't, one hair of his head was worth more to her than all the world. He had never said one unkind word to her never! he had anticipated every wish—he had been so attentive and solicitious when she was ill. How could she grieve him?

Love conquered! The pretty robe was folded away, the jewels returned to their case, and with a light heart, Mary sat down to wait her husband's return.

The lamps were not lit in the drawing room when Harry came up street. She had gone then!—(after all he had said!) He passed slowly through the hall; entered the dark and deserted room, and threw him on the sofa with a heavy sigh. He was not angry, but he was grieved and disappointed. The first doubt that creeps over the mind, of the affection of one we love, is so very painful.

'Dear Harry!' said a welcome voice at his side.

'God bless you Mary,' said the happy husband—"you saved me from a keen sorrow!

Dear reader, (wont you tell?) there are some husbands worth all the sacrifices a loving heart can make!

TO MISS N. L. C.

BY GEO. F. BANISTER.

Thou say'st I cannot warmly love;
But can I own it true?
Was not my heart attuned to love
When last I met with you?
Did not my heart beat wild and free
Against my heaving breast?
Did not mine eye proclaim to thee
My feelings unconfessed?

Thou say'st I cannot warmly love;
Ah, would it were but so;
How many an hour would happy be,
Which now is fraught with woe!
How many a sad and bitter tear
Hath flown adown my cheek,
When disappointed love hath caused
A doating heart to break.

Thou say'st I cannot warmly love;
Yet feelings such as mine,
If not akin to modest love,
I pray thee to define.
True love is silent in its course,
Nor word, nor look can tell
The wild emotions of that soul
Whose thoughts with love do swell.

Thou say'st I cannot warmly love;
I would that it were true;
For then would I regain my smile,
Nor dream again of you.
Then would I banish from my soul
Each thought which love doth move,
Nor heed those cruel, thoughtless words—
Thou say'st I cannot love.

ge Vale, Dec. 1851.

[From the New York Evening Post.]

THE MISSING SHIP.

BY W. H. HOSMER.

No news from the missing ship,
With her precious freight of lives.
Though on the watch for tidings
Are husbands, lovers, wives!
The nation's mind is troubled
To learn the vessel's fate;
Safe haven may she find, at last,
With her thrice-precious freight!

The sea is a mighty mistress
In this dread world of ours;
Roaring in Polar Regions,
Or building coral bowers.
Within her grand, old chambers,
What treasures lie concealed—
The conquering fleets of Carthage,
And hosts with spear and shield.

No news from the missing ship!
Has she struck on frozen shores?
Or, by an iceberg shattered,
Sought port in the far Azores?
Or anchorage, forever,
In ocean has she found—
Vast tomb, where Hope lies buried,
And Royalty discrown'd!

The winds we have questioned, often
That landward wildly blow;
They only moan and whistle,
But say not YES, nor NO!
When will the missing steamer
Approach our coast again?
Give answer, blast of midnight—
Give answer, roaring main!

Prayers for her safety, nightly,
Rise from a million lips;
A glimmering of hope remains
That should not know eclipse.
May the signal-gun give token
That she is under way,
With her precious freight of human lives,
And moving up the Bay!

THE CONVICT'S WIFE.

BY P. S. BADGER.

She clung to him with woman's love,
Like ivy to the oak;
While o'er her head, with crushing force,
Earth's chilling tempests broke.

When the world looked cold on him,
And blight hung o'er his name,
She soothed his cares with woman's love,
And bade him rise again.

When grief had furrowed o'er his brow,
And clouded his young hours,
She wove among his crown of thorns
A wreath of love's own flowers.

And never did that wreath decay,
Or tarnish by foul weather;
For woman's tears e'er nourish them,
That they may bloom forever.

'Tis ever thus with woman's love,
True till life's storms have past;
And, like the vine around the oak,
It braves them to the last.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

Behold that fair young mother! see how soft
And peacefully she smiles, as though her heart,
Reposing in the fullness of its love,
Found perfect rest. Upon her snowy breast
A smiling infant sleeps, her first-born son,
Her virgin love's first dear embodiment.
Her husband sits beside, half-bending, half-
Supported by her chair, o'er which his arm
Is thrown protectingly; with the proud joy
Possession gives, he feels they are his own,
And with fond admiration looks on both.
But now a deeper glance—a warmer love
From his soul rushes to his speaking eyes,
Which rest with rapture on her lovely form:
When with most womanly and blameless art
She takes her infant's hand caressingly
And spreads its dimpled beauty on her cheek,
Which now with deepest blushes is suffused.
But that sweet art to hide its burning glow
Is powerless, and then she quickly stoops
To press his placid forehead with her lips;
But all in vain, for now her trembling limbs
The soft confusion of her heart betrays,
Till overpower'd by love, she's driven to hide
Her glowing face upon her husband's breast,
And on her ready lips she now receives
The burning pressure of his fervent kiss,
Forgetting all, but the absorbing love
With which she'd trusted her young life to him.

[Miss Debenham.

STORM AT SEA.

'Tis pleasant by the cheerful hearth to hear
Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep;
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe,
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And with an eager and suspended soul,
Woo terror to delight us, but to hear
The warring of the raging elements,
To know all human skill, all human strength
Avail not, to look round and only see
The mountain wave, recumbent with its weight
Of bursting waters, on the reeling bark:
Oh God! this is indeed a dreadful thing;
And he who hath endured the horror once
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
And thinks upon the suffering mariner.

[Southey.

THE INTRODUCTION OF COAL INTO ENGLAND.—When this fuel was first introduced in England, the prejudice against it was so strong that the Commons petitioned the crown to prohibit the "noxious" fuel. A royal proclamation having failed to abate the growing nuisance, a commission was issued to ascertain who burned coal within the city and its neighborhood, and to punish them by fine for the first offence, and by demolition of their furnaces if they persisted in transgression. A law was at length passed making it a capital offence to burn coal in the city of London, and only permitting it to be used in the forges in the vicinity. Among the records in the Tower, Mr. Astle found a document importing that in the time of Edward I. a man had been tried, convicted, and executed for the crime of burning coal in London. It took three centuries to entirely efface this prejudice.

NEVER GIVE UP!

Never give up! it is wiser and better
Always to hope than once to despair;
Fling off the load of Doubt's cankering fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care;
Never give up! or the burthen may sink you—
Providence kindly has mingled the cup,
And in all trials or troubles, bethink you,
The watchword of life must be, Never give up!

Never give up! there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
Clouds, through the changes, High Wisdom arranges
Ever success;—if you'll only hope on:
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,
Is the true watchword of Never give up.

Never give up! though the grape-shot may rattle,
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst,
Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst:
Never give up! if adversity presses
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
And the best counsel in all your distresses,
Is the stout watchword of Never give up.

WAIT TILL YOU FIND A BETTER.—There are many persons, who, observing how fast their neighbors make fortunes, grow discontented with their own more slender profits.—Such individuals often change their business in consequence, sanguine that a new one will prove more lucrative. Generally they are disappointed. They do not understand, in truth, the new pursuit as well as the old. Moreover, they find that what looked so promising at a distance, shows many a drawback on a nearer inspection. The wisest plan is to stick to the business one understands, or, at least, to be certain that the change will be profitable. In other words, *wait till you find a better*.

The same advice will apply to those who think, that, by moving to some other locality, they may have more success. To go the West, or even to California, may be an excellent thing for many persons. But the emigrants must be those who are suited for new countries, or privation will bring on disease, if not premature death. The life of a farmer on a prairie, with no notes to pay, and abundance all around, or that of a miner, digging up solid lumps of ore, without toil or anxiety, appears delightful, when painted in words. But the reality is usually a very different affair. Don't be in a hurry, therefore, to leave your business here, small as it may be. At least be sure what you are doing before you make a change. In fine, keep to your present pursuit *till you find a better*.

Govern your intimacies by the same rule.—Old friends are generally the best. True, they may trespass at times upon your patience, either by pushing their claims too far, or by taking undue liberties, as old friends, even the best, occasionally will. But the chances are, if you make a change, that you will not improve matters. If you are wise, you will never throw off a friend, unless for the grossest misconduct. Reflect how imperfect, at best, is human nature, and *wait till you find a better*.

As there are always men ready to tell you that society is out of joint, and that they only possess the secret of its cure, so there are others who insist that the faith of your fathers is abused, if not all religious delusion. It is the cant of the day, among certain shallow thinkers, to say that a man of sense will believe nothing he cannot understand. Yet most men, and invariably those of the greatest intellect, believe in eternity, though no human mind can really comprehend what has neither beginning nor end. But you need no argument for clinging to your faith. You have never lost a parent, a child, or a wife, if you have not found, that, in the hour of sorrow, religion is the only consolation. All other props give way, that alone sustains you. Mere philosophy can do nothing for you when death enters your dwelling. Hold fast, hold fast to your religion, at least *till you find a better*.

In the thousand exigencies of life, in your relations to your family, to society, to those you do business with, in everything you do, never abandon the old familiar way, until you have thoroughly explored the new one, and know it to be superior. We do not recommend a blind, stationary, stubborn, old-world inactivity. But neither would we have you rush into error on the opposite side. In a word, never abandon your present course in a hurry, but observe the golden rule of waiting till you find a better.—*Philad. Ledger*.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—Kirwan, in his work entitled "Men and Things as I saw them in Europe," gives the following account of the progress of "women's rights" in Sardinia:—

"They were tunneling the Appenines for a railway from Turin to Genoa, which, when completed, will be a great affair for Sardinia, and armies of women were engaged in making these tunnels! With a pannier of peculiar construction, made to fit the back, they entered the tunnel at one side and emerged laden on the other side; bent down like beasts of burden, they followed each other in rows to the end of the embankment, where each turned round: there a man drew a pin, which let the bottom fall out, and the stone, gravel, and clay fell out of the basket. And hundreds of women were working in this way at this bestial employment! Lime-kilns in great number line the roads, and the women were quarrying the stones, carrying them to the kilns, and sending away the lime."

THE YEARS OF MAN.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

They say that thou art growing old—
But all thy years recount,
And see, since first thy life began
What is the just amount;
Let mem'ry bring before thy view
All of the scenes of time,—
And as they pas in visions by
See, then, what years are thine.

How much belongs unto thy debts
Since in the meshes caught;
How much unto the giddy throng
Thou hast in pleasure sought;
How much unto the needy poor,
How much to woman's smiles,—
How much beside are due to those
Who set for thee their wiles?

Take all the days which thou hast passed
In fashion's crowded throng,
And see how many years are left
Which unto thee belong.
Take every wasted, misspent day
Which time cannot recall,
And thou wilt find thy age, in sooth,
At last is very small.

At a baptizing in Virginia, the parson, dipping an old negro convert, dropped him. The darkey floundered out, puffing and blowing, sat down on a stump, and remarked, "Some gemman's nigga get killed by dis foolishness yet."

Woman—The morning star of infancy; the day star of manhood; the evening star of age. Bless such stars, may they shine on us until we are very high.

Some Christians pray on their knees Sunday, and on their neighbors the rest of the week.

An Iowa editor says, "We don't brag of our babies, but they are the most uncommon sure crop."

The hoop question, like many others, has two sides to it.

"When my Ship Comes Home from Sea!"

"If my ship that's out to sea,
Ever safely gets to me,
Josie, dear,
A grand lady you shall be;
And then, wife, we will see
Those that scorned you so to-day—
Drove you harshly from their way—
Bow the head, and e'en the knee,
To you and me,
When my ship comes home from sea.

"Stir the fire, Josie, dear,
Throw the last stick on the blaze,
And light up with smiles of yours
Those long-talked-of better days,
Cast aside that weary work,
Come and sit beside my knee,
While we talk of what will happen,
When my ship comes home from sea.

"You shall dress in silken robes,
Trimmed with laces, rich and fine;
And the brightest, rarest gems
Shall upon your bosom shine;
And our house shall be as grand
As the Duke's upon the square,
And the princes of the land
Shall kneel low, and call you fair;
I am sure all this will be,
Josie, dear,
When my ship comes home from sea.

"Then, those ladies, that to-day
Cast their scorn full in your face,
Drove you harshly from their way,
Will discover every grace
That I've known and loved so long;
And they'll weave into a song
The sweet story of your eyes,
Your meek, dove-like woman's eyes;
And your hair so softly brown,
In rich masses falling down,

"And your fairy hands and feet;
But Josie, dear,
It does seem so queer to me
That to-day, this very day,
When they met you in the street,
They were all too blind to see
Beauty in your sweetest face,
And did call you coarse and old.
But never mind it, Josie, dear!
You can buy their praise with gold;
They will crowd to take your fee,
When my ship comes home from sea.

"Bear their scorn a little longer,
Josie, dear,
It will make your heart the stronger,
And believe now what I say,
You'll have friends enough some day,
More than you can love or trust;
But your heart will be no kinder,
Josie, than it is to-night,
Nor your soft eyes more love bright,
And I don't believe you'll be
Any happier, and better,
Any dearer unto me,
Josie, dear,
When my ship comes home from sea!"

Samuel Cotesham Co

April 13 by 1 hh of molasses 109 galls @ 90
d 90 Days
23 by Tears of Molasses 79 galls @ 90

Cyrus Hussey Co

April 29 by carting ½ cord of oak ½ cord of
May 4 by 1 one hhd of hard oil Kessel
5 by Do one bbl sand
13 by Do one cask of yellow 1 bbl

Wm C Hussey Co

by oil at Sundry times

Lines to Mary.

BY F. H. J.

Mary, own,
midnight throne,
noon of day.
nage from my heart,
hange may be,
al or distance part:
I eve[illegible]m of thee.

I dream of thee when autumn sings
The death-dirge of the flowers,
When spring returns on dewy wings
To woo the laughing hours.
Though winter gird his [illegible]y chain
Around the frozen le[illegible]
Or smiling sunshine de[illegible]he plain,
I ever dream of thee.

I dream of thee in lighted [illegible]all,
Where youth and beau[illegible]neet,
While sparkling sandals [illegible] and
To music's measured [illegible]
For all the tunes that [illegible]my
For all the smiles
Still musing on one i[illegible]
I ever dream of the[illegible]

I dream of thee when wa[illegible]
Vexes my brow with pa[illegible]
Still, still of thee when hea[illegible]
Renews my strength again[illegible]
Alike in chambers, dim and lo[illegible]
As in the halls of glee,
I dream of thee, my Mary, own,
I ever dream of thee!

SUPERIORITY OF WIARD'S GUN.—A great sensation was produced in military circles to day, by the news from Charleston that the most successful fire at long range upon that city, with projectiles almost noiseless, was maintained by Norman Wiard's twelve-pounder light battery steel guns. Since the failure of the large rifled Parrott guns, Gilmore has been using these overlooked pieces of Wiard, that drifted down to Hilton Head from the waste of the Burnside expedition. Accident and insolence combined to show their extraordinary value. A rebel cannonier, making a beastly exposure of his person a mile and a half off, was made a target of by a gunner familiar with these steel cannon. The wretch went fifty feet in the air in pieces. The practice from day to day revealed the truth that Wiard's small steel guns, with the Hotchkiss shell, have the longest range with the greatest accuracy and the least expenditure of ammunition of any gun now in use in our army.—*Washington Correspondence of the N. Y. Times, 2d ult.*

[illegible]ld not love their children
[illegible] they do, they should not
show it, lest they should make the one proud, the other envious, and both fools! Where nature has made a difference, it is the duty of the tender parent to help the weakest. That trial is unfair where affection is the judge!

☞ A kiss is worth a thousand kicks.

☞ [illegible] Esq., for and [illegible] the Rev. Dr. [illegible] Legislative Department [illegible] ment, on the 6th of January last.

☞ A valuable mare belonging to Mr. Andrew M. Myrick, had her leg broken on Thursday morning, by being kicked by a horse.—She was shot.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE DRAFT.—The New Bedford Standard says that Provost-Marshal Hatch has received orders to be in readiness to proceed with the draft on the 10th inst., and the preparations are rapidly going forward.

☞ George M. Barnard, Esq., has generously offered to the State, through the Committee on Charitable Institutions, the sum of $5000 toward the purchase of an additional school ship.

☞ We are indebted to Mr. Samuel S. Davis for late London papers.

☞ The nomination of Major General Grant to be a Lieutenant General, was on Wednesday confirmed in the Senate, and he is therefore now fully entitled to the rank, pay and honors of the position, and is the only person, except Gen. Washington, who holds the position of Lieutenant-General, Gen. Scott's rank of Lieutenant General being merely that of brevet. The law is so worded that the lieutenant-general is only ex-officio commander-in-chief of all the armies, and therefore it does not disturb Halleck, unless the President requests him to retire. Mr. Washburne, who has gone with the commission to Gen. Grant, is also to deliver to him the magnificent sword to be presented by the citizens of Joe Davies County, Ill.

[illegible] second and third, [illegible] paralyzed by a sudden [illegible] e fourth, you avoid [illegible] (contrary course) cr[illegible]ps [illegible] by drowning or apo-

THE [illegible]LES' STEAM ENGINE IN THE WORLD.—Mr. Benjamin J. Warner, the London watch manufacturer, has sent to this country for exhibition at the World's Fair, the working models for two steam engines. We infer from notices of them in some of the London papers, that they will be the most curious specimens of minute workmanship exhibited in the Cyrstal Palace. The smallest one, an oscillating cylinder engine, stands upon an English fourpenny piece, (size of half a dime,) with room to spare! The cylinder is but one-sixth of an inch in diameter, the length of stroke three-eighths, and diameter of the piston that of an ordinary needle. The other is a beam engine, composed of more than two hundred pieces. The length of the stand is three and a quarter inches, diameter of cylinder three-eighths of an inch, and the length of stroke seven eighths of an inch. Both of these engines are screwed together with the delicacy and precision of the work [illegible] watch.

FOREIGN ARTICLES AT [illegible] Y. CRYSTAL PALACE.—The New Yor[illegible], in enumerating some of the receipts [illegible]rystal Palace, says that over 1900 [illegible] f articles have been already receiv[illegible] Custom House, and that over [illegible]e Custom House waiting [illegible]esides these 700 or 800 mor[illegible]d ships which have a[illegible] is supposed tha[illegible] not n[illegible] ticles inten[illegible] the ceived int[illegible] ceived [illegible] ments [illegible] ed at £[illegible] France [illegible] ropean [illegible]

THE ALABAMA.—The Boston Daily Advertiser makes the following interesting extracts from a letter written by an American shipmaster, dated Singapore, January 3d :—

"The Alabama came here last week, coaled, and steamed into Malacca Straits. I think she will go around Sumatra, into Sunda Straits again—up the China Sea and over to California Coast, if not captured.

"She is a small, barque-rigged craft, with a pretty model; long lower masts, and short smoke stack, and I think would do much better at running than fighting. She has 111 men on board, all discontented; many deserted here notwithstanding the watch of officers with loaded revolvers. There are about six Southern men on board, and the carpenter is a Massachusetts man, I am sorry to say.

"She has completely stopped American commerce in the East—our vessels lying up in all the ports, and some are being sold at moderate prices."

A STRING OF STORIES.

THE WRONG JUG.

"I hain't never told one on you about the time when the boys made sich a terrible mistake in the jugs, has I, boys?" asked Uncle Billy Landers of a crowd who had gathered around him during Court week, in the town of L———, Ala., for Uncle Billy was a great story-teller, and always "had a crowd" when he was in town.

"No; let's hear it, Uncle Billy," said a dozen voices.

"Well, just hand that corn sperrits over here a minit, first. This here weather's so derned hot that a white man of good raisin' can't talk 'thout imbibing occasionally."

Here the old man took a drink of the "sperrits" that would have rendered almost any other man *tight*, but which only made him talkative. Then setting down the jug, he drew an old greasy silk handkerchief from his pocket, wiped the perspiration from his face, and commenced:—

"Well, you see boys, I never likes to tell this here story, 'cause I an't disposed to be hard on the poor fellows, but it's rally to good to keep. Last spring, a lot of us, Job Dowdy, Ike Sturdivent, Joe Dobbs, and some of the other boys in my district, concluded we'd take a load of truck down to Wetumpky and sell it, and buy such little things as the wimmin folks wanted. We had a mighty time of it goin' down, which it was a mighty lively crowd of us. Nothin' cur'ous or interestin' though, didn't happen, an' we all arrive to Wetumpky 'right side up,' as they say on the boxes of glass.

"Wetumpky is the derndest biggest place I ever hearn of, and I do believe they have everything thar, an' a little more. Book-stores, printin'-offices, dreg-stores, and liker-shops, where they have more different kind of sperits than we ever hears of, way here in the backwoods—old Koniack, 'bout a thousan' year old, peach, rot-gut Tennessee, Monongahaly, and every other kind in the world, and more too. But, I tell you, boys, if you ain't usen'd to it, be keerful how you tech that truck what they call shampane, for its the derndest stuff to fly inter a feller's head you evern hear of. One of them thar store fellers, what had bought my cotton, tuck me down to one of the bar-rooms (that's what they call the licker shops,) an' call for some champane, an' axed me to drink with him, and as that's somethin' yer old Uncle Bill never has no objections to, I jest takened a few drinks, an' the way it set the old man's head a spinnin' was cur'ous.

"Well, arter we'd sold out our truck, and what we wanted, we tuck up our march for home, which there was several of us, and a good long string of wagons. When we got to the camp the first night, I felt powerful tired, which I had walked a good deal and talkened a good deal of sperrits with them Wetumpky fellers the derndest chaps for treatin' ever this child started up, an' I went to bed yearly, leavin' the boys round the fire talkin' 'bout matters an' things.

"Next mornin' I got up, an' found most all of 'em was gone off from the camp, and them that was thar looked mighty pale and sickly like. Thinks I what kin be the matter with these here boys? You see I didn't suspicion nothin' of them as wasn't thar, cause I thought they was walkin' about lookin' at the country, Presently they commenced straglin' in, but all of 'em looked pale and sick, like them at the fire. Thinks I somethin's wrong, but never mind, we'll see what it is, 'fore long. Ike Sturdivent's old nigger Tom, was the cook for the crowd, and purty soon the hoecake and ham was ready for us; but none of 'em didn't have no appetite. Thinks I, them there boys is been a spreein' of it last night, while I was a sleep, and they feels bad this mornin.' Every now an' then one of 'em would shoot off, like a rocket, and come back arter a little lookin' worse than ever. 'Never mind,' ses I, 'somethin's wrong.'

"Arter breakfast, I commenced hitchin' up to start, but most of the boys looked like they was too sick to get off, an' as I didn't want to leave 'em, I unhitched agin, an' tuck a seat to watch. Some of 'em was lying on the grass, with their arms under ther heads, some settin' up against trees, tryin' to look like they didn't feel bad, while some was settin' with ther elbows on ther knees, and ther heads down, lookin' for all the world like they had lost all ther relations. Arter I had looked at 'em long enough, I got up and went to the wagon, where I had a jug of mighty good Monongahaly, and thought I'd give the boys a dram, and it might do 'em good. When I got thar, the whole thing was plain as daylight. Thar sot two jugs, as like as two pees, one kind of stuck back in the wagon, whar I had put it, and the other settin' in front, with the cork out. You see them boys know'd I had good licker in my wagon, which I was a better judge of the article than any of 'em, so as soon as I was a sleep, they got hold of one what had in it—what do yer reckon?—not Monongehaly, but *castor oil*! Joe Dobbs was the first one that sampled it, an' he was determined the balance be fooled as well as him, and sent the others up, and thar they had drunk, amongst 'em nigh on to a gallon of castor oil. And didn't I laugh when I found it out? I think you mout a heerd me a mile. Them boys was mighty sick all that day, but it larnt 'em a lesson, I hope, not to be middlin' with other people's jugs. Jest pass them sperrits over this way, will you?—talkin' makes a man mighty dry."

And the old fellow took another drink.

A CASE FOR THE CORONER.

Leze Lacie used to be very fond of playing cards. On a certain evening when a party were at his office engaged in "shuffling the pictures," towards the small hours, a considerable sum was depending on the result of the game, Leze, who saw there was no chance for him, suddenly blew out the light, hustled the stakes into his pocket, and told "the boys" to clear out, vanish, abscond; that this card playing was a bad business, and he'd be d——d if he ever touched a pack again, adding, "if I do, I wish I may *drop down dead!*"

An evening or two after, the same party being again together in their accustomed room, one of its number pulled out a volume of "the book, of the four kings," saying—

"Well, Leze, though you won't play yourself, I suppose you'll not object to our taking a rubber, or two ourselves?"

"Surely not," said Leze, and the playing commenced.

Leze sat with a cigar in his mouth for some time, lazily watching the progress of the contest; but as it proceeded he stopped smoking, lost his light, and finally became most uneasily interested in what was going on. His friends saw this, and one tipping the other a wink, said—

"Leze, had you better come in?"

"Why, ne—o—I recken not! You know what I said!"

"Poo! nonsense!—what of that—draw up your chair and take a hand!"

"Wa'al don't care 'f I do!" said Leze. "But I say, boys!" he continued, with great earnestness, "if anything *should* happen, don't tell the Coroner what I was at,—*swear it was apoplexy!*"

SCENE IN A SAN FRANCISCO GAMBLING HOUSE.

"But the establishments that commanded the largest and steadiest trade, and where the circulating medium beat with the strongest pulsation, were the bandemnoiums, which were crowed morning, noon and night, and certainly with the most mixed and motely congregations I ever before witnessed—whites, half-castes, copper, mahogany and blacks—delegates from every nation that takes any part or interest in the commerce or intercourse of the world, their features more varied than their colors, and their costumes representing the fashions of their several countries. The jargon of voices, mutters, and exclamations of those votaries of fortune, made the most strange medley of sounds, and you could pretty well discover the various national characteristics of the players in the progress of the game; the cool indifference of the Russian or the Turk, the latter placidly stroking his beard under the frowns of the fickle goddess; while the Frenchman at his elbow was sibilating his sacres, and the Yankee opposite cursing and thumping the table with boisterous vehemence; Paddy down at the end consoling himself with the philosophic reflection, 'that the worse luck now the better again'—'Come, my hearties, send round the ball—a faint heart never won a fair lady—hurroo;' the cloaked Spaniard and the phlegmatic German lying down their stakes mechanically from the outside; the Scotch chief poking in his head from the same region, just to see how the chances ran 'afore he risked his siller;' while Italians smoked and hummed, and Chinese looked as innocent as if tricks were no part of their training. All the new-comers staked coin, the miners dust, some of them putting down large purses at a single venture, exclaiming, 'Now for it—home or the diggins!' 'The diggins, by heaven!' as the president raked the bag into the infernal coffers; and up got the miner to go dig another fortune, and again to have it charmed from his grasp."

SARCASTIC REBUKE.—Madame S—— has only one child, which she indulges to such a degree as to allow him to do just what he pleases. A gentleman, having one day had the imprudence to leave his cane in the corner of the hall, could not find it again when he sought for it.

"I'll wager that my dear little boy has taken it," said Madame S.

"Madame, you ought to correct him."

"Punish him!—he is the cream of children."

"Cream whipped is only improved," replied the gentleman.

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN DR. BOYDEN AND MISS TROTT.

OUR MOTHERS.

Around the idea of one's mother, the mind naturally clings with fond affection. It is the first dear thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions; although after feelings are more or less light in comparison. Our passions and our wilfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we may become wild, headstrong and angry at her counsels or oppositions; but when Death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a rude storm, raises up her head and smiles amongst her tears. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance and twines the image of our departed parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not she possessed.

COURTEOUSNESS.

There is a set of people whom I cannot bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety—whose every word is precise, and whose every movement is unexceptionable; but who, though versed in all the categories of polite behavior, have not a particle of soul of cordiality about them. We allow that their manners may be abundantly correct. There may be elegance in every gesture, and gracefulness in every position; not a smile out of place, and not a step that would not bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is all very fine, but what I want is the heart and the gaiety of social intercourse—the frankness that spreads ease and amiability around it—the eye that speaks affability to all, that chases timidity from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy. This is what I conceive to be the virtue of the text, and not the sickening formality of those who walk by rule, and would reduce the whole of human life to a wirebound system of misery and restraint.—*Dr. Chalmers Sermons in Posthumous Works.*

MATRIMONY.

I love to kiss the pretty maids,
And often with them tarry;
But when they 're old their beauty fades,
So hang me if I marry.

Some girls are handsome, some are not,
Some proud, and some are merry;
And some are good, ('t is few I wot)
But hang me if I marry.

Some girls are as the lily, white,
With lips red as a cherry;
And eyes that beam with pleasure bright,
Yet hang me if I marry.

Some girls are full of coquetry,
But bold as the Old Harry;
Such girls will never do for me,
So hang me if I marry.

Some girls for money marry fools,
And high their heads they carry;
They make their husbands silly tools,
So hang me if I marry.

Some girls with whom you 're deep in love,
Will always be contrary;
They say you 're serpents, they are doves,
So hang me if I marry.

If once they get you in their coil,
Let you be e'er so wary,
They will your resolution foil,
That you will never marry.

Then let me caution you—beware,
And do n't be in a hurry;
But while you have your senses, swear
That you will never marry.

For when your children round you get,
With pa, I must be carried;
You must leave off your work and fret—
"I wish I'd ne'er been married."

COURTESY.

Shall courtesy be done only to the rich, and only by the rich; in good breeding, which differs if at all from high breeding, only as it gracefully remembers the rights of others rather than gracefully insists on its own rights, I discern no special connection with wealth and birth; but rather that it lies in human nature itself, and is due from all men towards all men. Of a truth, were your schoolmaster at his post, and worth anything when there, this, with so much else, would be reformed. Nay, each man were then also his neighbor's schoolmaster; till at length a rude-visaged, unmannered peasant could no more be met with, than a peasant unacquainted with botanical physiology, or who felt not that the clod he broke was created in heaven.—*T. Carlyle.*

THE DEAD OF THE SEA.

Old Ocean! How many thousands of thy toilers lie buried in thy deep bosom! Thou hast hushed the voice of friendship, and stilled the bitter throbbings of many a kindly heart.

Widow! Thou canst not shed a tear o'er the spot where *he* lies, in the slumbers of death. Mother! Thou canst not at the pensive hour of eve seat thyself on the tomb of thy son. Sister! Thou canst not plant a flower on her grave. Child! Thy father's head lies low, very low in the deep, deep sea, and thou canst rear no willow o'er his resting-place:

He was one who, in youth, on the stormy seas,
Was a far, and a fearless ranger;
Who, born on the billow, and blown by the breeze,
Had deem'd lightly of death or of danger.

Journal of Commerce.

THE VOICE OF THE STARS.

And now, before I lay my head on my pillow, one more look upon these skies of dark, clear frosty blue, on which every star stands out like a hewn projection of glittering diamonds. Oh, perpetual reproof of the littleness of man! Is it not marvellous that he has walked beneath you for five thousand years, and has not yet received the placidity of your greatness into his soul? Would it not seem as though one glance upon the majesty of the midnight heavens were enough so to subdue, calm and humble the spirit of a mortal, that all strifes, envyings and jealousies, all vanity and all meanness, should depart from it never to return, giving place to noble shame and assured though reverent hope? Surely who would ask his bitterest foe to forgive him, amid the silent magnificence of night, could never be refused!—*Maiden Aunt.*

MAKE PEACE.

Study to make peace. If a person is offended with the course you have pursued, or some art of yours, do not widen the breach between you by being offish in his presence, of uttering only monosyllables when he addresses you. If you have reason to believe that hard feelings exist, be more pleasant and pliable. Meet the offended more than half way — the whole way if necessary to secure peace and good feelings. Do not wait for him to come and make confession, but be willing to go to him and secure the desirable object.—There is no good reason why all men should not live in peace. Because you and I have sinned once — erred in judgment, or in any way — it is no reason that we should not forgive and be forgiven. Let us then study to make peace and to keep peace between us forever. It is a shame that we should quarrel, while we are children of one Father, and are seeking the same home above.

TO MRS. EMILY JUDSON.

Come Home.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

Come back to thy Atlantic home,
Come o'er the wild wave track;
The hearts that faintly bade thee go,
Now shout to thee, come back;
The loved who wept for many a day,
While thou wert on the sea,
Now weep with very ecstacy,
At thought of meeting thee.

Come back; if changed thy sunny brow,
And changed thy lip and eye,
If o'er thy sweet face broodingly
Grief's darkest shadows lie,
If in thy downward glance, thy tears
Their crystal tents have made,
And in thy heart, all hopes that spring,
Like flowers but blush and fade.

Dear smiles shall answer to the tears,
Soft hands press gently thine,
Low voices whisper blessed hope,
True hearts breathe love divine;
And on thy mother's breast, thy head
Shall once more pillowed be;
Oh! she hath yearned, tongue cannot tell
How she hath yearned for thee.

We know thy soul hath drank the dregs
From bitter chalice given,
Since for thy "birds" of "Asia nest"
Thy song went up to heaven;
We know that death hath robbed the nest;
One bird in holy bowers,
Sits carolling its happy lays,
Amid unfading flowers.

But yet a darker woe was thine,
When Judson left thy side,
To die upon old ocean's wave,
To sleep beneath its tide;
How thou did'st cling in that wild hour,
To him thy next to God,
Then, lingering where his foot had touched
The consecrated sod;

Watch till the clouded sail grew less,
Till the good ship seemed a speck,
And vainly weep and wish thyself
Beside him on the deck:
Alas! that sad time came when friends
Low whispered, "he is dead,"
Oh! had he in thy twining arms
Cradled his dying head!

But all is past; thy task of life
Though dreary, is not o'er;
Thou yet shalt gladden many hearts
Upon thy native shore;
And on thy mother's breast, thy head
Shall once more pillowed be,
While she will tell in thy fond ear,
How she hath yearned for thee.

OFT IN THE CHILLY NIGHT.

BY THE MUSE.

Oft in the chilly night,
When bed clothes seem too scanty,
Fond memory brings the light
Of days when we had plenty;
Each linen sheet,
So nice and neat,
The quilts that I paraded;
The blankets white,
Now thin and slight,
The comforts old and faded:
Thus in the chilly night,
When bed clothes seem too scanty,
Fond memory brings the light
Of days when I had plenty.

When I remember all
The bed clothes brought from mother's,
I've seen around me fall,
And couldn't purchase others,
I feel like one
Who had been "done"
By wedding in a hurry—
Whose youth was flown,
Whose beau was gone,
And she was left to worry.
Thus in the chilly night,
When bed clothes seem too scanty,
Fond memory brings the light
Of days when I had plenty.

The way to rid a house of Rats.

Any person who has had the least experience inside a house, need not be told that rats are anything but pleasant boarders. Every nice dish, they are sure to find; their path lies through every cupboard and locks and keys they hold in derision.

When you would fain court "tired nature's sweet restorer," and are approaching that dreamy state, when even the least disturbance is a most unwelcome guest; let them then commence their racing and lofty tumbling, their company drills and battalion musters over your head and behind the wainscoting; protected and completely secure from your unholy thoughts and actions; pass through a scene like this, without having your evenness of temper in the least disturbed and (our word for it) you will pass for a philosopher.

But thanks to the discoverer, the nuisance is to be abated. The art of man will yet triumph over every obstacle.

A Landlord not fifty miles from Boston, was recently complaining to a Frenchman that his house was greatly infested with rats, and that he would willingly part with almost any sum to be rid of them.

A few mornings after, the Frenchman settled his bill. As usual, the landlord accompanied his guest to the carriage. The Frenchman was about to step into it, when turning suddenly about, he addressed the landlord, saying;

"Sar, I shall tell you vich vay you shall get rid of de rat you spoke of."

"Really," said the landlord, "I will be much obliged if you can."

"Vell den, only charge de rat as much as you charge me, and de rat vill never come to your house again."

The Frenchman entered his carriage and was soon on his way to the depot; while the landlord remained standing on the side-walk, thinking of the new discovery, until the rumbling of the carriage wheels was lost in the distance.

A Bit of Romance.—The following love story is related, in one of Mr. Kendall's late letters to the Picayune:—

A strange statement is afloat in the gossiping circles—it is that a beautiful English widow of great wealth is dying of love for Blanqui, the famous conspirator. Before he got himself caged up for the affair of the 15th of May, Blanqui used to preside over a debating club held in the Conservatoire. To this club the lady went; and the gaunt looks, wild energy, and indescribable fascination which the man exercises over all who approach him, went straight to the unoccupied heart of the Englishwoman. She became a regular attendant at the club, in the hope of attracting the attention of the arch-conspirator. But Blanqui noticed her not—bright eyes had no charm for him. To excite his interest she sent him a bouquet, and another and another; but the conspirator threw them away with a contemptuous "pshaw!" and never even condescended to inquire from whom they came. With woman's usual perversity, the more she was slighted the more she became smitten; and with woman's usual ingenuity she at length, after many efforts succeeded, without any apparent violation of decorum, in getting introduced to Blanqui, and even in persuading him to appear at her table, though he would not accept anything else than a lump of bread, a few lettuce leaves and a glass of water—his only food. The man is a thorough Spartan. And when at last he was replaced in the dungeon in which he has passed so many years of his life, she paid him every attention that she possibly could. During his trial at Bourges she was there; and, now that he is cooped up again for many years to come, she is his principal correspondent, and even, it is said, entertains hopes of becoming his wife.

Flogging in the Navy has been protested against by a large meeting in Hartford, under the auspices of Gov. Trumbull, Bishop Brownell, the Mayor, and other distinguished citizens—Mayor Ripley presiding. Rev. Drs. Bushnell, Beecher, (of Cincinnati) W. G. Haynes, Alfred Smith, Rev. Mr. Gallaudet and others took part in the proceedings, which were ordered to be sent to Congress.—Thanks were voted to *Commodore Stockton*, for his kind and humane treatment to his crew "during his campaign and victories on the Pacific," and to Hon. J. A. Rockwell for his efforts in Congress to banish spirit rations.

Arrest.—Some years ago, in a country not a hundred miles from here, a small sized man went to the plantation of a gentleman who was light in wit but rather heavy in flesh, with a piece of paper in his hand, folded in a form and known by the abbreviation of *ca. sa.* Having found the owner of the plantation in the field, he explained his business, when he was requested to read the capias, which commenced as usual, "You are hereby commanded, without delay, to take the body of," &c.

"Humph," says the prisoner, stretching himself on his back, "I am ready."

"Oh, but you don't expect me to carry you in my arms?"

"Certainly; you must take my body, you know. I do not resist the process of the law, understand, but submit with much cheerfulness!"

"Will you wait until I bring a cart?"

"Can't promise. I may recover from fatigue in the meantime."

"Well, what must I do?"

"You must do your duty."

And there he lay immovable until the sheriff left, when he left also.

Anecdote of the Cat.—During a voyage from America to Holland, in the P——, Capt. T—— related the following interesting incident:—A puss, on board, regularly attended the table for her share of the meals. After having a litter of kittens, she became more shy, and all at once the kittens were missed. The officers supposing she had made away with them, drove her from the table, on her next appearance, without food. This was done twice. At the next meal, puss came out for her share, and on being again repulsed, as if aware of their thoughts, she went and brought the kittens, one at a time, in her mouth, and laid them on the floor by the table, and then looked up in their faces, as much as to say, "There, you see, they are safe. Does a mother forget her offspring? give me food or they perish!" This appeal was not in vain; after a good meal, she again transported her young to her hiding place. If this is not reason, it is certainly allied to it.

Laughable Incident.—One day last week two itinerant travellers, accompanied by an enormous bear, were coming from Coventry, when bruin took it into his head to jump into a ditch. His keeper tried every effort to get him out, but in vain. A farmer's servant coming with two horses, he offered his assistance to displace the bear, by yoking his horses to him, and he was soon displaced, but in an instant gave a hideous roar. Away went the horses, with the bear secured behind, at full speed, leaving all parties far behind. A traveller coming up to them, they asked if he had seen a pair of horses with a bear along with them? "Yes," replied the man, "I did see the horses, but no bear—it was the devil driving the horses at the rate of twenty miles an hour!"—*English paper.*

☞ "Are these rooms to let?" said a polite gentleman, to a handsome young lady, as he placed his foot across the threshold. "Yes sir." "But are you to let with them?" "No sir! I'm to be let alone!"

☞ A person who undertakes to raise himself by scandalizing others, might just as well sit down on a wheelbarrow and undertake to wheel himself.

☞ The Roman General Marius replied to the Gaul who had sent him a challenge, "If you are tired of your life you can go and hang yourself."

When did Adam first use a walking-stick? When Eve presented him with a little *Cain.*

Facts Worthy of Notice.

It is a fact that nine-tenths of the inmates of our poor-houses, were brought there directly or indirectly by the use of ardent spirits.

It is a fact, that three-fourth of all the convicts in our state prisons, were hard drinkers previous to the commission of the crimes for which they are now imprisoned.

It is a fact, that the greatest sufferers from disease, and those whose maladies are the most difficult to cure, are those who are addicted to the use of ardent spirits.

It is a fact, that of all who commit suicide in this country, ninety-nine hundredths are the immediate or the remote victims of ardent spirits.

It is a fact, that in all families where the children are dirty, half-naked and ill-fed; the rooms filthy and in disorder, the husband idle, discontented and peevish, and the wives slatterns, ill-tempered and quarrelsome, one, if not both the parents are drinkers of ardent spirits.

It is a fact, that those who least frequently attend the worship of God in the sanctuary, most of those who by their oaths, blasphemies, and horrible execrations, shock the ears of modest people, are spirit drinkers.

It is a fact, that those who are most easily led to ridicule and profane sacred things, and to join in every kind of dissipation and profligacy, are spirit drinkers.

It is a fact, that of all that have died of the cholera in Europe and America, seven-tenths at least were spirit drinkers, and one-half decidedly intemperate.

It is a fact, if these facts do not convince any one of the unlawfulness and the impropriety of the traffic in ardent spirits, he would hardly be persuaded though one rose from the dead.

Honey-moon Conversation.

A correspondent of the Delawarian, from Brandywine Springs, gives the following report of a conversation between a newly married couple from Virginia. There is a depth of affection in it, which it is quite refreshing to contemplate:

"William—dear William," said the wife, with a word of affection in her eyes.

"Speak, heavenly charmer," replied her new husband returning with interest the expressive glances of his spouse.

"Dear William!"

"Adored Eliza!"

"Sweet flatterer!"

"Angelic creature!"

"Dear—dear William, pardon me—but do you think a short walk would hurt us, as the divine Willis says!"

"I fear, loveliest of thy sex, that you may be fatigued."

"Fear not, dearest!"

"Heavenly emanation — bright dreams of my precarious existence — but I cannot help fearing."

"Sweet William—"

"Celestial Eliza!"

Here they fell to violent kissing, which lasted about fifteen minutes. Almost breathless the lady exclaimed—

"William, dear William, why are you so sweet? Oh, the joy, the estacy of wedded bliss! Best beloved, will you ever love me thus?"

"By yonder fearful—I say tremendous orb—I swear!" he exclaimed, pointing to the setting sun.

"And as a memento of your wedding day, will you yearly bring me here—will you, cherished idol!"

"Yes my only pet—my life—my love—I will bring you here every year—if my capital holds out!"

"Oh bravest and best of thy noble sex, talk not of capital in this, our hour of bliss."

How much longer they talked the writer cannot say, for they were called away at this moment to welcome some friends from Maryland. But he is firmly of the opinion that none but married people know what real happiness is. While the above happy couple were talking, he felt as if immersed in molasses, and everything since has looked, felt, and smelt sweeter.

THE FISHERMEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALTON LOCKE."

Three fishers went sailing out into the West,
Out into the West as the sun went down.
Each thought of the woman that loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down.
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the rack it came rolling up, rugged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters be deep,
And the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the evening gleam as the sun went down.
And the women are watching and wringing their hands
For those that will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep—
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

How to Break Ill News.

A receipt for this purpose, published in a London miscellany some years ago, is contained in the following dialogue, the scene of which is laid in Oxford, where a family steward enters to a collegan:—

Collegian.—Ha, Jervis, how are all things at home?

Steward.—Very bad, your honor, Magpie's dead.

Col.—Poor Mag! How came she to die?

Stew.—Over-ate herself, sir.

Col.—Greedy wretch! What did she get she liked so well?

Stew.—She died of eating horse-flesh—

Col.—Horse-flesh? How came she by so much horse-flesh?

Stew.—All your father's, sir.

Col.—My father's horses? What! are they dead? How came they to die?

Stew.—Over-work, sir—carrying so much water to put out the fire.

Col.—Fire—what fire?

Stew.—Your father's house, sir, is burned down.

Col.—My father's house! How come it burned?

Stew.—I fancy, sir, it was the torches—

Col.—What torches?

Stew.—At my lady's funeral.

Col.—My mother dead?

Stew.—Ah, poor lady! she never looked up after it!

Col.—After what?

Stew.—After your father's death.

Col.—My father dead, too!

Stew.—Ah, poor man, he never recovered it—

Col.—What! more miseries, more distress?

Stew.—Alas, sir, his banker failed, and you have not a shilling in the world, so I thought you would like to hear the news and therefore made bold to come and tell it to you.

COME HOME! COME HOME!

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Come home, come home, from o'er the sea!
We wait, we sigh, we pray for thee;
In foreign climes no longer roam,
Our hearts all cry, "Come home, come home!"
For twice her sheaf hath autumn bound,
The winter snow twice wrapped the ground,
The spring hath bloomed, the summer shone
Its glorious robes, since thou art gone.
Again the summer's evening breeze
Comes murmuring through the rustling trees,
Her moon beams bright on spire and dome
And our own roof—come home, come home!

To-night, when passed the sunset hour,
And dews fell soft on grass and flower,
A wild bird came and furled her wing
On thy lone bower, her hymn to sing.
The earth was calm, the heavens were fair,
While balmy incense filled the air;—
All nature seemed on bended knee,
And to her God we kneeled for thee.
We asked his angel-guard to keep
Thy way across the rolling deep;—
Through billowy wilds, 'mid surge and foam,
To hold thee safe! Come home! come home!

And now, when sleep hath sealed our eyes,
In blissful dreams our souls will rise
On wings of love, and fly to thee,
Where'er thou art beyond the sea.
But, ah! too soon returning day
The dear deceit will melt away;
And beaming morn illume the tear,
To find thy place still empty here.
Come home! Our lives,—they go apace;
And we may leave some empty place
For thee to find, if still thou roam
O'er lands afar. Come home! come home!

Two young men at Brandon, Vt. discovered a bear frozen into his den, the water having run down and formed bars in front of him. They fired eight balls into him before killing him. He "stood 'em in" about $20.

ROSE STANDISH.

A TALE OF THE PURITANS.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

CHAPTER I.

Upon a gentle eminence, near the banks of the river Douglas, in Lancashire, stood a young man, gazing upon a distant mansion, whose windows were burnished by the rays of the setting sun.—He was low in stature and well proportioned.—Seen at a distance, he might have been mistaken for a youth of fifteen; a near approach revealed the marks of early manhood. His eye told of slumbering passions, early aroused—his firmly set lips, of a determination that would not lightly yield to opposition.

The sun had sunk below the horizon, and the brilliancy faded. The young man turned away from the object upon which his attention had long been fixed. A stranger, mounted on horseback, was near him. 'Whose seat is that?' said the stranger, courteously raising his beaver.

'It should be mine,' said the young man to himself, and then, in a louder tone to the stranger, 'it is called Standish Hall.'

'I thought so,' said the stranger, spurring his horse onwards toward the object of his inquiry.

'A minion of the law,' muttered the young man, who then directed his steps towards a neat cottage just visible in the distance. As he drew near it, he paused and betrayed symptoms of irresolution. Then, as if vexed with himself on account of it, he went forward with hasty strides, till he reached the door.

His rap was answered by a maid of seventeen, whose countenance and form were in perfect keeping with her name.

'Good evenidg, Rose Annesly,' said the young man.

'Good evening, Miles,' said the maiden with a smile which dissolved the stern expression that had been deepening upon his countenance, during the last half hour. He took her hand, and with a courtly manner pressed it to his lips.

'Are you alone?' said he, seeing no one in her apartment as he entered it.

'I am,' was the reply; 'my father has not returned from the burial of Mr. Hartlib. I am glad you have come. I was beginning to feel lonesome if not alarmed.' She seated herself near him as if for protection.

'What being could possibly harm you?' said he with a fervor which caused her heart to flutter, but not with fear.

'No one, I presume, wishes to harm me. I did wrong to say I felt alarmed. I have felt sad, at times, since cousin Elizabeth's departure.''

'You are too young to be sad. You have friends—a father who loves you most tenderly. I have not a friend upon earth.'

'Miles Standish?' said she reproachfully.

'I have neither father, or mother,' said he. Her answer was a sigh. There was a pause in their conversaiton. Both sat gazing at the flickering embers upon the hearth.

It was true that Rose had experienced seasons of sadness since the departure of her cousin. That event very nearly synchronized with another—the surrender of her heart to the young man who was sitting by her side. He had never spoken to her of love. He had never performed an act designed to make an impression upon her heart.—All unconsciously he had manifested the deep devotion in which he held her, and all unconciously she had yielded to him her heart. Feelings of joy and of sadness, unknown before were now experienced. The former she associated with Miles, the latter with her cousin. A profounder knowledge of the mysteries of feeling, would attribute both to the same source.

'Rose,' said Standish, in a tone which caused her to start, and a blush overspread her countenance—'I did not mean to frighten you,' added he, gently placing his arm around her, and drawing her unresisting, near him, and imprinting for the first time, a kiss upon her cheek, thereby deepening the crimson hue, which the sudden utterance of her name had caused. He regarded the act as the offering of himself, at the shrine of her affections. From that moment, they both felt that they were betrothed.

'What were you about to say?' said Rose.

'I was about to say,' removing his arm from her person, as if the words he was about to utter, were not in keeping with his position, 'I was about to say that I had looked upon the Hall for the last time. I leave to-morrow morning.'

The effect of his words led him to re-place his arm for her support.

'Where are you going?' said she, almost in a whisper.

'I have determined to become a soldier. Perhaps I may repair my fortunes by my sword.'

'By the shedding of blood,' said she with a shudder.

'The shedding of blood is the necessary consequence of war; our sovereign has determined to send troops to the aid of our Protestant brethren in the Low Countries. I shall offer my poor services to the cause.''

'As a common soldier?' her pride for a moment rising above her fears.

'The name of my family will give me the rank of a subaltern—my good sword must secure my further advancement.'

Rose sat for some time in silence, apparently wrapt in thought; soon the tears rolled down her cheeks. Again he drew her closer to him. She buried her face in his bosom, and wept aloud.

He endeavored to soothe her grief by pointing to a hopeful future, when he should return with a name of which he might be proud; and with means of supporting her in a style befitting her merits.

'No, no,' said she, 'do not throw away your life. Let the usurpers have the Hall. We have enough to keep want away.'

'Rose must not marry a nameless man. A prince might well be proud of her.'

The latch was lifted, and her father entered.—Rose made no attempt to conceal the place she had occupied, or the tears which were still upon her cheeks.

'What has happened?' said Mr. Annesly, with solicitude, but with the calm tone he was accustomed to use, when exhorting his persecuted flock to patience under their sufferings.

'Miles is going to leave us forever,' said Rose.

'And wherefore?' said the old man, seating himself in the arm chair, which Standish placed for him in his accustomed corner.

'My kinsmen have succeeded in withholding my estate from me. There is nothing left for me but the sword.'

'And in what cause would you draw it?'

'In the aid of the Protestants in the Low Countries.'

'Against the vassals of the Man of Sin. It is the Lord's battle, my son.'

'And do you approve of his going?' said Rose, bending earnestly over her father's chair.

'Yes, my daughter, provided God has called him to the work. But note well, my young friend, whether in undertaking this work, thou art moved by a desire to do service to the cause of truth and freedom, or by discontent with the injustice done thee.'

'The cause is a just one, I am well assured, and my purpose is fixed. I desire your blessing and your prayers, and when I return'——he paused and looked at Rose, who stood trembling before him.

'I know,' said Mr. Annesly, 'that you love each other; when Providence favors your union, my consent will not be withheld. But tell me now the particulars of your purpose.'

Rose seated herself by her lover, and permited him to retain her hand while he made a full exposition of his plans.

Mr. Annesly added his affectionate counsels, and rose to implore the blessing of God. He prayed for the progress of the pure gospel of the reformation—for the success of those who did battle against the supporters of idolatry—for the young man who essayed to gird himself with carnal weapons for the good cause, that he might be girded with the armor of righteousness, and preserved in the hour of battle, which 'is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood;' for the little circle present—that they might meet at last 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

Having given the young man an affectionate embrace, he retired to his own apartment to pour forth, in secret, supplications more personal than might be heard by mortal ear.

The lovers walked forth under the bright shining stars—now in silent heart-communion, and now uttering words of tenderness more fittingly spoken than recorded. When they had watched many a star to its setting, after one fervent embrace, one prolonged pressure of lips, they parted at the cottage door.

When the morning sun arose, Standish was on his way to join those who were to fight successfully abroad for a liberty which was denied to their fellow citizens at home.

CHAPTER II.

Rose's hours of sadness were more frequent after the departure of her lover. Month after month passed away, and no tidings respecting him arrived. The press had not then began to send forth its winged messengers, to make known to dwellers in the remotest vales whatever is done upon the land and the sea, even to the utmost parts of the earth.

'Father,' said Rose, one evening, as they were sitting before the open door of their cottage, watching the stealing of the shades of evening over the landscape, 'do you think Miles is living?'

His reply was a look of surprise and inquiry.

'I had a dreadful dream last night,' continued Rose. 'I dreamed that he was slain by the Spaniards.'

'Our dreams often indicate the source of our anxieties; they do not add to our knowledge.'

'Do you think it possible that he has escaped?

'My dear, he is in the hands of God, with whom all things is possible. I fervently hope—nay, I may say I have faith to believe—that he will be spared to become an honored instrument in proing the cause of God's truth.'

'Thank you, dear father,' said Rose, rising and winding her arms around his neck, and kissing his forehead again and again.

'I have watched over him,' said Mr. Annesly, 'from his youth. I have thought that it was permitted that his estate should be withheld from him, in order to prepare him for some great work. If such be God's design, he will verily accomplish it in his own good time.''

Intense as had been the daughter's affection for her father from her very infancy, she now felt that she loved him more than ever, for the hopeful words he had spoken.

After a long silence, she again asked: 'Father, do you think he is a Christian?'

'My mind is not clear on that point. I could wish that all who profess to be Christians were as orderly in their outward walk as he. His heart is with the persecuted people of God. While I rejoice to see him stand forth their bold defender, I have also trembled lest his spirit should not be duly tempered with the meekness and gentleness of Christ.'

'Oh, that he would return!' said Rose.

'I would that he might return ere I slept with my fathers. There is a storm coming upon the persecuted remnant. You would be but ill prepared to buffet the billows alone.'

'I can bear,' says Rose, meekly, 'whatever Providence sees fit to lay upon me.'

'Trust not in your own strength, my daughter.'

'I do not. I trust in the promise—' as thy day is so shall thy strength be.'

'You are right. Rest there and you are safe. Let us now worship God.'

The evening portion was read, and the evening prayer was offered. When mention was made of Rose, there was a fervency of petition which, while it absorbed her soul in devotion, thrilled it with undefined terror. Did a guardian spirit, forewarned of what was speedily coming to pass, give direction to his thoughts and feeling? Is it only in the language of poetry that coming events can be said to cast their shadows before?

The next morning Rose awoke, as usual, with the dawn. She failed to hear the murmured voice of prayer from her father's apartment. For years beyond which her memory could not reach, he was accustomed to rise before the break of day, to study the written word, and to commune with its holy Author. The first sound which used to salute her ear, on waking, were the tones of his voice in prayer.

'He is growing old,' said Rose, 'and needs more rest. I will not disturb him.

She entered upon the noiseless performance of her domestic duties. The frugal breakfast was prepared, but still he who was to ask the blessing of God upon it did not make his appearance.

After waiting for a long time, Rose rapped at the door. No answer was returned. She rapped again. Still there was no sound within but the ticking of the clock, which was fearfully distinct. Her hand trembled, and her breast beat violently, as she opened the door.

Her father was, to all appearance, asleep upon his pillow. His eyes were closed, and his countenance wore a serene composure. 'Father,' said Rose. Still there was no voice or movement. She stepped cautiously forward, and laid her hand upon his forehead. The touch sent an icy coldness to her heart. The angel of death had released his spirit without disturbing his slumbers.

Rose sunk into a chair which stood near, and gazed with tearless eye upon that 'chill, changeless brow.' The sun had mounted high in the heavens, and still she was alone with the dead. So sudden and stunning was the blow, that her thoughts had not even wandered to him who now constituted the only tie that bound her to the earth.

A loud knocking at the cottage door roused her. She opened it, and an officer of the law stood before her. He started back from her bloodless and haggard countenance. She made no reply to his questions, but led him to the bedside of the deceased.

'Ah,' said the officer to his attendant, 'we have less to do here than we supposed.'

'Your prey has escaped you,' said Rose bursting into tears, and returning to her chamber.—There she knelt and gave thanks that her father had been translated without confinement in prisons, in which so many had languished, because they would not symbolize with popery, or regard as sacred the inventions of men.

The disappointed agents of persecution spread the news of the death at the cottage, which was soon filled with those who had received spiritual nourishment at the hand of the departed one.—They proffered to the orphan girl the sympaty of Christian hearts. With that absence of rites, peculiar to the Puritans of that period, they laid the body in its last resting place.

The property of the deceased, the remnant of former affluence, was deemed sufficient to support the orpban; but her friends had reckoned without the spirit of persecution, or rather of avarice connected with it. Would the spirit which could withold from a perishing people the light of the gospel, stays its hands from the heritage of the orphan? Heavy fines, which, it was claimed, had been previously imposed, were collected from the estate. Strangers took possession of the cottage, and Rose could only make her appeal to Heaven.

CHAPTER III.

On a sabbath, in the spring of the year 1619, a stranger, in the dress of a British officer, was seated in the church of the Pilgrims at Leyden. He joined with devout attention in the services. He was observed to be visibly affected when prayer was offered for friends in their native land.

He retained his seat while the congregation retired. Pastor Robinson, Elder Brewster, Carver, Bradford, and a few others, bade him welcome to their sanctuary. On the Sabbath day they would ask no questions to gratify their curiosity.

On the morrow, they learned his history. He was returning home from the theatre of war, (a truce having take place) bearing the commendation of his general, as a brave and skilful officer. Their inquiries compelled him to dwell more fully upon his services, than was quite agreeable to his modesty, or his soldierly pride.

The arrangements of the Pilgrims for their departure for America, were well nigh completed.—The difficulties, known only to those who have given careful attention to their history, had, as they hoped, been overcome. They were soon to spread their sails for the western world, there to kindle a light to lighten the nations in all coming time.

One want they needed to have supplied. They had full confidence in their own courage—in their capacity to dare, and to suffer; for they had passed a long apprenticeship. They had their beloved Elder, skilled in theology, and of no inconsiderable experience in affairs of state. Carver and Bradford were competent to be civil leaders in any commonwealth, but no one of the band was possessed of experience in military life. This was regarded as all-important at that time, when experience had not shown that the occasion always brings forth the man. They earnestly desired a military leader.

When, therefore, Standish, with his war-worn countenance and military bearing, was seen devoutly joining in their simple worship, the question arose in many a mind, "Has not Providence sent us the man we need?"

A consultation was held. The stranger was invited to cast in his lot with them and to become their captain. After a brief consideration of their proposal, he gave conditional assent. He would visit his native place. If things were ordered aright, he would return, and go with them over the great waters.

At the earliest practicable moment, attended with the blessings and prayers of the pilgrims, he set sail for England. When her white cliffs rose in sight, he could hardly restrain his impatience at the slow progress of the vessel, though every sail was spread to a favoring breeze. When once on land, he gave himself no rest till within sight of the turrets of Standish Hall.

He was then afraid to make inquiries respecting her whom she was anxious to meet. Long years had passed. Had he still a place in her heart?—There was but our answer to these questions if she were among the living. Death, who spares not the loveliest, might have seized her for his prey.

He passed through the village and hastened towards the cottage. It wore an aspect of neglect. The fragrant honeysuckle which used to be neatly trained around *her* window, had fallen down, and lay trailing on the ground. The flower beds which he had learned to love because they were kept in order by her hand, were overgrown with weeds. The sight caused a quicker throbbing of a heart, whose movements had seldom been disturbed by an advance to "the imminent deadly breach."

A slatternly woman met him at the door. She could give him no information respecting the former owners of the cottage. He turned, and retraced his footsteps towards the village. A heavier load lay at his heart than he had ever felt before.

An aged female, making her toilsome way by the aid of crutches, met him. Both paused at the same moment. 'Are you Miles Standish?' said she, shading her eyes with her withered hand.

'I am.'

'There is one there,' pointing to an humble tenement in a neighboring lane, "who will joy to see you.'

He went forward with an alacrity which led her to exclaim, 'Blessings on him; he has not forgoten her.'

The door of the humble dwelling was open to let in the sunlight. The unusual sound of approaching footsteps brought Rose to the door.—She recognized him, and leaned for support against the doorpost. He rushed forward and prevented her from falling, by receiving her in his arms.

The day was spent in relating to each other the history of the eventful years which had passed since their farewell words were uttered. As Rose spoke of the kindness of the faithful few who had enjoyed her father's ministry—her lover's heart throbbed with increased devotion to the principles taught by that father, and with an increased desire to assist in founding a commonwealth in which they should alone bear sway.

Rose lent a willing ear to the proposal of the Leyden Pilgrims. The glory which Standish might acquire in so adventurous a work was not without its attraction to her ardent mind. But higher motives had a stronger influence. Her devotion to the cause of Puritanism was most entire. To establish a community in which all its principles should be fully recognized, to plant the standard of the cross in a heathen land, she deemed the noblest undertaking in which mortal could engage. The hardships she had suffered since her father's death she regarded as intended to perpare her for the work. She was ready at once to accompany her betrothed to Leyden.

At night they met with a few of her father's flock who remained faithful beneath the rod of the oppressor. It happened that one who ministered in holy things, was present. Standish and Rose were united in marriage, though not after the forms prescribed by the laws of the land. They had no doubt that their union met the approbation of heaven.

One thing more remained to be done, before they left forever the scenes of their childhood.—It was a visit to her father's grave. They repaired thither at the quiet hour of evening. The soft

winds of June caused a gentle rustling in the trees which grew in the church yard, and sweetly fanned the cheeks of the mourners, as they stood by the lowly mound covering one who had been a faithful and true witness, and was now resting from his labors. Rose leaned upon the arm of her husband and wept. Her tears were not tears of bitterness. By that hallowed grave, she consecrated herself to the great work before her. She felt as though the spirit of the departed was near, and witnessed the act. She was sure, at least, that he would rejoice to know that his daughter was engaged in a work of self-denying labor and patient suffering for Christ and for his church.

CHAPTER IV.

'Welcome, daughter,' said the pastor of the Pilgrims, as Captain Standish introduced his bride, whose fair cheek and rejoicing eye told of fewer years than she had actually seen; 'have you counted the cost of this great undertaking?'

'I have,' said she, with a gentle firmness which brought a smile to the lips of the grave and care-worn Carver, who was standing near.

'It is no pleasure voyage on which we are bound,' said he.

'My father taught me that duty, not pleasure, is to be the object of our lives.'

'God's blessings be upon you; he seems to have given you the right spirit. You will be a help and comfort to us.'

'My husband will, I trust, be useful—I hope I may not be a burden.'

During the few days which passed between her arrival and the embarkation at Delft Haven, the whole company became warmly attached to Rose. When the final separation took place, those who were left behind hung upon her as tenderly as upon those with whom they had passed eleven years of exile.

CONCLUDED ON THIRD PAGE.

ROSE STANDISH.

A TALE OF THE PURITANS.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

We pass over the vexatious detention in England, the repeated returns, the crowding of the passengers of the Speedwell on board the May Flower, the long wearisome voyage. Land was at length reached, land swept by the cold blasts of a New England winter. The ship was anchored in Cape Cod harbor, and the captain was sent forth at the head of an exploring party, to select a place for erecting their habitations.

In the course of the long dreary month, during which the May Flower lay in Cape Cod harbor, there were hearts on board which began to faint, not thro' the failing of the spirit, but of the body. Then it was, that the buoyant spirit of Rose found its sphere of usefulnes. Her cheerful air, and encouraging smile, and calm confidence, and hopeful words, and ready assistance, cheered many a desponding heart, and lightened many a heavy burden. It was only during the absence of her husband, that the most observant eye could perceive a trace of anxiety upon her countenance.—She feared that he might be overwhelmed by the waves while coasting along the shore, in the frail shallop, or pierced amid the thick forest, by the Indian's noiseless arrow.

Sad days were those for the devoted band.—Sufferings of which they had not dreamed came upon them. The wife of the beloved Bradford perished in the deep during his absence from the ship. Hollow coughs and hectic cheeks gave intimation that the first planting upon the land would be that of graves.

'Rose,' said Standish, on his return from his second exploring tour, 'your cheeks grow pale, and your strength is failing. My heart reproaches me for bringing you here to endure such hardships. I did not foresee this.'

'My husband, I have never been so happy in my life, as I have been since the ship cast anchor in this bay.'

An incredulous smile passed over his features.

'Believe me, I have never been so happy—no not even when my young heart's affections were first given to you, as I have been on board this vessel. I have never before had an opportunity of devoting myself entirely to the happiness of others.'

'You must not destroy your life in so doing.'

'I take as much care of myself, for your sake, as is possible in the circumstances in which we are placed. Whatever becomes of me, I am sure you will aid in kindling a light which will shine to the ends of the earth.'

'When we once get a resting place upon shore, I can do more for your comfort.'

'I shall be glad to set foot on shore, but our comfort must be found in our work. We are sent to prepare the way of the Lord, and like the Baptist, must suffer the hardships of the wilderness.'

The third and last exploring party had been sent out. They had kept the sabbath shelterless amid the storm, on Clark's Island. Their feet had pressed the rock, to be held in everlasting remembrance. They had selected the spot where their altars were to be reared, and the undying fires of freedom kindled.

The ship weighed anchor, and on the 16th of December, (O. S.) wore round into the bay of Plymouth.

As soon as the anchor was dropped, Rose was on the deck, surrounded by a group of her fellow pilgrims, to whom she pointed out the place where their homes were to be prepared. Some listened with glistening eyes, to her glowing descriptions of the scenes which should be witnessed there; some smiled faintly, and shook their heads, as if conscious that their only dwelling on the longed-for shore would be the 'narrow house.'

Those of the pilgrims who were able to go on shore, commenced the work of erecting their rude dwellings. How well they were adapted to repel the rigors of the climate, we may gather from the fact that they were roofed with thatch, and that oiled paper supplied the place of glass. The number of efficient laborers was diminished daily by disease. Scarcely had the first tree been felled, when Richard Betterige was brought back to the ship, not to leave her till carried forth to become the first tenant of the spot selected as the burial place of the pilgrims.

While the able bodied men of the company were thus engaged on shore, (when the frequent storms would permit,) the direction of matters fell almost entirely upon Rose. The "captain's lady" was referred to on every occasion. The increasing amount of illness called for her personal services night and day. Many remonstrated with her for going beyond her strength, yet they felt that none could take her place.

The child of Christopher Martin was taken ill. He was a gentle, intelligent boy, the favorite of all on board. Rose had been his instructor during the voyage, and he loved her almost as well as he loved his own mother. His case awakened peculiar sympathy, and everything that kindness could do was done to save him from an early grave.

A dim light was burning in the cabin of the May Flower. The Captain was sleeping upon the bare floor, his military habits of endurance causing him to relinquish to others the comforts to which his rank entitled him. Rose was sitting with the sick child in her arms; the mother, worn out with watching, was sleeping heavily in her chair.

After a short season of rest, Standish rose and took the child in his arms. She kissed his cheek as he stooped to perform this act of kindness.—He then, in a whisper, requested her to seek repose. She pointed to the child, and retained her place by his side. In silence they watched his rapidly shortening breath. There was a slight struggle, and all was still. The repose of death rested on the face of the beautiful boy.

The Captain gave his wife a look, as he raised his eyes from the lifeless child, which seemed to her to read her thoughts; for the first time since she set foot on the deck of the May Flower, her eyes were filled tears.

He laid it gently in the little cradle, and took Rose in his arms, where she reclined like an infant, and slept sweetly on his bosom till the break of day.

It was with a manifest reluctance which surprised all who witnessed it, that the Captain went on shore that morning, to press forward the work of erecting habitations.

CHAPTER V.

'When shall we be permitted to keep the Sabbath on shore?' said Rose to her husband, as he came on board, at the close of a weary day.

'On the next Sabbath, the Elder says, we shall worship in the Common House,' said Standish.

The information occasioned a smile of pleasure, like to those which rested upon her lips in earlier days.

The long-wished-for Sabbath morning came.—It was cold, but the sun shone brightly on the snow-clad hills. Rose was among the first to be prepared to take the boat for the shore. 'My dear,' said a mother in Israel, 'you are not well enough to go. How very pale you are?' A sad, sweet smile, and a silent pressure of the hand, was her only answer.

With the aid of her husband, she passed down the side of the vessel, and was soon standing on the rock. She paused for a moment, as if in mental devotion, and then went forward, leaning on the arm of her husband. He perceived that her step was unsteady, but hoped it was owing to long confinement on shipboard, and not mortal weakness. They reached the Common House, in which the services were to be held. Carver, Bradford and Brewster were sitting by the fireside. The Elder gave Rose his seat by the side of Carver. The congregation was soon collected, and their worship began.

The soldier paid more attention to his wife than to the words of the Elder. His eyes were fixed upon her sunken cheek and bloodless lip.—He observed the wrapt attention with which she listened to the Elder, as he described the glories of the heavenly land, and was convinced that she would soon be translated thither.

The protracted services came to a close. The earnest desire of Rose's heart had been gratified; she had joined in the first act of religious worship on the shores of New England.

It was with difficulty that she rose to return to the ship. She could not conceal from her husband the deadly sickness which came upon her. He bore her in his arms to the boat. He bared his own person to the freezing wind, while he placed his rough garments around her. When she was borne over the side of the ship, there was weeping from the fact that the days of the beautiful pilgrim were numbered.

The next day the Captain would fain have remained on board; but Indians had been seen in the vicinity, and he must be at his post. Rose lacked not such attention as it was in the power of her companions to bestow. Perhaps there were none on board who would not have expended their last strength in her behalf.

On the morning of the 29th of January, as the captain was about to go on shore, she retained his hand. He understood that she wished him to remain with her. He sat down by the side of her couch, and wept. They were the first and last tears seen upon his cheeks by the pilgrims.

'My husband,' said Rose, with her sweetest smile, 'we must soon part. You know what the Elder said of the heavenly city.'

The lips of the Captain moved but no audible reply was heard.

'I have rejoiced that it was put in your heart to engage in this work. Few are permitted to live and die in such a cause. Could I have foreseen all this I would have made no change, unless it were to secure a larger supply of faith. I could wish to be spared to be a comfort to you, and thus assist in this great work; but God sees, perhaps, that I should be a hindrance. My last desire is that you should give your whole heart to the work of building up the church in the wilderness.'

The day was passed, for the most part in silence, for she was too feeble to converse. The shadows of evening began to fall. The fierce wind ceased at the setting of the sun. An unusual calmness settled upon the waters. The ship lay as still as an infant sleeping in the cradle. Rose intimated her wish to be taken to her husband's arms.

Carver and Brewster came on board. To each she extended her hand and smiled. Word was passed that the Elder was about to offer prayer.—Every sound was hushed throughout the vessel, all who could, drew near, and reverently joined in the supplications. At first she opened her eyes, and fixed them for a moment upon her husband's countenance. She then closed them and covered them with her hand. Just before the prayer was ended, she rested more heavily upon his arm.—The amen was uttered. She had ceased to breathe.

'Jan. 29, died Rose, the wife of Captain Standish,' is the brief entry made by Bradford in the Pilgrim's Journal.

She was borne, on a stormy day, to her bleak resting-place, by men of stern countenances, but of warm hearts. Her husband would permit no hand but his own to fill her grave. It was the eighth one dug during that month in the first burial-place. 'On that spot have lain to rest together—the earth carefully smoothed down, that the Indians might not count their number—the true, the beautiful, the brave, till the heavens be no more. There, certainly, was buried the first Governor, 'with three volleys of shot fired over him;' and there was buried Rose, the wife of Miles Standish.'*

Choate's Oration.

☞The following communication will, we take it, be read with mingled sensations of pity and curiosity—pity for the disconsolate condition of the fair Jill who has sought so "untiringly," but, alas, in vain, till youth and beauty are now both passing away, for her appointed Jack, and curiosity to know who it can be, that, rendered almost desperate by the contemplation of an un-ending spinsterhood, now become so probable, as at length resorted to the somewhat unusual expedient of advertising for a husband. Our readers are at liberty to pity as much as they please, but their *curiosity* cannot be gratified. We can keep a secret, and in this case we mean to do so most sacredly. Of course, none of our readers will, for a moment, think of doubting either the genuineness of the subjoined *advertisement for a husband*, or that our *fair* correspondent, who says, in substance, with that other Rosalind, "Come, woo me, woo me," is "like enough to consent" to become the other self of any passably decent "Cœlebs in search of a wife," who may see fit to offer her "his hand with his heart in it." Why, indeed, *should* there be any such doubt? Have not four hundred men gone from Nantucket to California? and was there not a party the other evening, at which thirty ladies were present, and not a *single* gentleman? Ladies are getting to be fearfully in the majority here,—they are, indeed,—though we feel bound to say, that the report that one of them has been appointed Chief Director of our Fire Department is not correct; no such appointment has *as yet* been made. Notwithstanding this glut in the market, we think our correspondent ought to stand a fair chance of being one of the few that will be chosen,—that is led to the altar,—during the next two years; for her faith in the "*honesty*" of some at least of the other sex, appears to be peculiarly large, and men who are given to *professing* that they idolize the ladies, like, of course, to be believed; she is clearly not in the mood to echo the depreciating remark of *Shakspeare*'s Rosalind, "Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

Now that the ice is broken, we should not wonder if others among us, of the fairer half of creation, should follow the example of Rosalind, and advertise for husbands. Should any feel disposed to do so, we would modestly suggest to them the propriety of availing themselves of the advantages of our advertising columns, which would seem to be the most appropriate place for their applications; and as we are disposed to be as accommodating as possible, we will take jobs of the kind on the most reasonable terms.

For the Inquirer.

Mr. Editor:—We are often told that while there's life there's hope; that hope hovers around the cradle, and leaves us not 'till it can image naught more lovely than the blissful reality.—With these and kindred truths, I have long tried to comfort myself, but in vain.

I have stood beside the young, the happy and the beloved,—I have seen the "love light" in their eyes,—but when I would have rejoiced with them, I have felt that I was alone, *alone*, and the smile has fled from my lip, the tears have filled my eyes. I have dashed them aside, and once more devoted myself untiringly to the task of seeking a husband. My search thus far, I grieve to say, has been unavailing, but knowing that there are a few sensible men this side of California, and also knowing that sensible men peruse newspapers, I have decided to communicate my wishes to the public through the columns of your paper, hoping that some one will "pity my sorrows."

I will not describe the person I should choose for a companion; I am not fastidious; Oh, no! all that I ask for is an honest man, for "an honest man is the noblest work of God." I can say but little of myself, but truth compels me to state that I am not very young, and not very handsome. I have no hoards of glittering dust to lavish on the object of my love, but I can give him with my hand, a true heart, overflowing with affection, a heart that requires but some one to cling to, and call its own, to render it truly blessed. If the feelings so faintly depicted in this hasty sketch awaken reciprocal feelings in the breast of any reader, I shall at last be able to rest from my labors, and exclaim, in the words of the Peri,

"Joy! joy, forever, my task is done;"

and also add, my earthly heaven is won. An answer can be communicated to me through the columns of your paper. Yours,

ROSALIND.

BE QUIET, DO!

As I was sitting in a wood,
Under an oak tree's leafy cover,
Musing in pleasant solitude,
Who should come up but John my lover.
He pressed my hand and kissed my cheek
Then warmer growing, kissed the other,
While I exclaimed and strove to shriek,
"Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother."

He saw my anger was sincere,
And lovingly began to chide me;
Then wiping from my cheek the tear,
He sat him on the grass beside me.
He feigned such pretty amorous woe,
Breathed such sweet vows one after other,
I could but smile, while whispering low,
"Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!"

He talked so long, and talked so well,
And swore he meant not to deceive me;
I felt more grief than I can tell,
When with a sigh he rose to leave me;
"O John," said I, "and must thou go?
I love thee better than all other;
There is no need to hurry so;
I never meant to call my mother!"

Self-Discipline.—1. *Temperance.*—Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation.

2. *Silence.*—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

3. *Order.*—Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

4. *Resolution.*—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform, without fail what you resolve.

5. *Frugality.*—Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.

6. *Industry.*—Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

☞The man who is most slow in promising is most sure to keep his word.

☞The family of Mrs. Brown, a good widow, consisting of six daughters, had the misfortune to be poor and proud. Above the gross vulgarity of manual labor, though not above its necessity, they lived in "stuck up" idleness, and depended mainly on the hard earnings of their mother for support. Finally, Maria, who was the youngest, and rather pretty, managed to win the heart and hand of the village physician, and got married. The alliance being considered as a decided step "up in the world" by all the family. The single sisters grew up prouder and lazier than ever, while the doctor's wife took a new and improved set of airs to match her advancement in the scale of "good society." Being comfortably bestowed in her new house, she began to feel the need of somebody to mind the pots and kettles; and seeing a neighbor (a thrifty mechanic, who used to be "boss" to her father in the same carpenter's shop) going past the door, she called out to him, in an affected manner, to know "where she should find a servant?"—expecting to get an offer of one of his daughters. "Well, I don't know," said the carpenter, "help is a little hard to be got just now, but there is the widow Brown's girls, who I should think you might get, as they are dreadful poor, and seem to be always out of work." Some neighbors who overheard the colloquy say that madam retreated into her house with a precipitancy that was quite alarming to behold, and never spoke of the carpenter afterwards, but as "a vulgar fellow who knew nothing of the proper distinctions of society."—*Bost. Post.*

☞The greatest effort of friendship is, not the discovery of our faults to a friend, but the endeavoring to make him see his own.

Heavenly Bodies.—A stout, bustling little woman came into the vestry of a church to see the clergyman, one morning, just after the reading of prayers. She held in her arms a sturdy specimen of manhood in embryo, who was crying lustily.

"Please sir," said she, with a courtesy, "will you be so kind as to tell me whether my child is a seraphim or a cherubim?"

"Young woman," said the learned divine, "why do you joke with the authorized prayer of the church?"

"Please, sir, I ain't joking—only I want to know whether my son Augustus is a seraphim or a cherubim?"

"Neither, woman, neither. How can you ask?"

"Oh, but I know it's one or the other," said she, "because you said this morning 'the cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,' and my son is always at it."

Valuable Advice.—The editor of the Racine Advocate winds up a long article to the ladies, with a word to the "lords":

"A word to married men. *Remember to be polite to your own wives, for if you are not, others will be,*"

Courtship of Captain Miles Standish.

A TRUE HISTORICAL NARRATIVE.

BY MOSES MULLINS, 1672.

Miles Standish in the Mayflower came
Across the stormy wave,
And in that little band was none
More generous and brave.

Midst cold December's sleet and snow
On Plymouth rock they land;
Weak were their hands, but strong their hearts,
That pious pilgrim band.

Oh, sad it was in their poor huts
To hear the storm-winds blow;
And terrible at midnight hour,
When yell'd the savage foe.

And when the savage grim and dire,
His bloody work began,
For a champion brave, I have been told,
Miles Standish was the man.

But oh, his heart was made to bow
With grief and pain full low,
For sickness on the pilgrim band
Now dealt a dreadful blow.

In arms of death so fast they fell
They scarce were buried,
And his dear wife, whose name was Rose
Was laid among the dead.

His sorrow was not loud but deep,
For her he did bemoan,
And such keen anguish wrung his heart,
He could not live alone.

Then to John Alden he did speak,
John Alden was his friend,
And said "friend John, unto my wish,
I pray thee now attend.

"My heart is sad, 'tis very sad,
My poor wife Rose is gone,
And in this wild and savage land
I cannot live alone.

"To Mr. William Mullins, then,
I wish you would repair,
And see if he will give me leave
To wed his daughter fair."

Priscilla was this daughter's name;
Comely and fair was she,
And kind of heart she was withal,
As any maid could be.

John Alden, to oblige his friend;
Straightway to Mullins went,
And told his errand like a man,
And asked for his consent.

Now Mr. Mullins was a sire
Quite rational and kind,
And such consent would never give,
Against his daughter's mind.

He told John Alden, if his child
Should be inclin'd that way,
And Captain Standish was her choice,
He had no more to say.

He then call'd to his daughter dear
And straightway did retire,
That she might with more freedom speak,
In absence of her sire.

John Alden had a bright blue eye,
And was a handsome man,
And when he spoke, a pleasant look
O'er all his features ran.

He rose, and in a courteous way
His errand did declare,
And said, "fair maid, what word shall I
To Captain Standish bear?"

Warm blushes glowed upon the cheeks
Of that fair maden then;
At first she turned away her eyes,
Then look'd at John again;

And then, with downcast, modest mien,
She said with trembling tone,
"Now prithee, John, why dost thou not
Speak for thyself alone?"

Deep red then grew John Alden's face;
He bade the maid good bye;
But well she read before he went,
The language of his eye.

No matter what the language said,
Which in that eye was rife—
In one short month Priscilla was
John Alden's loving wife.

WOMAN AND MARRIAGE.

He that, after ten denials,
Dares attempt no further trials,
Hath no warrant to acquire
The dainties of his chaste desire.—[*Spencer.*

Oh! pleasant is the welcome kiss,
When day's dull round is o'er,
And sweet the music of the step,
That meets me at the door.—[*Drake.*

If there is a tie deemed sacred on earth, and holy in a brighter land, 'tis that which binds man to his kindred spirit to welcome as one in unity and love; and yet it rarely happens that he properly appreciates the kindness and sincerity of the female heart, by setting a right value on a gem so productive of happiness to the possessor. There is nothing in life so pure and devoted as the unquenchable love of woman. More priceless than the gems of Golconda, and more devout than the idolatry of Mecca, is the unsealed and gushing tenderness which flows from the fount of the female heart.

It may here with propriety be asked, what so often enhances the sorrow of the female heart, causing many anxious days and sleepless nights. Is it not the inconsistency of man? For whose sake does she depart from her kindred, and bid adieu to the home of childhood? For whom does she leave the loved father, and the doting mother; and the sweet sisters who played with her in infancy? To whom does she cling with a fond embrace, when all but her have forsaken him.

Woman, from the delicacy of her nature, cannot, like man, traverse the distant countries of the earth, and by travel find a healing balm for the rooted sorrows of the agonized bosom; she cannot, like him, interest herself in the political affairs of the nation. Oh, no, her chief delight is in the domestic circle, there to illume with joy the tranquil fireside of home, and if the "Star Spangled Banner" of her country is only honored and respected among the nations of the earth, 'tis all she desires.

She is a shrine where man should bow him down,
Forget his paltry mean-souled love of self;
And in the sunlight of her purity
See the dark shadows of his own vile heart.

MORAL BEAUTY OF FEMALES.—No woman can be handsome by the force of her features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech. Nor is she capable of being beautiful who is not *capable* of being *false*. It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys and soften the cares of humanity, by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. She who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excelling qualities, may be allowed still to amuse as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

WOULD HAVE SCHOOLING.—A little boy by the name of O'Brien, about 13 years old, was charged with being stubborn, not minding his mother. The indictment said when she punished him it did no good. His mother did not appear against him. He plead guilty. He was in the Police Court on Saturday, most all day, waiting an opportunity to get admitted to the State Reform School. Has several times asked an officer to complain of him that he might be sent to the above institution, where he could get an education. The poor boy could not find admission to that institution until he passed through the ordeal of a criminal court and was complained of for some offence, and he knew it. There was no evidence whatever that O'Brien was a stubborn boy. It is too bad that such boys cannot be schooled without the aid of such an alternative, they being considered unfit for our common schools.—*Chronotype.*

FORSAKEN.

We know the heart is mighty still,
And it loves with an earnest might,
But if each one thou holdest dear
Should now thy kindness slight,
And coldly leave thee all alone
Alone to live and die—
How would'st thou stop the heart's deep moan?
And dry the moistened eye?

I'd calmly turn to God alone,
The True, the Same, the Best;
And stars and winds, and trees and fields
I'd welcome to my breast;
And think that they were loving me!
True friends, and true courtesy. E. G. H.

THE ONE BENEATH THE WAVE.

Come back from memory's mourning urn
And bless my sight again;
For now in restless dreams I turn
To clasp thy hand—in vain!
I bid thy gentle spirit come
And look once more on me;
But thou art slumbering where the foam
Rolls madly o'er the sea.

Alas! how soon our better years
To tempest winds are blown,
And all our hopes, and joys, and fears
Alike are widely strown.—
She rests in yonder village mound,
Who should have been thy bride,
And thou art sleeping 'neath the sound
Of ocean's flowing tide.

FRESHNESS OF THE HEART.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father to the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.
[WORDSWORTH.

LAST DEGREE OF RELATIONSHIP.—A Hoosier stepped on board of a steamboat as she was lying to at a certain port on the Ohio river, and bawled out "is the captain aboard?"

The captain, who was standing among the crowd, responded "yes; what do you want with him?"

"Oh nothing particular; he's a distant relation of mine, and I'd like to see him."

"A relation of yours?" inquired the captain, somewhat surprised.

"Yes, a slight relation; he's the father of my first child."

You'd better believe the captain sloped, while the crowd enjoyed the sport to their heart's content.

SAD PREDICAMENT.—A young parson lost his way, and it being a rainy day, he happened upon a poor cottage, and desired a lodging and some fire to warm him. The man told him that he and his wife had but one bed, and if he pleased to lie with them, he would be welcome. The parson thanked him, and kindly accepted of it. In the morning the man rose to go to market, and meeting some of his neighbors, he fell to laughing. They asked him what made him so merry about the mouth. Why, says he, I am thinking how ashamed the parson will be when he awakes, to find himself alone in bed with my wife.—*Philadelphia Messenger.*

TOUCHING EXPRESSION.—A certain lady had two children, both young and nearly of the same age. But the older one, by some whim or accident, possessed all the mother's affections: there was none for the younger, nothing but harshness. Very lately the mother fell sick and was confined to her bed. While lying there, she heard gentle footsteps approaching it. 'Is that you, *my child*!' said the sick woman. 'No, mamma,' naively and softly said the resigned one, 'it is *me*.' Most parents will understand this simple answer.

Burns.

"On one occasion," says Mr. K———, our informant, "Burns had been in the habit of laying aside some pence weekly from his slender earnings to purchase a book entitled "Scotish Melodies," which he had read and was anxious to own. By the most rigid economy he at length acquired a sum sufficient to obtain the greatly desired work, and was on his way to procure the volume, when passing by a wretched cottage, he heard the cry of children for bread. Prompted by the generous feelings of his heart, he entered to learn the condition of the family, and found a weak emanciated mother, engaged with her needle, sewing together some rags to cover her half naked children. They were shivering around her, without food or fire, exposed to the inclemency of a cold November wind, which found its way through many an open crevice into their miserable tenement.

"The woman informed him that her husband had left several weeks before in a drunken frolic, since which time they had not heard from him, and that they had that morning eaten their last meal of potatoes. This was the only kind of food they had eaten for several days, nor did they know from what source they were to obtain more. Burns could hear no more, but placing before them the few shillings he had suffered such self-denial to procure, without waiting for the thanks of the grateful family, except as they were expressed by tears of joy, retraced his steps homeward. "Often," says Mr. K———, have I heard him say he experienced more pleasure from that act than he should from the posession of the best library in the kingdom."

A Home in the Country.—The country home that has its shade trees, its shrubbery and flowers, has hallowed memories to win back the hearts of its wanderers, and brighten their gloomiest hours. The woman who fails to have a green spot and shade at her door, fails in one important part of her domestic mission! Her home will not be so endeared to its inmates as it otherwise should be. True, the outside decorations should belong to a man's labor; but very many men will not plant a tree or flower, who could be taught to love them, and add to them if some one would begin. So, girls, do not scrub and cook and scour until you have no time left to plant a tree or vine and flower! Little care will suffice them when once planted; and they will do more to beautify and adorn your home than the contents of a tin pedlar's cart, polished every Saturday, until they dazzle you and outshine the neighborhood.

Charity.—Pisistratus, the Grecian general, walking through some of the fields, several persons implored his charity. "If you want beasts to plough your land," said he, "I will lend you some; if you want land, I will lend; if you want seed to sow your land, I will give you some; but I will encourage none in idleness." By this conduct, in a short time, there was not a beggar in his dominions.

PRESENTIMENT.

On the day of Lieutenant Dale's death in Syria, (he belonged to the United States expedition to the Dead Sea) his wife, being then in Pennsylvania, remarked to a gentleman, who has since testified to the fact: "I wish you to note this day; my spirits are so oppressed, my feelings are so unaccountably strange, that I am sure some great calamity awaits me—note it, that this is the 24th of July." It was the day her husband died.

The editor of the Boston Transcript says: "The fact of Mrs. Dale's remarkable presentiment was communicated to us some months since, on such authority as admitted no question of the truth of the statement."

Nature is ever changing, ever new; why be uneasy, it is the law?

'The Old Man.'

No expression that we are acquainted with grates so harshly upon our ears as that of 'old man,' when it comes from the lips of a son, speaking of his father. It is irreverent, and shows a *lack* of some kind of training of the child. The person who habitually uses the expression is either intimate with low characters, or he does not feel that respect and reverence due from a child to a parent.

Old man is used as a term of reproach, a sort of by-word, and a bugaboo to scare bad children, and in the manner used expresses a sort of contempt, or don't care.

There are several stages to be gone through before the old man is brought on. Pa, pappy, and father have had their day, and as the young swell, lazily rolls his cigar or end of tobacco to the other corner of his mouth, strokes his goose-down chin, he replies with a curl of his lip, of the gentleman of whom he is interrogated. 'That's nobody but the old man.'

Young chaps that frequent oyster cellars, beer saloons and fashionable wine-shops, who have learned to say 'damme' with a grace, who can smoke a 'regalia,' or chew 'ladies twist,' without making them sick, or walk a crack with three glasses of champaign—these are the sprigs who talk of 'the old man' who don't know they're out.

We have also heard these same characters speak of their mothers as 'the old woman.'—True, it's no heinous offence, yet it *shows*—and it shows as plainly as any other silly swagger, what company they keep, and the estimate they place upon their parents' love and care, for so many years.

They know it's wrong, and generally use more respectful expressions when in the company of ladies, and no more call their parents 'the old man' and 'old woman' to their faces, than they would kiss a pretty girl with a quid of tobacco in their mouths, or without disguising their breaths with a 'pinch of cloves.'

The only class of men in the world who are not in the habit of desparaging their neighbors, are the assessors of taxes; for it is well known that they never "underrate" any body in the slightest degree.

"Omit no opportunity of doing good, and you will find no opportunity to do ill.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, in company of Mrs. Childs, the authoress, is just now rusticating with her two daughters, at Lenox, Mass. One of the gossipping newspaper correspondents says, a few days since, "the last of the Kembles" formed one of a numerous party of young ladies (attached to a boarding school in the neighborhood) who went on a jaunt from Lenox to Mount Washington. The expedition was made up of a large, uncovered wagon, drawn by four spirited horses. This vehicle contained the young misses. A single carriage, containing the matron and her driver, trudged along behind. The only outrider visible was Mrs. Butler, on a spirited, beautiful grey horse. She was in a plaid skirt (black and white) a black jacket (not a sack) closely fitting, a felt hat, a black lace veil, hawking gloves, and for the freer use of her person, a pair of white pantaloons, well strapped down to her boots, which were decked with a fine pair of spurs.—The party was gone several days, and camped out with their tents in the forests of the mountain.—*New York Mirror*

None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do.

Influence of Women.—The mind of woman is peculiarly constituted, and exquisitely adapted for playing upon and influencing the finer parts of man's nature; and whensoever the heart of man is dead to that influence, it is dead to almost every higher and purer feeling which alone distinguishes him from the beasts of the forest. As women are respected by the men of the age, so may, from time to time, be traced by an unerring measure, the degree of civilization to which that generation has attained. We do not mean by *respect*, the senseless adoration—the outward adulation, but real contempt—displayed towards women during the middle ages, but a deeper, a more lasting, a more valuable kind of respect.

A Greek Husband.—I called yesterday on a Greek lady, and on her lamenting that she had not been out of her house for a week, because her husband was too much engaged to walk with her, begged her to accompany me in a country ramble.

"My husband will not allow me to do so," she replied.

"No," interrupted the amiable man, "I never permit her to enjoy any pleasure which I cannot share. I am busied all day in providing for her comfort. Let her stay at home. Why should she enjoy the fresh air, while I am shut up in a close counting-house."—*Sketches of Corfu.*

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BRISTOL—MURDER OF A WIFE BY HER HUSBAND.—Two fine ships, the Try and Clara Symes, sailed from this port for the Australian colonies last week, the first with 260 passengers, and the second with nearly 400. On Tuesday night, a shoemaker of this town, named Spear, a man of drunken habits, murdered his wife by stabbing her in the bowels with a clasp-knife. He was drinking in the Castle tavern, when his wife made her appearance in a very excited state with her child in her arms, and, after throwing a pipe at him, abused him for having pawned two of her dresses for the purpose of raising money to pay for drink. At the same time she called for some rum for herself. A minute or two elapsed, when the prisoner walked over to the place where his wife was standing, and stabbed her in the abdomen, the knife passing into the pelvis and dividing the iliac artery. Death was almost instantaneous. The man was taken into custody, and was committed on Thursday on the verdict of the jury to take his trial on the charge of wilful murder. The unfortunate woman was pregnant, and has left four children.

BARBAROUS INFANTICIDE.—*Barnstaple, Saturday.*—Our usually quiet town has, within the last day or two, been shocked by the rumour that a young woman, named Eliza Boucher, a servant in the employ of Mr. W. Wadham Hill, hairdresser and perfumer, of High-street, had been delivered of an illegitimate child, which she had afterwards destroyed by burning it in the washhouse furnace. It appears that her condition was suspected by her mistress, who taxed her with being *enciente*, but the young woman stoutly denied such an insinuation. Discoveries were made, however, which left no doubt of her confinement having taken place, whereupon she was again questioned as to her conduct. She then admitted that she had been confined, and stated that she had thrown the child in the river. Subsequently, however, she said she had buried it in the ashpit, and, as if to give a plausibility to her story, she commenced digging herself, as if to bring it out. At length, however, all attempts to conceal the truth failed, and she confessed that she had burnt the infant in the washhouse furnace, where she had kindled a large fire early on the washing morning. She was then of course handed over to the police authorities; but she was now too ill to be examined. Such an act of barbarity has not been perpetrated in the county of Devon for many years.

ACCIDENT AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, LONDON—DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A SERPENT.—On Wednesday morning, soon after eight o'clock, John Girling, the keeper of the reptiles, lost his life by an act of imprudence on his own part which appears almost incredible. Instead of proceeding at that hour with his fellow-servant to perform their usual duty before the arrival of visitors, he most improperly began to play with some of the most venemous serpents, and actually removed one of them, the Indian cobra di capello, from its cage. After it had crawled about his person for some seconds, he drew it from his waistcoat, and it then bit him on the bridge of his nose, close to the eyes. He had courage and presence of mind, notwithstanding his previous incautiousness, to replace and secure it in the cage, which is so constructed that no injury can possibly be inflicted by the serpents upon their attendants if ordinary care is exercised by them. The unfortunate man was in possession of a preparation of *Libama cedron*, said to be a specific against serpent poison, and was acquainted with the method of applying it; but it appears that, although sensible of his danger, he forgot to resort to this means of assistance. He desired his fellow-servant to go for the head keeper and superintendent, who were immediately brought to him. He was then removed to the University Hospital, where, however, medical aid proved unavailing, and before nine o'clock he had expired. The young man had been about eighteen months in his situation, and was fully acquainted with the habits and power of the animals under his care.

A Mexican Anecdote.

'Dick,' of the New Orleans Delta, gives the following good one:—The people of the Capital had been told that the Americans eat children, and all these pledges of love had been removed. Lieutenant M., of the dragoons, having heard this story, accosted a man, and asked him if he knew where he could get 'a *nice fat boy* for supper'—adding that he was 'very hungry.'

The astonished Mexican answered, with a doleful shake of the head, '*hay* no.'

'Well,' said M., 'as I'm hungry, I aint particular—let us have a little girl, then.'

The poor man, still more horrified, declared that there were none of these in the village.

M. then turned to him and inquired, 'Well, show me a market where I can get a piece of a full-grown man.'

This was too much for the Mexican, and he took to his heels in the twinkling of a jackknife.

A DISSIMULATOR.—One of the most dangerous characters in the world is a man who habitually sacrifices the eternal, immutable obligations of truth and justice, and the charities of social life, at the shrine of an abstract principle.

☞ An Italian woman is stated to have been publicly flogged with sticks, at Milan, on the 27th ult., by order of the Austrian military authorities.

☞ Do not try too hard to be happy. Many run about after felicity, like an absent man hunting for his hat, while it is in his hand or on his head.

HORRID MURDERS IN STAFFORDSHIRE.

One of the most tragical murders which has been committed in Staffordshire for many years was perpetrated early on Monday morning, near the county town. The place where it occurred is situated about three miles from Stafford, on the Wolverhampton road, down a narrow and secluded lane. The house was occupied by an aged couple, named Blackband, who, in addition to the land and buildings adjoining, were also the owners of several fields. Naturally of a penurious turn, and imagining the safest place for his wealth to be on his person, he invariably carried about with him a large purse of gold in his trousers pocket; and it is supposed to have been the knowledge of this fact which induced some person or persons to conceive the idea of murdering the old man and woman for the purpose of possessing their wealth. About eight, A.M., information was sent to Stafford that a cottage at Moss Pit was on fire, and engines were immediately dispatched to the place.—On breaking open the doors it was discovered that the fire originated upstairs, but from the quantity of smoke and flame it was found to be impossible to gain access to the bedroom. Ladders were then procured, and holes made in the roof, and subsequently, upon the arrival of the fire engines, the devouring element was extinguished, but not until the floor had been partially destroyed. On ascending the staircase the first objects which presented themselves were the bodies of Blackband and his wife, nearly burnt to cinders. A closer examination of the bodies disclosed the fact that the old man and his wife had been murdered. Blackband's head had been clave in with some heavy weapon. The frontal bone was fearfully smashed, and the back part of the head laid open. The other parts of the body, with the exception of the left foot, were completely charred; the right leg was entirely destroyed, the bowels, blackened and burnt, were protruding, and almost every mark of identity or recognition obliterated. Across the bottom of the bed lay the burnt trunk of his wife's body—the arms and legs having been consumed. Over her right eye the bone was broken.

For several years the old man and his wife, in consequence of infirmity, had slept apart in different rooms of the house, the ascent to either bed-room being by different flights of stairs. At the other end of the house, immediately at the bottom of the staircase leading to the old woman's room, was a large pool of blood; and it is supposed that after depriving Blackband of life, the murderer was proceeding to the other end of the house, when he met the old woman on the stairs, and inflicted the fatal blow which caused her death. After this the murderer must have carried her dead body through the house, up the stairs to her deceased husband's room, where, placing her on the same bed, he at once set fire to the clothes and bedding, expecting that by so doing the death of his victims would appear to be the result of accident.

The murder was undoubtedly perpetrated about or immediately after daylight. About half-past seven o'clock a gentleman passed the house, at which time there was no sign of fire; but he observed a man passing a field adjoining the house, as if he had just left it, and who immediately disappeared.

The dog belonging to the murdered man was also found in the well opposite the door, a heavy blow on the head having evidently deprived it of life.

No clue at present has been discovered to the murderer.

During the day crowds of persons visited the place, a most wretched abode for a person of property.

COD-LIVER OIL.—The *Bristol Mirror* records the recovery of a young lady from consumption who was unable to take cod-liver oil in doses, as it would not stay on her stomach, and by the advice of her medical attendant she saturated linen cloths with the oil and applied it externally to the chest.—These were continually changed by day and by night, and in less than three months the lady returned to her family in perfect health.

MELANCHOLY DEATH OF A CLERGYMAN.—The Rev. H. Cooper visited at Bury his daughter, Mrs. Hall, one day last week, previous to her confinement, when she was very ill.—Mr. Cooper was deeply affected at seeing the precarious condition of his daughter, to whom he was fondly attached, and upon leaving her betrayed symptoms of the deepest anguish. Upon going home he took to his bed, where he lingered but a few days, when he sank and died from the effects of paternal grief. During his illness he was constantly inquiring after his daughter's health, but although she died a few days before his decease, he expired totally unconscious of her death, his friends having prudently kept it secret from him.—Both bodies were conveyed together to the same burial place, and committed to the same grave, amidst the deepest affliction of their friends and relatives.

A WONDERFUL JUMP, OR THE IRISHMAN OUTWITTED.—On Friday week, one of the many Irishmen now infesting the country, by hawking cloth, entered the Red Lion Inn, Winsford, and after teasing the watermen that usually resort to that house, to purchase, without effect, one of them drily asked him how much he would take for the number of yards he should be able to jump. The Hibernian replied, "3s." The bargain was made, and the waterman mounted the battlement of Winsford Bridge, with the end of the piece of cloth in his hand, and leaped to the bottom of the river Weaver, taking with him the piece of cloth. The Irishman afterwards compromised with the waterman for twelve yards, at the same time observing that he believed an Englishman would leap to the devil for a yard of cloth.—*Macclesfield Courier.*

EDUCATION.—Education will not create mind, but will elicit and bring it out. It will do more—it will refine, correct, enlarge, and invigorate it.

The Burial at Sea.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.

A great many Temperance Stories have already been written; some humorous, and some pathetic; some fictitious, and some, like the following, "founded on fact." Many of the ablest in our land have been employed in portraying the miseries and the fate of those who "tarry long at the wine; who go to seek mixed wine." It may seem, therefore, highly presumptuous in me to ask the reader to give me his attention while I tell him, in a very few words, *My Temperance Story.*

One evening, as I was coming out of the harbor of Liverpool, on board the noble packet ship ——, I stood, leaning over the railing of the quarter deck, watching the steerage passengers, as they were cooking their suppers in the midships below. It was a picturesque sight. As the small peat fire in the brazier threw its flickering light on the wild, ragged group, I was strongly reminded of the gipsy gangs that still infest some of the rural districts of England. Most of them were Irish; but I could detect occasionally the burly face of the English peasantry; and there was an old German, in close scull cap, and long blue gown, who sat stirring his porringer, like some alchemist over his magic bowl.

Just beneath where I stood, I noticed, particularly, a pale, delicate woman, bending over the fire, preparing her humble meal. Sometimes she would turn around, and listen to a rough, red-faced man, who addressed her in no very gentle tones; and sometimes she would stop to play with two rosy children who sat by her on a chest.—Her form was slender, and she had once been handsome; and there was an unmistakable air of refinement in her gentle manner, the attempted neatness of her coarse dress, that made her, among the squalid objects around her, like Wordsworth's peasant girl, "a sunshine in the shade." When their scanty meal was ready, she took the youngest child by the hand, and beckoned to the surly fellow behind her, who followed her down the gangway, swearing fiercely as he went.

A flattering prospect, thought I, for this delicate creature, who is doomed to leave home and kindred in the tender keeping of such a brute. A porcelain vase would as well be trusted in the hands of a savage! For a young wife and mother to go far from her native land into the wilds of an American forest, is hardship enough, even with the bet of protectors; but a drunken husband, "who can bear?"

For some days after, I noticed, by his unsteady gait and rude treatment of every one who approached him, that he was continually under the excitement of drink, of which he had smuggled a considerable quantity on board. This was once very common, especially among the Irish emigrants, whose generous liberality to the seamen sometimes endangered the safety of the ship. But thanks to a merciful God, who has sent to suffering Ireland the *Great Apostle* of Temperance, this evil is well nigh done away, and the emigrants from that country are now remarkable for their quietness and sobriety.

This man, I observed, from the effect of continued intoxication, soon became quarrelsome; and, one day, in the heat of a scuffle on the forecastle, he was pitched upon the main deck, and his head struck upon the iron cable coiled over the windlass. He was taken up insensible; and a physician who happened to be among the cabin passengers, was called down, and pronounced his recovery hopeless. In the evening, I went down to visit him. A steerage is at best but a noisome place—to a sick man, it must be a very "black hole of Calcutta." The squalid beings who herded together in the same cabin, were gathered in silent groups at the farther extremity, and many had retreated to the main deck. He was in the last stages of a violent fever, accompanied with a most frightful delirium. Over his poor pallet, bent one woman—the same delicate form I had noticed on the first evening, and in the intervals of his paroxysm, her deep-drawn sighs could be distinctly heard. It was nothing to her now that he had so lately abused her, and reviled her, and even cursed her, while performing for him offices of kindness. He was in his dying agonies; and she was his wife, and that was enough.

I could be of no service there, and the scene was too much for me to bear. When I returned to the saloon of the vessel, handsomely garnished and brilliantly lighted, and found my fellow passengers lounging on the sofas, with a novel in their hands, or gathering around the whist table, laughing and jesting, I was forcibly reminded of the contrast of the strange world in which we [illegible] where joy and sorrow are brought into [illegible] and where, as in a great city, there is [illegible] wall separating the travails of birth from the gaiety of the bridal party and [illegible] of death. The next morning, when I came on deck, I observed an unusual soberness on every face.—A group were collected around the mainmast, gazing silently at some object on the deck below. I came up behind them, and looking over the railing, I "*felt* that it was a corpse!" After the summary fashion on board ship, it was enclosed in blankets, bound around with coils of rope, and stretched upon a plank. To the feet, a large weight was soon attached, and the whole was then swung over the ship's side, and made fast with ropes.

As soon as breakfast was concluded, the boatswain piped all hands to the burial. The steerage passengers were seated on the long-boat and the water barrels, and the cabin passengers were gathered on the quarter deck. When the poor widow had come forward, and taken her seat on a little cabin stool, set for the purpose, with her two children by her side, the captain commenced reading the burial service. That nobly eloquent service never sounded to me more solemn. When the captain had concluded the words, "We, therefore, commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead," the signal was given. A heavy plash was heard, and the unsightly mass sunk "like lead in the mighty waters." There was a general rush to the ship's side, as soon as the plunge was heard; but a few bubbles merely were seen rising to the surface—the only memorials that shall ever rise to mark his resting place.

During the day, the wind died away, and by night we were perfectly becalmed. I passed the evening, as I did many while at sea, in walking the deck, and enjoying the calm quiet of an ocean solitude. Not a breath of air was stirring. The sails were idly flapping against the masts, as the ship swung slowly to and fro on the long glassy swells. The moon had just risen from the bosom of the sea and poured its broad stream of light, which played and flashed on the slow undulations of the waters. While I stood watching this peculiarly beautiful appearance of the rays upon the ocean, which every one who has been to sea must have observed, I saw a female come up from the gangway, and creeping up upon the pile of spars where the body had lain, sit down and gaze intently down into the water. It was the poor widow. She had no grave to go to; she could only look upon the treacherous sea, which had so suddenly swallowed up all that was left of him she had so long loved. When I looked at the heart-stricken woman, solitary and forlorn, bereft even of her "broken reed," and left with her helpless children, alone, in the middle of the wide ocean, my heart ached for her. To my mind, the miserable object which had been so unceremoniously cast away, seemed scarce worth a tear. Not so to her. He was her husband, the father of her children, who had not yet sinned away all her early love, and whose degradation and wretched and drew forth all her compassion, and united it to the inextinguishable affection of the wife.

Her case excited great interest among the passengers, who, as a substantial proof of their sympathy, raised a handsome sum to defray her expenses on arriving in a strange land. When I took her this tribute of their sympathy, I asked her some questions relative to her circumstances, and her history. This she willingly gave me. It was the old familiar tale—beginning with the golden days of her girlish love; the vows plighted before the altar of the village church; and the little ivied cottage with its woodbine railing over the door, and contentment seated by its humble fireside. There, she was as happy as the day was long. Then came the temptation—*the fatal first glass*, offered by an old comrade, was soon followed by the second, and this sooner still by the third; and before he was aware, he had become a confirmed drinker. She saw it, and warned; but it was too late. And then came upon her the long agony, which no one who has not felt it knows, the days which brought no light, and the nights which brought no rest; the hours of weary watchfulness; the hopeless labor from morning till night, watered by many an unhidden tear; the slow ooze of the heart's blood, drop by drop, wrung forth by the iron hand of despair! All his cruel treatment, and all his neglect she bore with a woman's fortitude; and, woman like, she returned caresses for every blow. At the end of five years, everything was gone.—The landlord, who had borne with him very patiently, at last informed him that, as there were so many sober men out of employment, he could not afford to employ a drunkard. There was no resource but the *workhouse* and the *beadle*; and I do not wonder that these have terrors, even for the most miserable. Her brother had left England when he was a boy, and was now in a comfortable "situation" in the city of New York. Thither their landlord offered to send them, if they were willing to go. This kind offer they gladly accepted; and the snug cottage, and its woodbine, and its once happy fireside, were, with many lingering looks, left behind them forever. The painful sequel of her story I have already given.

The rest of my homeward passage was, as such a passage should be, delightful. The first sight of the Navesink hills, rising above the monotonous waste of waters, threw me into raptures. All day long I sat on deck watching the familiar objects, as they gradually came in sight; and never did home seem half so dear to me. The bay of New York never was half so beautiful; and the white cottages on the banks looked like miniature pasteboard creations, after being so familiar with the heavy stone structures of old England. The last gasp of a wind which had been dying all day, had just borne us within the Narrows, when a steamboat hove in sight to take us to the city.—We had been telegraphed, and all expected friends. The poor widow, who had been invited, as a mark of respect, to take her place, when she chose, on the quarter deck, came to me, and asked if I did not think her brother might be on board? I told her that perhaps he did not know when she was coming; but when the boat drew alongside, and she looked hurriedly over the mass of strange faces, she appeared much disappointed. I suggested to her that she might not know him after an absence of so many years. "Oh yes!" said she in surprise "He was a brave lad, and as handsome as ye ever saw. Poor fellow! the day before he went away, he took out of his earnings, and bought me this ring. Isn't it very pretty?" I could not [illegible] the beauty of the mother's gift, [illegible] doubtless shone as brightly in her eyes as if it were set with diamonds. As the news boats came round us when we entered the harbor, the simple-hearted woman was on the look-out for her "brave lad" in each of them, little thinking that by this time he was grown into a care-worn man.

It was night-fall when the ship rounded to the wharf; and the officers of the customs forbade us to remove our luggage until the next morning. Before I left the vessel, I looked about, among the hurry and confusion, for the friendless woman and her children; and it was some time before I found her, sitting in one corner of the dark steerage with one of her children sleeping in her lap, and the elder weeping in sympathy with her mother's grief by her side. She had hitherto borne her trials with wonderful composure; but the sense of her utter forlornness in a strange land, with no one to care for her, or her fatherless children, was too much for her broken spirit, and she sobbed aloud. I could do nothing for her; I could only get a promise from the captain to see that some temporary provision should be made for her, if no friends appeared; and I stepped ashore more thankful, I trust than before, for the home to which I was coming.

Some will read this simple narrative, perhaps, and feel an increased sympathy for the suffering condition of the English poor, which, even under such circumstances, makes them seek an asylum three thousand miles across the sea. Some will see in it only a beautiful exhibition of female constancy and fortitude. But there is a deeper moral still. It only unfolds another page in that great record of sin, and sorrow, and shame, caused by the damning vice of intemperance. It is but a story of every-day life. The contrast between the happy peasant girl in her ivied cottage, & the desolate widow, homeless and forsaken, weeping at night over her fatherless children in a strange land, is a contrast that is presented on almost every page of that accursed volume. Many a sad record, indeed, has been washed out by the tears of timely repentance; but the volume is not yet full. While the thirst for gain shall prompt man to pander to his brother's appetites, and while an absurd custom maintains its cruel tyranny, there are many dark pages yet to be written.

It was a great relief to me, next morning, on going down to the ship, to hear that a well-clad, honest-looking fellow had presented himself at the gangway as her brother, had taken her to his own home. What has become of her since, I have no means of knowing; but if this book should ever fall into her hands, she may find it hard to restrain a tear when she reads *my Temperance Story*.

OBITUARY.

JOSIAH STURTEVANT, of this place, died at the Mormon Island Diggings, California, on the 4th of November last, at the age of 40. Mr. Sturtevant left home for San Francisco, in March last, in the ship Henry Astor; and, at the time of his death, was engaged with others of our townsmen in mining operations.

Our friend has left a widow and one child, a son of about eleven, to lament the loss of one of the dearest of husbands and fathers. It was my good fortune to form an acquaintance with the deceased about two years since, and it is a subject of regret, that I passed so many years without knowing him; for whoso numbered him among his friends, was possessed of a treasure from whom the most elevating and ennobling sentiments might be derived.

Alas! for the world, that it rarely knows, and never truly appreciates, such men as has now passed from us, to a higher, a nobler sphere of action, where his spirit may commingle with purity of its own kindred, which it sighed for, but could not find, in this world of shams and antagonism.

Mr. Sturtevant was a profound investigator, basing his convictions in the most remorseless logic, courteous but unyielding in argument, hating all hypocrisy, despising falsehood even in jest, rebuking error in his nearest friends, though duty mantled his face with a blush, deeply imbued with associative principles, constantly lamenting, while in trade, that a "counter" was placed between him and his customer, full of love that knows no geographical limits, sects, colors, or lines, embedded in the affections of his friends, always unselfish and displaying a limitless kindness, full of hope and faith in man and his Maker. He was one of the most transparent men who ever lived.

It is the misfortune of society not to know such men. It is true that the mark he has left upon the world is slight; egotism and pretence might have been more widely known; but his memory will be a hallowed thought with a few friends who knew him well, and shared the luxury of his society. When such of our friends thus depart, we would not be so selfish as to wish to recall them to a world thickly enveloped in sin; but it reminds us that the balance may be against us, and almost makes us wish that we, too, might go, so as to be with them.

But he has gone! Heaven grant, that more may live as he did, so that more may die as he did.

THE FRENCH IN ROME.—The following anecdote appears in the Milan Gazette of the 19th:

'Two French officers a few days since entered a *cafe* at Rome, which is the largest in that city, and perhaps in all Italy, and called for coffee.

'We have none was the cool reply of the master of the master of the house.

'Well, then, let us have some chocolate,' said the officers.

'We do not make it.'

'Then bring us some rum.'

'We do not sell it.'

The officers retired without saying a word, and the bearded Romans who were seated, burst into a loud laugh.

In a few minutes after, the officers returned with about eighty men, and told the astonished coffee house keeper, that as coffee was not made in his house, and as he made no chocolate, and did not sell rum, his establishment was not fit for a cafe, and would do better for a barrack. The soldiers were then ordered to throw the furniture into the street, and the place was transformed into a guard house for Frenchmen.

THE HAPPY GIRL.—Ay, she is a happy girl, we know her fresh looks and bouyant spirits. Day in and day out she has something to do, and she takes hold of work as if she did not fear to soil her hands or dirty her apron. Such girls we love and respect wherever we find them—in a palace or a hovel. Always pleasant and always kind they never turn up their noses before your face, and slander you behind your back. They have more sense and better employment. What are flirts and bustle-bound girls in comparison to these? Good for nothing but to look at; and that is rather disgusting. Give us the industrious and happy girl, and we care not who worships fashionable and idle simpletons.

A BRIGHT GIRL.—In the district school at Sandwich last winter, the master informed a little girl that Sunday was the first day of the week, and inquired of her 'what day is Monday?' 'It's *washing* day, sir,' she answered.

☞ We take the following story from the lively Paris correspondence of the St. Louis Republican:—

Two men, tolerably well dressed, stopped the other evening, between nine and ten o'clock, at the door of a grocer in the Rue Normandie. They were both laughing immoderately, and talking in a loud tone of voice.

"I tell you yes," said one. "I bet you isn't," replied the other. "Well, let us bet," said the first. And at these words they both entered the store, where the grocer was alone behind the counter.

"Do you sell molasses?" asked one of the men.

"Yes, gentlemen."

"Well, give me two pounds."

"Have you a jug, sir?"

"No; put it in my hat."

"How! in your hat?"

"Yes; don't be afraid, pour it in; it is a bet."

The grocer took the hat, put it in his scales, and poured in, not without laughing, the two pounds of molasses as ordered.

"Very well," said the singular customer, taking up his hat, "pay yourself;" and he threw a five franc on the counter.

The grocer opened his drawer, and began to count out the change.

"Excuse me, sir," said the owner of the hat, interrupting him; "but your molasses has a very singular odor."

"It is very good, I assure you," said the grocer.

"No, it smells badly; smell it yourself."

The too confiding grocer reached over his head, and put his nose down to smell; but his customer suddenly turned the hat over the grocer's head, and with a vigorous blow pushed it down over his eyes. His accomplice, profiting by his opportunity, plunged his hand into the open drawer, drew out all the money, and the two fled before the unfortunate grocer could either cry or get the hat off his head.

OLD AGE.—There is a quiet repose and steadiness about the happiness of age, if the life has been well spent. Its feebleness is not painful. The nervous system has lost its acuteness. Even in mature years we feel that a burn, a scald, a cut, is more tolerable than it was in the sensitive period of youth. The fear of approaching death, which in youth we imagine must cause inquietude to the aged, is very seldom the source of much uneasiness. We never like to hear the old regretting the loss of their youth. It is a sign that they are not passing their life aright. There are duties and pleasures for every age, and the wise will follow them. They will neither regret the loss of youth, nor affect to be younger than they are. When men, they will not dress like boys nor compete with them. When matrons, or matron-like maids, they will not dress like girls. When young women, they will not be childish, and play piping tones, by way of enchantment. To be happy, we must be true to nature, and carry our age along with us.

THE BROTHERHOOD.

Brother, do you love your brother?
Brother, are you all you seem?
Do you live for more than living?
Has your life a law, and scheme?
Are you prompt to bear its duties,
As a brave man may beseem?

Love the thing that God created,
Make your brother's need your care;
Scorn and hate repel God's blessings,
But where love is, *they* are there;
As the moonbeams light the waters,
Leaving rock and sand-bank bare.

Thus, my brother, grow and flourish,
Fearing none, and loving all;
For the true man needs no patron—
He shall climb and never crawl;
Two things fashion their own channel—
The strong man and the waterfall.

Be tranquil as to what comes from without; just, as concerns thy sentiments within: in a word, think and live in unison with nature and the common good.

POETRY.

A MEDITATION.

Some hidden disappointment clings
To all of man—to all his schemes,
And life has little fair it brings,
Save idle dreams.

The peace that may be ours to-day,
Scarce heed we, looking for the morrow;
The slighted moments steal away,
And then comes sorrow.

The light of promise that may glow
Where life shines fair in bud or bloom,
Ere fruit hath ripen'd forth to show,
Is quench'd in gloom.

The rapture softest blush imparts,
Dies with the bloom that fades away,
And glory from the wave departs
At close of day.

Where we have garnered up our hearts,
And fixed our earnest love and trust,
The very life-blood thence departs,
And all is dust.

Then, Nature, let us turn to thee;
For in thy countless changes thou
Still bearest immortality
Upon thy brow.

Thy seasons, in their endless round
Of sunshine, tempest, calm, or blight,
Yet leave thee, like an empress crown'd,
With jewels bright.

Thy very storms are life to thee;
'Tis but a sleep thy seeming death;
We see thee wake in flower and tree
At spring's soft breath.

We view the ruin of our youth,
Decay's wan trace on all we cherish;
But thou, in thy unfailing truth,
Canst never perish.

THE

LIEUTENANT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE FROM LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY RAMBLER BY
MRS. MARY A. KIDDER.

UST within the picturesque village of ———, stood the elegant mansion of Lieutenant C——, who was as much beloved for his private virtues as a citizen, as for his deeds of daring and superior judgment, as an officer in the navy. His family consisted of a wife and one daughter.

His daughter Marian was his idol. Since the eventful morning he had been called upon to kiss her infant cheek for the first time, she had been all the world to him; in storm and battle, as well as by his own fireside, her sweet look of filial affection seemed graven on his heart, to cheer him in the arduous duties of his profession; and well was his love repaid, for the gentle girl strove to render her father's short visits at home seasons of pleasure and profit to them both. Marian had been early instructed in the knowledge of domestic duties by one of the best of mothers, and it was no uncommon thing for her to prepare, with her own hands, the light meals of the old lieutenant by his request.

Then, while her mother was superintending the affairs of the household, she would amuse him by playing some of his favorite national airs, or reading to him some tale of the ocean; thus she early learned to love any thing connected with her father's mode of life. But this happiness could not last forever. Marian became acquainted with Captain Douglass, the son of an old friend of her father, and the commander of a fine ship. He had seen the world, with its fashions and follies; had flirted with the beauties in foreign lands, from the fair Circassian to the dark daughter of the sunny south; and he returned home from a long voyage with a wiser head, and a heart better fitted to enjoy the blessings of his native land. Marian first met him at a new-year's ball given in honor of the officers of the navy. She loved not to frequent the ball-room, but at the earnest request of her father she generally attended the annual festival above mentioned. Capt. Douglass attended the ball more from feelings of curiosity than any personal interest; but, as he walked mechanically through the lighted apartments, recognizing old acquaintances, and now and then catching a glimpse of some sweet face he had known in early childhood, his attention was riveted by the fascinating Isabel De Forrest. She was magnificently dressed, and moved like a queen among her submissive subjects. The senses of Douglass were entranced; "I would sooner fancy myself in sweet sunny Italy," said he to a friend, "than in our own New England, with such a majestic creature by my side; the same clear, dark complexion, and eye of liquid jet, that meet one at every step in the land of smiles and dreams; yet methinks the eye wants langour, and the smiles softness; but may fate prosper me;" and he left his friend as the cotillon ended, to secure, if possible, her hand for the next dance.

The pride of Isabel was at its height; she had watched, though unperceived, the graceful stranger, and marked his looks of admiration as his eye met hers, and her plans were laid from that moment.

"Who, pray, is that fairy leaning on the arm of Lieutenant C——?" said Douglass to his partner, as he led her to a seat.

"It is his daughter, I believe," said Isabel, with a scornful smile; "she seldom goes out, poor thing, and I wonder she knows how to behave among well-bred folks."

"Indeed! she looks intelligent, and has, I think, the fairest face I ever saw, and her style of dress, how simple, and yet how becoming; I admire her taste."

Isabel looked chagrined as she glanced at her own costly robes, and then at the plain white muslin of Marian C——.

"Is she accomplished, Miss De Forrest?" said Capt. Douglass.

"I believe she can sing a few songs, or something of the sort, and her reading is mostly confined to the interest of seamen, a class of men who are considered rather inferior in good society;"—and she looked in his face to catch a glance of approbation, but she was mistaken.

"Miss De Forrest," said he, in a tone of offended pride, "speak not disrespectfully of the sons of the ocean,—it touches a tender spot; for since the day I left the hearthstone of my father, at the age of fourteen, my home has been most of the time upon the trackless deep; and I consider no profession more honorable than that of the sailor;"—thus saying, he bowed politely, and left the mortified beauty to her own reflections.

"How shallow I was," said Isabel to herself, as he left her; "I might have known it, but I thought him a Southerner by his complexion; but I will manage to regain his attention and apologize;—he is now talking with the father of yonder fairy, as he calls her, and conquest is out of the question for the present."

Isabel De Forrest was the spoiled child of weak and indulgent parents, who from her birth had taught her that the outward embellishments of the person and the light accomplishments of music and dancing were the chief attractions to the other sex, and consequently, with a form of grace, and beauty of that lofty cast which tends rather to awe than engage the heart, Isabel made her first debut into the fashionable world at the early age of sixteen as a belle, with a heart cold and selfish, and a soul immovable as adamant, except when a rival interposed, or the ardor of a favored admirer seemed diminishing; when the lip would curl with scorn, and the flashing eye tell of the dark feelings within.

Poor Isabel! we pity thee, for thou hast a hard task-master; the tyrant fashion has chained the current in thy young heart, which, with proper culture, might have been to thee a fountain of happiness pure and inexhaustible.

The spell of Douglass was broken! he plainly saw that Isabel De Forrest was artful and designing, and that it was malice alone that actuated her to speak sneeringly of the gentle and retiring Marian. Douglass was glad to find in Lieutenant C—— a kindred spirit, and remained with him the rest of the evening in an animated conversation, occasionally addressing his fair daughter, who conversed with that easy politeness and modest grace which denote good education and a general knowledge of the world.

At midnight the party broke up, with mutual congratulations, and wishes of a happy new year.

The next day Capt. Douglass dined, by particular request, with the good-hearted lieutenant and his family; and as the time of his stay on shore was prolonged beyond his expectations, his visits became frequent, and before three months he had offered his heart and hand to Marian C——, and was accepted. She had too much good sense to faint away, or show any extravagant degree of emotion at his declaration of love, but like a true daughter of New England, she told him she should be happy to become his bride, and strive to make his transient home one of cheerfulness and contentment. There seemed but one drawback to her happiness—to leave her parents, without a child to comfort them in their old age, seemed a hard task. Who would anticipate and supply each want, and cheer them in their dull moments by reading, or music, as she had done? Her heart answered the question with tears; long and freely did they flow, but as she was not going far, they should be often to see her, and expect frequent visits from her. She concealed her feelings, and on the day set for the wedding, which was one bright morning in April, she appeared as joyous as a trusting woman might well be about to be united to the partner of her choice.

Marian was attired in white satin, with no ornaments save her own natural curls, which poets, I suppose, would call golden,—that hung bewitchingly round her fair white neck, lending a peculiar grace to her already charming figure.

After the ceremony the lieutenant led his daughter to the piano, to hear, as he expressed himself, the "farewell notes of his nightingale." Marian, notwithstanding her happiness, blessed as she was, in the love of a man every way worthy to possess her, could not refrain her tears, but calming herself as much as possible, she played and sung the following:

On the mountain's rocky summit,
Where no human feet can rest,
Where the wild-flower blooms unheeded,
There an eagle builds her nest.
Mark! my sire, the golden pinion,
See! an eagle tries her wing,
Soaring far aloft—then trembling,
Seeks her nest, a wearied thing.
Thus I leave the home of childhood,
Knowing not the fate of years,
Yet, as hope still weaves her garland,
Let me leave it not in tears.

"I hope your words are not prophetic, dear Marian," said Douglass, as he took her hand at the close of the performance;—"I trust, dearest, years of happiness are before us, undimmed by a single cloud; then why so sad and tearful, when I am so happy?"

"Well, do not scold me, and I will promise to be a very good girl the rest of the evening," said Marian smiling. Every thing passed pleasantly; the old folks were in good spirits, and even the servants seemed to enter into the feelings of the kind family.

The next morning the pair started for their new home, a sweet cottage on the banks of the river, about fifty miles from Marian's native place. She was delighted with her new residence. Having always been accustomed to a life in a thickly populated town, there was a charm to her, in wood and dell, and frowning forest, unknown to those who have spent most of their time amid rural scenes. Every thing that could contribute to the happiness of his lovely bride, Douglass had procured; and the days and weeks and even months flew rapidly on the wings of love, too rapidly, alas! for the fond husband, who received orders one morning to sail as soon as his bark should be in readiness.

"A few days, my Marian, and I must leave this loved spot, rendered doubly dear by its hallowed associations; but do not weep, one short year, and our sad parting will be forgotten in the happy meeting; come, dry those tears, and let us walk and view nature in her loveliness."

The morning Capt. Douglass sailed was bright and clear, and his proud bark seemed impatient to try her native elements, yet his spirits were low; in vain he tried to shake off the gloomy feelings that burdened his soul.

"Take good care of yourself, Marian," said her husband, as he pressed her to his heart for the last time, "and remember me in your prayers, for you know we sailors are apt to be superstitious; but I must away, dearest, to my men, who are awaiting orders;" so saying he tore himself from the weeping Marian.

Poor girl! this was the first *real* trouble, as she called it, her heart ever knew, and for a few weeks the time passed wearily, but she soon found that when she passed the day occupied with her needle-work, or reading, occasionally taking a ramble in the sweet fields, she was much happier than when musing on her loneliness.

Summer and autumn passed; and Capt. Douglass had already been gone eight months. Marian's parents had visited her twice since her husband's departure, and she was every day expecting her mother to spend a number of weeks with her, in her woodland home. A few days after her arrival Marian gave birth to a daughter; as lovely a little creature as ever smiled on our world of sin; she was christened Laura, and was the pet of the household, and as she grew into perfect baby-hood, Marian looked forward, with impatience, for the return of her husband. "He will almost worship the baby," she would say, as she traced in its dimpled face the features of its father; but disappointment was her doom.

Two years had fled in their silent course, and still no tidings of the unfortunate Douglass had reached the ears of the despairing Marian. At first she gave way to bursts of uncontrollable grief, which finally settled into a deep melancholy that threatened to undermine her health. By the earnest request of her parents, she took up her residence with them; although it seemed, she said, like burying him forever, to remove from the spot he had chosen, and taken such pains to cultivate for her sake. The little Laura was a sweet child of two years, the perfect miniature of her ill-fated father. This was the greatest consolation to the sad-hearted wife, for she would gaze into her large black eyes, and almost fancy the object of her grief before her. She avoided society, and devoted herself solely to her child, and one would not easily recognize in that pale face and sunken cheek, the Marian of other days.

"You confine yourself too much, dear child," said Lieutenant C——, "and your mother and myself fear very much for your health; for our sakes, strive to bring the bloom again to your cheek, and the brightness to your eye."

"I do, my father," said Marian, "but this suspense is more than I can bear; if I knew his fate, I should try and feel resigned; but how little do we know, if he is gone, what may have been his sufferings, without one kind friend to cheer or comfort him in his last moments."

"Leave that with a wise God, Marian, and look forward to the happiness of your parents, and that precious child," said her father, pointing to little Laura, who was folding her arms caressingly around the neck of her mother.

"She is indeed a treasure, my father, and I sometimes think I should not be with you now, had it not been for her beguiling, innocent prattle."

"Well, cheer up, dearest, and look yourself once more, if possible, for I wish you to accompany me to the house of a friend this evening, where there will be a small gathering."

Marian was about to expostulate, but the thought of her father's kindness and attention to her through all her troubles; his more than parental fondness for her child, and the untiring zeal he manifested to ascertain the fate of her husband, prompted her to acquiesce in his wishes with a cheerful smile.

Autumn had come with her yellow coronet of leaves, heralding the approach of the coming winter. Marian had studied resignation, and her step grew lighter, and her face beamed again with somewhat of that radiant beauty that marked her girlhood. Not that she had forgotten Douglass; but she had schooled her feelings for the sake of the loved ones that were left behind.

Lieutenant C—— had gained the consent, though reluctantly, of his daughter to accompany him to the next annual officer's ball on new year's eve.—He frequently met these old familiar faces, and although he did not join in the festivals of the evening, he was always happy to see others so.

When he broached the subject, Marian's eyes filled with tears. "Such places have no charm for me now, father; besides, the associations would only tend to open afresh the wound which I feel is scarcely healed."

"I know this, Marian, but my object is to wean you from that love of seclusion which makes you appear unsocial to your best friends; so cheer up, love, as I wish to present you to-morrow night to Col. Maurice and lady, old acquaintances of mine, who have lately come from France, where they have been spending the last three years; go, child, and consult your own heart.

Marian did as her father desired, and the result was a cheerful compliance with his request, more from a conviction of duty than any pleasure she expected to derive herself.

The morning sun shone feebly through the closely-curtained window of Isabel De Forrest, as she rose from her sleepless couch, and hastily arranging herself, paced her chamber with a steady, determined step. Her face was pale from frequent revels, and her lips firmly compressed, while her flashing eye told of haughty feelings and deep resolves.

"I fear her not," said the proud Isabel. "I scorn her power," and she glanced at her graceful figure from the opposite mirror; "and yet, if so, why this fluttering of the heart at the mere mention of her name? she has crossed my path once, but I defy her! She comes to-night for the first time since her widowhood to try her captivating

powers; I suppose the provoking little piece of ar expects to see the sun of my glory set to-night an my sceptre laid at her feet, but she will be mis taken in her lofty imaginings, methinks, for I wil treat her with all the contempt she deserves." So saying, the proud beauty turned away to answer the summons of the breakfast bell.

Isabel knew not the feelings of Marian Douglass; possessing a spirit of selfishness herself—ambitious to gain an estate as well as a husband,—she accused others of the same motives; her train of admirers had vastly diminished, and though still young, she almost despaired of a successful conquest.

It was new year's eve. The bright stars looked soberly down upon the restless earth, as if to chide man for his waywardness the past year.

——— Hall was brilliantly illuminated, and throngs of the elite might be seen wending their way thither, to steep for a time their various cares in forgetfulness. Let us enter. In a recess of the window, her hand shading her face, while the silent tears are coursing down her pale cheek, sits Marian Douglass. She had sought this place of concealment to give vent to an overburdened soul. Here she met her beloved husband the first time; here she had listened in rapt attention to his eloquent language;—and this thought filled her with anguish.

"Will you not join the dancers, Marian?" said Lieutenant C——, as he took a seat beside her.

"I had rather sit here, my father, the short time I stay," said Marian, "I can see all that is going on without being observed myself."

Marian mechanically watched the gay throng as they glided past her, all seeming happy and without a care; no one appeared to notice her, and she was beginning to congratulate herself on her good-fortune in obtaining the seat in the window, when Isabel De Forrest sailed by in all her regal magnificence, casting on her a look of supreme contempt.

Marian could not repress a smile, for she knew the character and feelings of Isabel, and she had seen too many of her contemptuous glances to be any affected by them.

Col. Maurice and lady soon arrived, accompanied by a dark looking foreigner, who had hair and mustachois black and luxuriant enough to suit any lady exquisite in the land.

Lieutenant C——soon sought out his old friends, and presented them to his daughter.

Marian found Mrs. Maurice an intelligent, sociable woman, possessing many qualities of mind and heart, and to her did she relate her tale of sorrow, receiving the deepest sympathy in return.

"Who, pray, is that gentleman who accompanied you here, Colonel?" said Lieut. C——; "Miss De Forrest has laid siege to him already, I see."

"He calls himself Signor Franico, and came on passenger with us from France; I know nothing of his country, or connections, for he is a man of few words; when we reached town, which was yesterday, he concluded to put up with us at the ——— house, and we invited him here to-night, which invitation he readily accepted."

"Miss De Forrest is perfectly delighted with him; she is putting on all her airs, yet he remains perfectly indifferent."

"I rather think he is love-proof, for such an array of beauty is seldom congregated together, as kept us company on our voyage from France," said Col. M.; "yet he wo. the same downcast saddened expression, which improves as you see his rather handsome countenance."

"What we can see of it, you mean, Col., for his hair, mustachios, and imperial, cover a large portion of his face."

"I will give you an introduction, and you can then judge for yourself; that is, if Miss De Forrest will agree to give him up long enough," said Col. Maurice.

Isabel had been trying all her powers to draw the Signor into conversation, but in vain; and at last she gave it up, calling him quite stupid and unbearable.

Signor Franico took the proffered arm of Col. Maurice, and was presented to Lieutenant C—— and daughter. Marian bowed, and instantly withdrew her eyes, but not till a flood of crimson shaded her face and neck at the earnest gaze Signor Franico bent upon her.

"Will Mrs. Douglass favor me with her company a few moments, as I have something to communicate," said the Signor in a low voice, as Col. M. and lady rose to lead off a cotillon.

Marian started! thinking of the words "something to communicate," she took his proffered hand, and he lead her to a seat on the balcony that adjoined the drawing-room. They sat some minutes in silence, with the moon shining coldly upon them, when Franico pronounced in a low sweet tone, the name of Marian. She shrieked and fainted in the arms of the long lost Douglass.

Words fail to portray the feelings of a scathed and blighted heart, worn down by repeated disappointments, when suddenly restored to the beloved object for which its peace was sacrificed.

Lieutenant C——, who had been looking up the truants, attracted by the noise, came to the balcony. An explanation took place, and happy was the meeting between the lieutenant and his son-in-law.

"O! my Marian," said Douglass, as she revived, "that you have suffered I doubt not; but you can never know the trials this spirit has been called to pass through since I left you, both by sea and by land; to-morrow you shall know all."

"God is good," murmured Marian in the fulness of her joy. "His ways, how inscrutable."

"Come, my children," said the lieutenant, "we will talk of our happiness when our dear Laura can listen, and you, Marian, will take cold I fear, from such long exposure to this chilly air; let us return to the ball."

"Not till you promise to keep the events of the last half hour a profound secret the rest of the evening," said Douglass; "but who, pray, is this Laura of whom you speak so lovingly."

"A young lady we shall be very happy to introduce you to on the morrow," said the fond mother.

The required promise was given, and the happy trio returned to the company.

"Abominable! Miss Langdon," said Isabel De Forrest, to an antiquated spinster, "did you ever see any thing beat that! the heart-broken Mrs. Douglass has been flirting with that horrid looking foreigner for the last half hour; it was reported she was very pale, but she is blushing very prettily, now he is talking to her."

"Well, well, there is no accounting for people's actions now-a-days," said the very correct Miss Langdon; "I shouldn't wonder a bit if he went home with her; see how pleased the old man is. I am thankful no one could ever say any thing against my character."

Douglass *did* go home with the happy Marian, and a more joyous circle never gathered round a cheerful fireside than graced the parlor of Lieut. C—— that night; although late, little Laura was taken up and presented to her astonished, and yet delighted father. The cup of their happiness seemed full; and as Capt. Douglass related the story of his sufferings on the wreck of his once noble bark—his imprisonment in a foreign land for two years—his escape and return to his beloved country, with his name and person disguised—tears were abundant, but they were tears of joy at his safe deliverance.

The news soon spread, and all rejoiced in the happiness of the worthy pair save one; Isabel De Forrest hated the favored wife more than ever, but the arrow of bitterness, prepared for the gentle Marian, entered her own heart, and she lived and died an unhappy, fault-finding old maid.

Bunker Hill.

☞ A lady passing along the street one morning last week, noticed a little boy scattering salt upon the sidewalk, for the purpose of cleaning off the ice. "Well, I'm sure," said the lady, "this is real benevolence." "No it 'aint, ma'am," replied the boy, "it's salt."

"Stop my Paper."—The following remarks are too good to be thrown one side, without at least a passing notice. They are true to the letter, and suitable to all localities. The weakest capacity cannot fail to understand them.

It is astonishing what exalted notions some persons have of their own importance. They seem to imagine they are altogether necessary to the onward roll of our little world, and that if, by any means, they should be shoved out of the way, the screws would be so loose that the old machine would no longer hold together; and of course, if such important personages only say to the editor, "Stop my paper," the whole establishment must go to pot instanter. We have often laughed in our sleeve—though outwardly we looked as grave as an owl—when one of these regulators of the world has marched into our editorial sanctum, and ordered a discontinuance of his paper. And it always does us good to see how the starch is taken out of him, while the editor smilingly replies—"Certainly sir, with the greatest pleasure, just as soon as the clerk has entered a hundred or more names which have just been sent in." The mighty man wilts down like the narrative of a whipped spaniel, and he shrinks away, muttering to himself, "Well, I am afraid that stopping my paper has not ruined him after all."

Those swells who stop their paper on account of some miff which had found its way into their cranium, are sure to watch the time of the next issue, thinking that another number will hardly make its appearance; and they are sure to borrow their neighbor's copy to see if it does not contain the editor's farewell address to his readers.

We once knew a minister who, in describing the Christian character, and the circumspection of his walk, said the way to heaven required as much care as it did for a cat to walk on a wall covered with broken bottles. It is something so with an editor, if he is to please everybody.

A Novel—Condensed.—Moonlight night—shady grove—two lovers—eternal fidelity—young lady rich—young man poor—great obstacle—young man proud—very handsome—very smart—sure to make a fortune—young lady's father very angry—won't consent—mother intercedes—no go—rich rival—very ugly—very hard hearted—lovers in a bad fix—won't part—die first—moonlight again—garret window opens—rope ladder—flight—pursuit—too late—marriage—old man in a rage—won't forgive them—disowns them—old man gets sick—sends for his daughter—all forgiven—all made up—old man dies—young couple get all the money—live in the old mansion—quite comfortable—have little children—much happiness. Finis.

☞ "Arrah now Jamie," said one Emerald-er to another, as they stood gazing upon the fountain, on Boston Common, "shure what is it that makes wather sphurt up so, do you know?"

"Hurrah now Pat, and don't be after exposing yer ignorance and want of since," was the reply; "iverybody knows *it goes by steam.*"

☞ The hotels of California are rather primitive. A friend of ours put up at one near the mines. That our readers may have some idea of his bed-room furniture, we would state that he washes in a half a pumpkin, and dresses his hair with a curry comb.

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RATHER ALARMING.—The Spiritual Telegraph has an article headed—"Lock Picked by Spirits!"—to which the Boston Investigator responds, that "there is too much of this business carried on by sinners in the flesh, without having any additional help from the spirit world; but we would rather see a spirit pick a lock than to read about it. By the way, since the spirits are said to possess a great amount of physical power, why don't they do something useful with it! Tipping up a table or knocking on a wall don't do anybody any good. Let them manage the brakes of an engine when a house is on fire, or stop an omnibus when it runs away with a load of passengers, or drag the boys out of the ice when they fall in while skating and thus save them from drowning, and they will then make themselves useful and greatly increase the number of their believers. We have had enough of tappings and rappings—now let's have something from the spirits that will be of practical benefit to their brethren in the flesh."

EXTRAORDINARY EXHIBITION.—A curious spectacle (says the Paris Pays) was witnessed in the great avenue of the Champs Elysees the day before yesterday:—"A well-dressed person appeared, with a great number of bladders, each nearly filled with pure hydrogen gas, covered with a network of silk, and attached to his body by means of a strap fastened to a belt beneath his arms. The bladders possessed a sufficient ascensional force to diminish the weight of the man by three-fourths, without lifting him from the ground. Thus lightened, he was able to take leaps of five or six yards at a time with extraordinary rapidity. After descending the great avenue from the quartier, Beaujon to near the Palais de l'Industrie, he returned in the way he came. A vast crowd followed him, and seemed astounded at his feat."

☞ There is now on exhibition at No. 6, Harvard Place, opposite the old South Church, in Boston, a novel instrument, of the simplest construction, which divides masses of iron without passing through them! Cutting the heaviest and longest boiler plate as if it were paper, it neither warps the plate nor leaves a ragged edge. With a very slack three-inch belt running at half speed, it cut, in fifteen minutes, a quantity of iron, the cutting of which, according to the statement of a practical mechanic for whom the job was executed, would have occupied him by the ordinary process, two days. Lines of any description, straight or curved, zigzags or circles, are managed with equal ease and in so finished a style, that a boiler head thrown from this machine, is ready without any subsequent flattening, trimming, or filing, to be fitted into the cylinder. And all this is done without any of the usual parade of cranks, pulleys, wedges or levers.

SELF CONTROL.—It is of primary importance, in the moral education of children, that they be taught habits of *self control*—and the first step towards the acquirement of such a habit is, that their will should be entirely subject to the control of those under whose guardianship they may be placed, whether parents, teachers or others.

We may say, without hesitation, that no human being will ever govern himself well, who has not first learned to submit implicitly to the government of others.

It must then be assumed, as a fundamental principle in moral education, that obedience must be procured and retained at all hazards. This is indispensable; and the second principle is, that we prove to the little subjects that we love them. If either of these principles be wanting, the consequences will be bad.—*Annals of Education.*

A SHORT SERMON ON MANLINESS.—Learn from the earliest days to inure your principles against the peril of ridicule. You can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life if you are in constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic, it may appear; do it not for insolence, but seriously and grandly—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his own bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion.—*Smith.*

☞ Man is like a snowball. Leave him in idleness against the sunny face of prosperity, and all the good that's in him melts like fresh butter in hot days; but kick him around, and he gathers his strength every revolution until he grows to an avalanche. To make a figure in the world, you must keep moving.

☞ "Once on a time," an Irishman and a negro were fighting, and while grappling with each other, the Irishman exclaimed—"You black devil, cry enough! I'll fight till I die!" "So'll I," sung out the negro; "*I always does.*"

☞ The Russians have an awful responsibility resting upon them for killing the Turks, for every one who is killed leaves a dozen widows.

☞ The Albany Knickerbocker lately received a letter, inquiring, among other things, whether pig iron was petrified pork, and if it was, which was the best way to cook it to make it juicy.

☞ Injuries are seldom forgotten—benefits seldom remembered.

A BARBAROUS OPERATION.—A few weeks since a youth nineteen years of age entered a barber's shop in Nassau street for the purpose of getting his hair, which was of a fiery hue, colored black. The barber exerted his skill on the young man's head, and for his services demanded three dollars. This amount was more than the youth had with him and he requested that an apprentice of the barber might be allowed to accompany him to his residence and there receive the money. This arrangement was pronounced satisfactory and both started, but before reaching the house the youth gave his companion the slip and was not again seen until yesterday, when the barbers seized him and took him to the shop. A policeman was immediately called to arrest the young man, and he was conveyed to the Tombs, closely followed by the barber and his man. The barber informed the magistrate of the nature of the offence committed and requested that the young man might be locked up. The latter on being asked what he had to say, replied that he had been the victim of an imposition. At the same time he pulled off his cap, and to the astonishment of all present it was discovered that his head had been dyed pea-green instead of black. The magistrate forthwith refused to receive a complaint against him, and amid shouts of laughter the two victims left the Court.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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[Written for the Boston *Journal*.]

MUST I GROW OLD?

Like a brief happy dream, my glad childhood has fled,
The bright years of youth now glide light o'er my head,
The future is gilded with hope's golden ray,
While silver-winged joy scatters flowers on my way,—
No grief clouds my spirit, no cares yet annoy,—
The world offers pleasure without an alloy,—
It offers me fame, it offers me gold,—
And must I grow *old?* Say *must* I grow old?

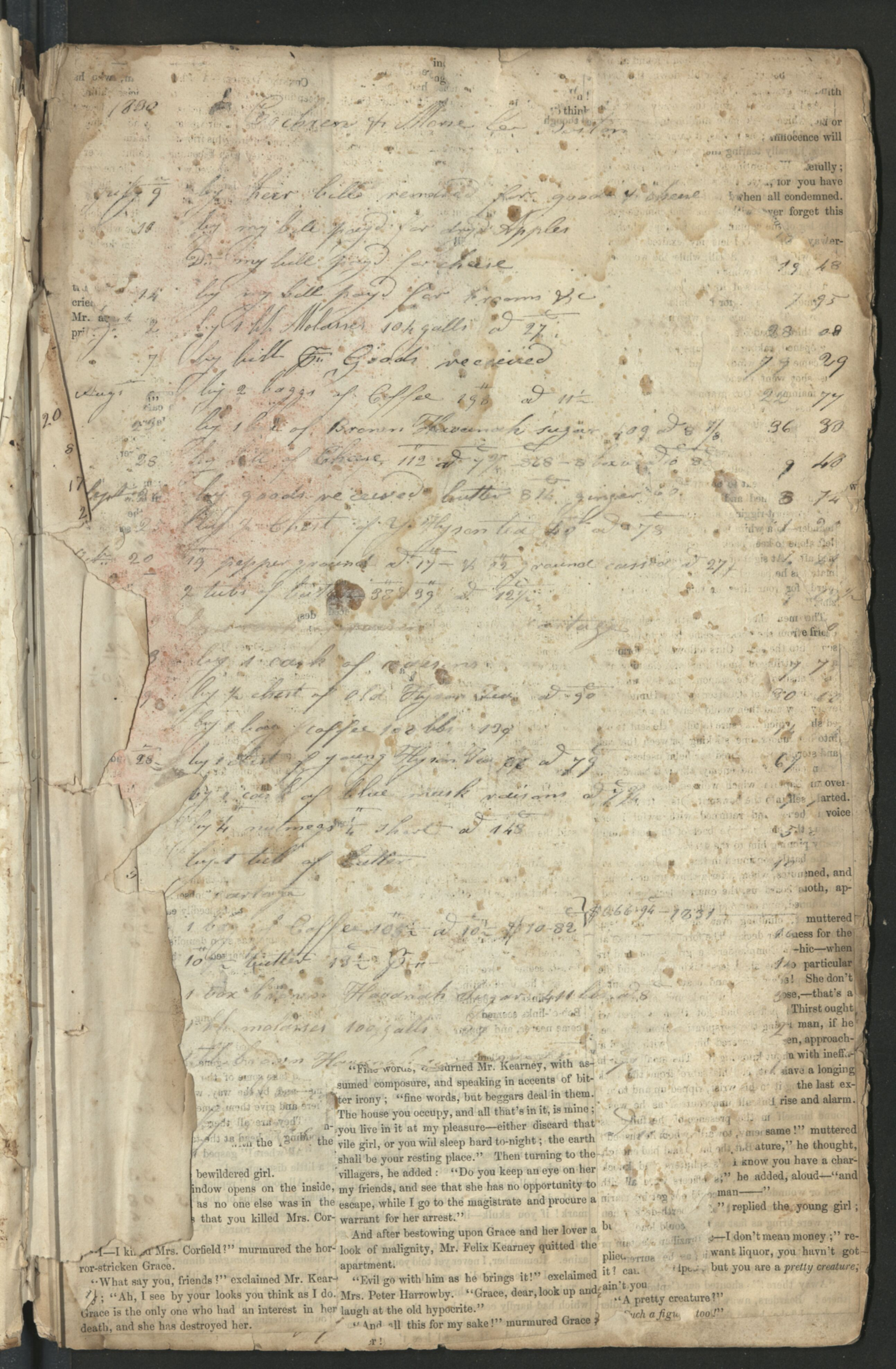
Young friends are around me, the fair and the gay,
And life appears now one long, bright holiday;
Its morn is scarce passed, or its pleasures begun,
No cloud has arisen to darken its sun,
But all cheerful and glowing, its radiance is shed
In light on my pathway, and warmth on my head:
Must chill evening draw on, and *my* young heart grow cold?
Must I grow *old?* Oh! Say,—*must* I grow old?

Should pleasure deceive me, then wealth may allure
And offer me joys more enduring and sure;
She'll build me a palace most gorgeous and high;
Around it wide lawns and gay gardens shall lie;
Within, she'll arrange with a generous hand
The costliest products of every land;
I shall tread its broad halls robed in satin and gold,—
But—must I grow *old?* Oh! *must* I grow old?

Do I sigh for renown? When I know that my name
Resounds loud and clear from the trumpet of fame,—
When the green, fadeless laurel encircles my brow,
And the great, and the wise, before *my* genius bow,
Will this give me peace, or my worn spirit cheer,
While distinct above all, rings a voice in my ear:
What to *thee* are earth's pleasures, its fame, or its gold?
Thou must grow *old!* Yes,—thou *art* growing old!

Feb. 1857. VIOLA.

that [illegible] a half a pum[illegible]
es his hair with a curry comb.



"Fine words," returned Mr. Kearney, with assumed composure, and speaking in accents of bitter irony; "fine words, but beggars deal in them. The house you occupy, and all that's in it, is mine; you live in it at my pleasure—either discard that vile girl, or you will sleep hard to-night; the earth shall be your resting place." Then turning to the villagers, he added: "Do you keep an eye on her my friends, and see that she has no opportunity to escape, while I go to the magistrate and procure a warrant for her arrest."

And after bestowing upon Grace and her lover a look of malignity, Mr. Felix Kearney quitted the apartment.

"Evil go with him as he brings it!" exclaimed Mrs. Peter Harrowby. "Grace, dear, look up and laugh at the old hypocrite."

"And all this for my sake!" murmured Grace

bewildered girl.

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She'll build me a palace most gorgeous a
Around it wide lawns and gay gardens a
Within, she'll arrange with a generous h
The costliest products of every land;
I shall tread its broad halls robed in su
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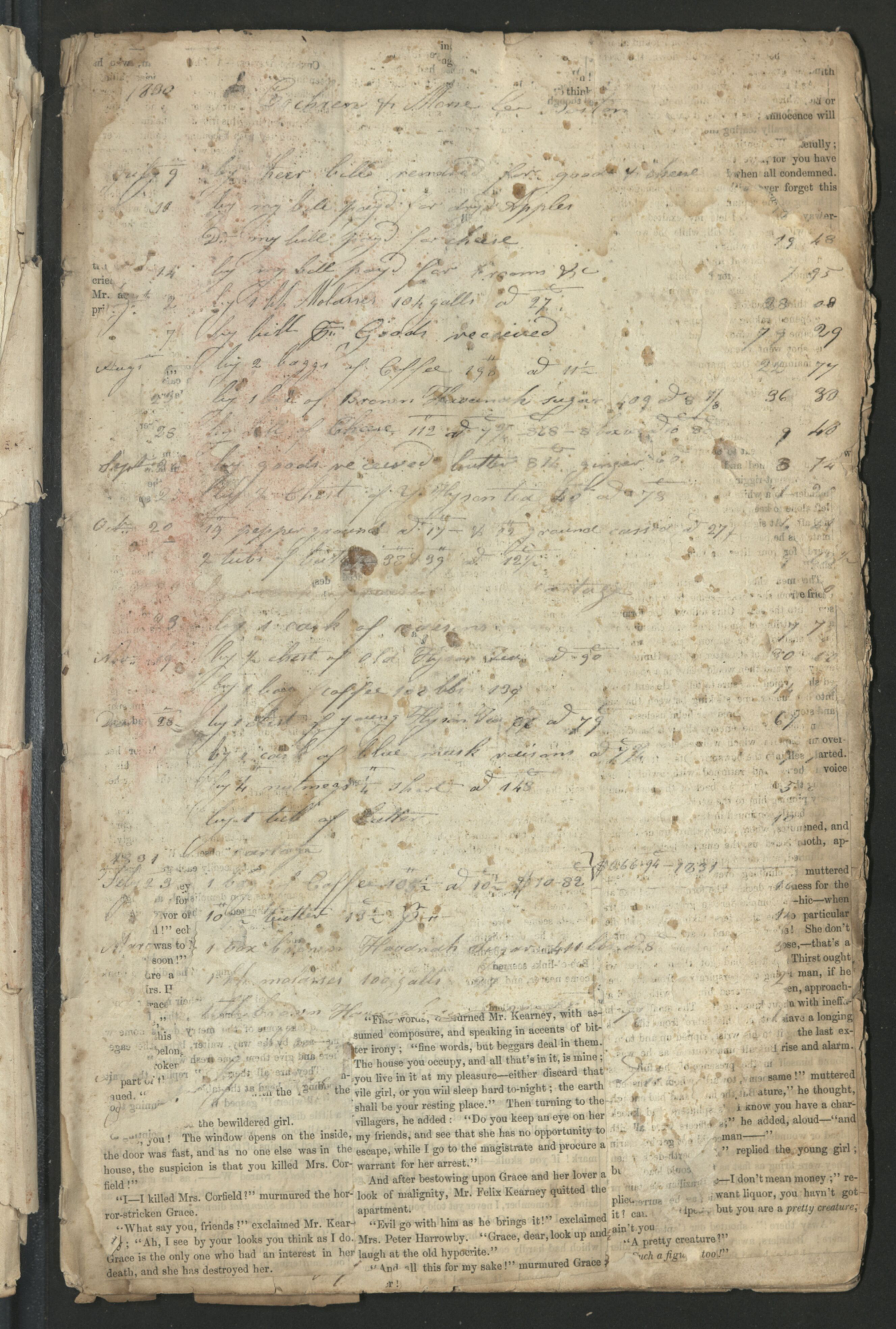
nd es his hair with a curry comb.



1830 Cochran & Morse Co. Boston

Jany 9 by heir bill rendred for goods & cheese

10 by my bill payd for dryd Apples

D.o my bill payd for cheese 19 48

14 by my bill payd for brooms &c 7 95

Feb 2 by 1 hh Molasses 104 galls at 27 28 08

7 by bill Fr. Goods received 79 29

Augt by 2 baggs of Coffee 190 at 11½ 22 77

by 1 box of Brown Havanah sugar 409 at 8 1/8 36 30

28 by bill of Cheese 112 at 7½ 868 - 8 boxes at 10 8 9 40

Sept by goods received butter 814 ginger 60 8 74

2 by ½ Chest of Y. Hyson tea 40 at 78

Oct 20 19 pepper ground at 17 - & 12 ground cassia at 27

2 tubs of butter 38 & 39 at 12½

[illegible] cartage

23 by 1 cask of raisons 7 7

Nov 19 by ½ chest of Old Hyson Tea at 90 30 60

by 1 box of coffee 102 lbs 139 14

Decr 28 by 1 chest of young Hyson Tea 86 at 79 67

by 1 cask of blue musk raisons at 7½

by ¼ nutmegs ¼ short at 148

by 1 tub of butter 10

cartage

1831

Feb 23 1 box of Coffee 10½ at 10½ $10-82 } $866-94 - 1831

10½ butter 13½ Pr

1 box Brown Havanah sugar 411 lbs at 8

1 hh molasses 100 galls

1 hh Brown Havanah [illegible]

[illegible] the bewildered girl.

[illegible], you! The window opens on the inside, the door was fast, and as no one else was in the house, the suspicion is that you killed Mrs. Corfield!"

"I—I killed Mrs. Corfield?" murmured the horror-stricken Grace.

"What say you, friends?" exclaimed Mr. Kearney; "Ah, I see by your looks you think as I do. Grace is the only one who had an interest in her death, and she has destroyed her.

"Fine words," [illegible]urned Mr. Kearney, with assumed composure, and speaking in accents of bitter irony; "fine words, but beggars deal in them. The house you occupy, and all that's in it, is mine; you live in it at my pleasure—either discard that vile girl, or you will sleep hard to-night; the earth shall be your resting place." Then turning to the villagers, he added: "Do you keep an eye on her my friends, and see that she has no opportunity to escape, while I go to the magistrate and procure a warrant for her arrest."

And after bestowing upon Grace and her lover a look of malignity, Mr. Felix Kearney quitted the apartment.

"Evil go with him as he brings it!" exclaimed Mrs. Peter Harrowby. "Grace, dear, look up and laugh at the old hypocrite."

"And all this for my sake!" murmured Grace [illegible]

[illegible] innocence will [illegible] fully; [illegible], for you have [illegible] when all condemned. [illegible] ever forget this [illegible]

[illegible] same!" muttered [illegible] ature," he thought, [illegible] know you have a char- [illegible]," he added, aloud—"and [illegible] man——"

[illegible]" replied the young girl; [illegible]—I don't mean money;" re- [illegible] want liquor, you havn't got [illegible] but you are a *pretty creature*;

"A pretty creature?"

"Such a figure too!"

THE MALDEN MURDER.

Boston and its vicinity have been swept through a sea of excitement of late, such as has had no parallel there since the murder of Dr. Parkman by Prof. Webster. It has lessons of universal application.

On the 16th of last December, Frank Converse, a youth just turned seventeen, the son of the president of the bank, was left by the cashier in charge of a bank in the pretty suburban town of Malden, five miles from the city. Five thousand dollars are left on the counter for the business of the morning. At half-past eleven, a younger lad, the son of the cashier, who was to relieve the clerk for dinner, enters the bank, and finds him just expiring—a ball having passed into his head, behind his ear, and another through his temple. The money was gone, and no sign of the murderer, except his horrid work. Many guesses and searchings and one arrest had been made, but all without effect.—The fearful public had begun to set it down as one of those murders that will not out—the exception that proves the rule—when last Monday week they were restartled by a more astounding announcement that *the murderer* had been discovered, and had confessed the deed, and that he was Mr. Green, the postmaster of the village, a young man of twenty-seven years, married within a year, respectably connected and hitherto of a fair local reputation. The second event has proved more exciting than the first. The possibility of being murdered overhangs every one; but the possibility that one moving in the ordinary currents of society should commit murder is beyond the reach of human credibility.

The facts of the confession intensify the surprise. The young man was arrested only because he had been spending money somewhat freely of late, had not been very talkative upon the murder, and especially because he had paid a debt he owed the town of $500 in bills of their bank. The suspicions were strong, but proof weak. He was taken to the house of a neighbor, confronted with half-a-dozen of his fellow-citizens, and coolly confessed the crime. He reveals where the balance of the money can be found. He says that he bought a revolver ten days before the murder, for the sole purpose of doing this deed; he kept it in his office till two days before, then loaded it, and carried it about his person. Satan had now got complete possession of him, and drove him headlong to his fate. The morning of the murder he enters the bank three times to effect his purpose. Being on familiar terms with Converse, he goes behind the counter, once to get a bill changed to a greenback, the second time to get a torn bill changed. Somebody entering each of these times prevents the consummation of the crime. The third time the coast is clear. He glides beside and behind his victim, puts his revolver within a foot of his head, and fires. The poor lad looks at him, he says, as he is falling.—What a look! How it must freeze his soul! What a horror it casts over his night visions! How can he sleep with those dying eyes fixed upon him?

"And when they meet at compt,
That look of his will cast his soul from heaven."

He kept his secret for six long weeks, suffering, as he says, "what God only knows." Now he is as frank as he was before secretive. He seems to be making amends for the stealthy secrecy of years by one outburst of frankness. He has done little but weep and talk of his crime, not his fate, since his confession and confinement. The beginning of the awful sin was in larceny. As postmaster, he was tempted to open the letters. Being a sickly youth, of meek and melancholic aspect, he has escaped suspicion, and had always possessed the sympathy of his fellow-townsmen. So great was this sympathy that, though not a Republican, no Republican would solicit the office of Mr. Lincoln against him. This private and unceasing robbery had come at last to where detection was inevitable. His accounts were in arrears about $600. He must meet them. Familiarity with crime leads to new steps. The sight of that pile is tempting. Honor and office is saved, providing that young friend is put out of the way. How easy! One shot, and all is mine. What simple logic the devil uses. Yet how short the turns of his lane at the end.—The depravity of man is taught in this lesson. Who can deny its awful development? Here is a youth of ordinary respectability led by the devil and his own cruel heart to conceive, to nourish, and to plan and to execute a diabolical murder on a harmless neighbor. What deeps within deeps are in every heart! How easy, if we put ourselves into his hand, to be guided to deeds which the soul shudders to contemplate. There is no filling up this heart with fantasies of goodness. There it lies, cleft to the bottom of hell, and we can draw near and look down the dark chasm and see our possibilities grinning horribly a ghastly smile from that sunless and fathomless depth.

We see, too, the need of parental culture. The young man says now, "I had no father nor mother; that's why I'm here." His mother died when he was two years old. His father was a tavern-keeper. The child, a sickly, wilful boy, lacked both the sympathy and the restraint of a pious and steady home. That father cannot hear the reproaches of his child. Others should take warning. There are parents whom their children will rise up and call blessed.—There are those whom their children, like the poor murderer, will rise up and call accursed. Every father or mother whose lack of Christian profession, life, and training shall incline and encourage their children in sin will meet that horrible execration, either in this world or in that which is to come. It is an awful lesson to young men, to be strictly honest, and early and eminently godly. This man became first a petty thief, and last an astounding murderer.—Thieving provoked extravagance, and extravagance embarrassment, and this again thieving—till at last, as in Prof. Webster, the baby-form of crime grew to the horrid port of the arch-fiend. As with Judas, the devil of stealing paved the way for the Satan of murder.—Let every young man take warning from the dreadful act. War has made us familiar with blood and violence, and so much the more should a watch be set by parents over their children, and by every soul over its own besetments.—Thus only shall we be sure of keeping our souls from blood-guiltiness, and our lives from the just claims of society and law. Fast living breeds fast sinning, and sin when it is finished, as in this awful tragedy, bringeth forth death.
—*New York Independent of February 18th.*

☞The gallant citizens of Nantucket distinguished themselves by their rescue of the crew of the brig May Queen, and earned the reputation of brave and humane men. We have no doubt all of them worked with a will, and each did his part like a man; and it is very foolish in them now to quarrel over the different degrees of merit they deserve.—They had better leave off contention about that, before it is meddled with.—It looks ungracious, and will work them no good. They are all good fellows, and no one of them could have done the work without help, and each one should have an equal claim to public gratitude.

A Big Story.

Rev. M. D. Conaway, thus writes to the Boston *Commonwealth* from London:

"There is a tremendous story at St. Petersburgh, which for the moment overshadows all the telegraphic sensations from Poland. In the so called Old City, on the right shore of the Neva, behind the fortress, is a small house, said to have been the residence of Peter the Great. One of the few rooms in this house, is stated to have been used as a sleeping chamber by that distinguished monarch, and the apartment is now visited by thousands. Although the room is not a chapel, a priest is attached to it and it is richly adorned with gold and precious stones, on which account two soldiers are constantly on duty there. A few evenings since, after the priest had withdrawn to his dwelling (on the opposite side of the street) he was summoned to return to the chapel, as two men required his services. The good man soon went to the little chamber and afterwards returned to his house. On the following morning the two soldiers on guard were found murdered at their posts, and the almsbox which contained 400 roubles, had disappeared, whilst the costly articles with which the room was plentifully adorned, were found undisturbed. It was suggested that the eyes of the murdered soldiers should be immediately photographed, in the hope of successfully testing the discovery recently made in England, when to the surprise of all, the result was the production of the portraits of two soldiers of the private guard at the place, on whose breasts were the insignia of the cross of St. George. The murderers were at once sought out and apprehended.

Married—Miss Jane Lemon and Mr. Ebenezer Sweet.

"How happily extremes do meet
In Jane and Ebenezer;
She's now no longer sour, but *Sweet*,
And he's a *Lemon*-squeezer!"

The Press—Pulpit—and Petticoat—the three ruling powers of the two lit. The first spreads knowledge, the second morals, and the last spreads—considerably.

Why is love like a canal boat? Because it is an internal transport.

"Castles in the air" have for their timbers "moonbeams."

[Written for the Boston Journal.

MUST I GROW OLD?

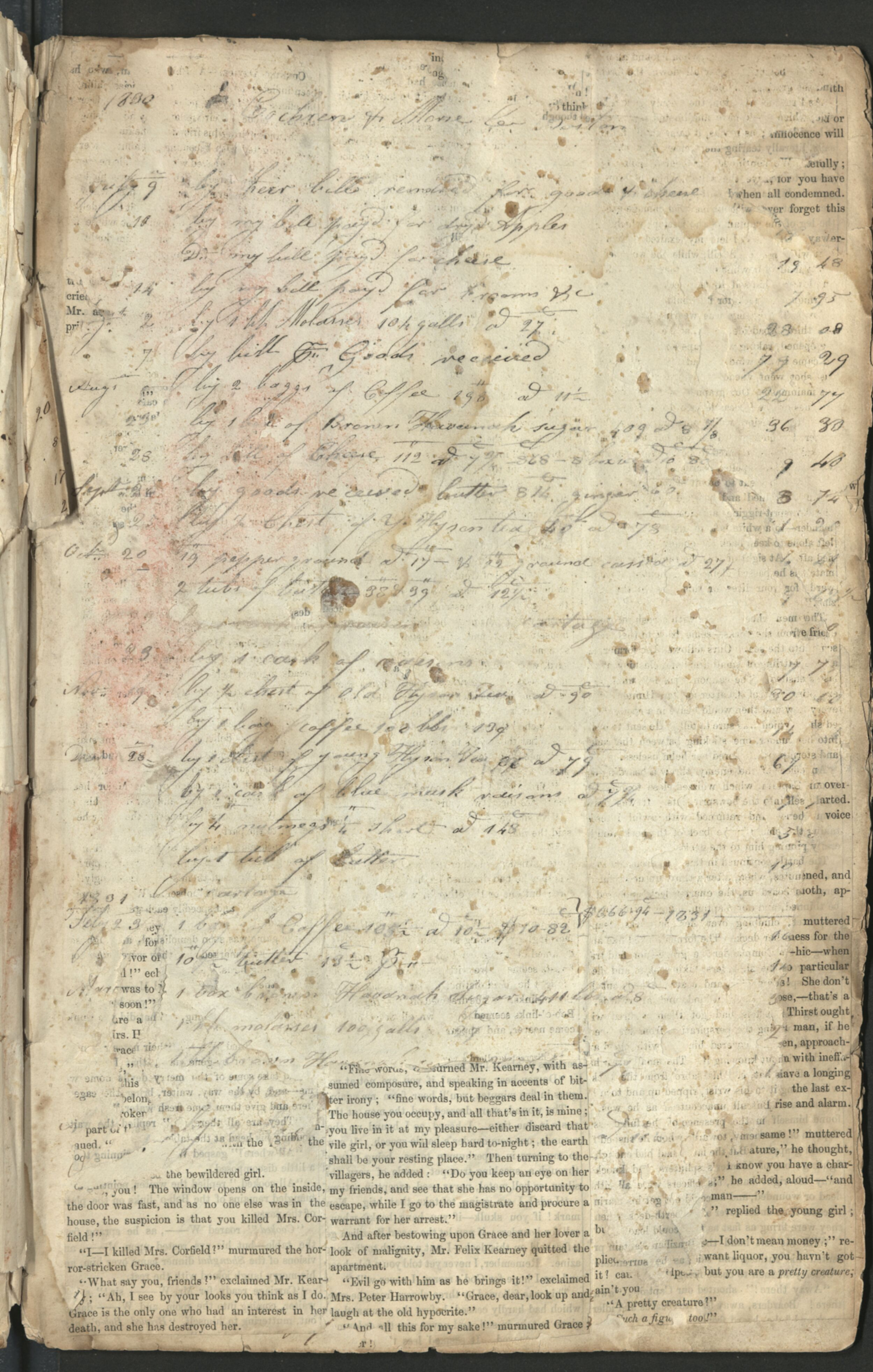
Like a brief happy dream, my glad childhood has
The bright years of youth now glide light o'er my he
The future is gilded with hope's golden ray,
While silver-winged joy scatters flowers on my way,—
No grief clouds my spirit, no cares yet annoy,—
The world offers pleasure without al
It offers me fame, it offers me gold,—
And must I grow *old?* Say *must* I gro

Young friends are around me, the fair and
And life appears now one long, bright holid
Its morn is scarce passed, or its pleasures begu
No cloud has arisen to darken its sun,
But all cheerful and glowing, its radiance is she
In light on my pathway, and warmth on my he
Must chill evening draw on, and *my* young hea
cold?
Must I grow *old?* Oh! Say,—*must* I grow old?

Should pleasure deceive me, then wealth may a
And offer me joys more enduring and sure;
She'll build me a palace most gorgeous and high
Around it wide lawns and gay gardens shall lie;
Within, she'll arrange with a generous hand
The costliest products of every land;
I shall tread its broad halls robed in satin and g
But—must I grow *old?* Oh! *must* I grow old?

Do I sigh for renown? When I know that my n
Resounds loud and clear from the trumpet of fa
When the green, fadeless laurel encircles my bro
And the great, and the wise, before *my* genius b
Will this give me peace, or my worn spirit chee
While distinct above all, rings a voice in my
Wh to *thee* are earth's pleasures, its fame,
Th must grow *old?* Yes,—thou *art* growi
Feb. 1857.

that [illegible] a half a pum
es his hair with a curry comb.



"Fine words, returned Mr. Kearney, with assumed composure, and speaking in accents of bitter irony; "fine words, but beggars deal in them. The house you occupy, and all that's in it, is mine; you live in it at my pleasure—either discard that vile girl, or you will sleep hard to-night; the earth shall be your resting place." Then turning to the villagers, he added: "Do you keep an eye on her my friends, and see that she has no opportunity to escape, while I go to the magistrate and procure a warrant for her arrest."

And after bestowing upon Grace and her lover a look of malignity, Mr. Felix Kearney quitted the apartment.

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"And all this for my sake!" murmured Grace

the bewildered girl.

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have a longing
the last ex-
rise and alarm.

same!" muttered
ature," he thought,
know you have a char-
," he added, aloud—"and
man——"

" replied the young girl;
—I don't mean money;" re-
want liquor, you havn't got
it? can
but you are a *pretty creature*,
ain't you

"A pretty creature!"

Such a figu too!"

What can he mean?" thought Grace.

"Well, if I were Mr. Charles, I should consider myself a *fortunate young man.*"

"Charles?"

"Yes; for you are a *pretty little witch!*"

And, with these words, he hurried from the chamber; for the manner of Grace, which gradually become more excited, produced an unpleasant effect upon him.

"The words, the very words I used!" exclaimed the young girl, as the door closed behind Calmoth; "and he repeats them. My heart throbs as if it would burst; Mrs. Corfield's dead! and he, he must have heard them! How? Concealed! Whoever killed her was inside the house. He, he was inside. He was concealed, and killed her! Seize him! he killed her! seize him!" And she rushed wildly after the wanderer, making the passages echo with her cries.

On the lower landing, she overtook Calmoth; and at the same moment, Mr. Johnson, the magistrate, accompanied by Charles, Mr. Felix Kearney, and half-a-dozen armed policemen, appeared at the main entrance to the cottage.

"Seize yonder man! I accuse him!" cried Miss Melville.

"Of what?" demanded the wanderer, becoming sober in a minute by mingled surprise and fear.

"Of murder!" was the response.

"Murder!" exclaimed all.

"Who—I—I—she's mad!" replied Calmoth; "let me go!"

"You stir not!" cried Grace, firmly. "I call for justice!"

"And justice you shall have, my poor girl," said Mr. Johnson, kindly. "What is your charge?"

"I accuse this man of being concealed in the room where I undressed—I suspect, behind the curtains."

"That's near enough!" thought Calmoth.

"And of the murder of Mrs. Corfield!"

"I am innocent, your worship!"

"What proof have you?" inquired the magistrate of Miss Melville.

"His repeating the words I used," was the reply.

"Ha! ha! the girl's mad!" laughed Calmoth.

"I am not, for you are a villain!" returned Grace, firmly. "Look at us, and judge between us, who was the most probable to commit crime. I appeal even to Mr. Kearney, to say who he thinks guilty!"

"My looks? you don't approve of them!" said the wanderer, with assumed merriment; "and so because I called you pretty, you accuse me? Ha! ha!" what proof have you, Mr. Magistrate?"

"I am sorry to say—none!" was the reply.

"None? Then Grace is guilty!"

"You cannot detain this man, Mr. Johnson?"

"I cannot! Sir, you are at liberty."

"Thanks, gentlemen," said Calmoth, raising his hat, and making a polite bow.

But at that moment an expression of triumphant joy escaped the lips of Miss Melville.

"For, twisted in a fold around the ruffian's head, she beheld *The Bridal Veil* which Charles had on that morning presented to her.

"What are you pointing at?" demanded Calmoth, nervously.

"That veil!"

"Ha!"

"That veil is mine!"

"Yours!" ejaculated all.

"I left it in the room last night," answered Grace; "Charles gave it me."

"Caught!" shouted Calmoth, springing towards the door. But at that instant he was seized firmly by Charles Lincoln, who held him tightly by the throat, and removed the veil from his head.

There was a pause of a few moments.

"The girl's story is true," said the ruffian, at length; "there's no more use in denying it, and the truth might as well out at once. It *was* I that murdered the old woman; she would resist, and so to stifle her cries I choked her with the veil. I know not what fatality led me to bind the rag around my head; but, now that the mischief's done, it matters very little."

The following day Mr. Felix Kearney quitted Lowell, and after that time was never heard of more.

Many were the congratulations received by Miss [illegible] with regard to her fortunate escape; and [illegible] among the rest, approached to wish [illegible]:—

[illegible] kind interest [illegible] may [illegible]

Care in our coffin drives the nails, no doubt,
But mirth, with merry fingers, plucks them out.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S GOOD MORNING.

"Oh! I am so happy!" the little girl said,
As she sprang like a lark from the low trundle bed;
"'Tis morning, bright morning! Good morning, papa!
Oh give me one kiss for good morning, mamma!
Only just look at my pretty Canary,
Chirping his sweet 'good morning to Mary!'
The sunshine is peeping straight into my eyes—
Good morning to you, Mr. Sun, for you rise
Early to wake up my birdie and me,
And make us as happy as happy can be."

"Happy you may be, my dear little girl,"
And the mother stroked softly a clustering curl—
"Happy as happy can be—but think of the One
Who wakened, this morning, both you and the sun."
The little one turned her bright eyes with a nod—
"Mamma, may I say good morning to God?"
"Yes, little darling one, surely you may—
Kneel, as you kneel every morning to pray."

Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes
Looking up earnestly into the skies,
And two little hands that were folded together
Softly she laid on the lap of her mother;
"Good morning, dear Father in Heaven," she said;
"I thank thee for watching my snug little bed,—
For taking good care of me all the dark night,
And waking me up with the beautiful light.
Oh, keep me from naughtiness all the long day,
Blest Jesu[illegible]ught little children to pray!"

An angel looked down in the sunshine and smiled;
But she saw not the angel—that beautiful child.

☞ At *a meeting* of a parish, a solemn and most exemplary deacon submitted a report, in writing, of the destitute widows and others standing in need of assistance in the parish. "Are you sure, deacon," asked another solemn brother, "that you have *embraced* all the widows?" He said he *believed* he had done so; but if any had been omitted the omission could *be* easily corrected.

A Discontented Family, — Poverty, Pride and Laziness.

Death of a Simile.—In the backwoods of one of the Southern States, there dwelt one of those clerical characters common to the piney woods, with small natural ability, and still smaller acquirements, remarkable only for the tenacity with which he would cling to one idea. He had taken up the notion that his Satanic majesty bore a striking resemblance to a black fox. While illustrating this simile one Sabbath to his congregation, for the thousandth time save one, a chap who had been hunting near by, arrived at the meeting house door, with his gun and game; and suiting the action to the word, threw a defunct black fox on the floor in front of the astonished parson, exclaiming—"There, Parson McK., blast your black fox—I have killed him at last; and I reckon you needn't make no more noise about it no how." It is needless to say that this was the death blow to Parson McK.'s simile.

Genealogy.

"[illegible], but three [illegible] Seth, are [illegible] Cain was [illegible] Abel [illegible] re ex- [illegible] and he [illegible] the mother [illegible] a fruitful [illegible] dam were in [illegible] for a length of [illegible] now nothing of. [illegible] when he slew [illegible] not less, probably, [illegible] twenty years of [illegible] by God [illegible]

[illegible] in 1667, is [illegible] fter 78 [illegible]

[illegible] was [illegible]

[illegible] and [illegible]

☞ "What is your age, miss," inquired a gallant marshal of a young lady about sixty, in the ——district the other day. "What's that to you, Mr. Impertinence?" said the fair one, drawing up and exhibiting a formidable *chevaux de frize* of broken teeth. "It is a very unpleasant question, but it must be asked. What shall I place you at?—twenty, I should think." "Yes," said the old girl, completely mollified, "I think I was twenty last spring"—and the gratified damsel, invited our friend to take a glass of wine and call again before he left town.

TRUE KNOWLEDGE.

He *nothing* knows, who knows not this,
That earth can yield no settled bliss,
No lasting portion give:
He *all things* knows, who knows to place
His hopes on Christ's redeeming grace,
Who died that we might live.

A Frenchman not long since landed in this city, and knew enough of the English language to make himself understood in monosyllables. Going into a restorator, he saw a pumpkin-pie which took his fancy, and he inquired, and was told what it was. On going to the office to settle his bill, he was asked what he had had. "A piece of polka pie," was the honest reply.

A Jealous Man.

When the pale hag of green-eyed Jealousy once gets possession of man, it transforms him into a maniac. He looks wild, stares and turns fitfully as if a kennel of hounds had him in chase. At every fitful breeze, he sighs; at every unusual sound, he beats his breast; and rings h... constantly at the expectation of somethi... ful.

Is his wife fair? though ever so l... false. Is she wity? then she is wanton... speaks to her, he is trying to woo i... smiles on him, there is a promise. Is ... at home, it is ...ck him, and if s... she will be merry ... his sig... gone from home? h... St... long? he conjures all ... hie... ing her.

His body grows lean with f... with his fears. His goods mei... carelessness. Old age claps him ... while he is yet young; and hi... head g... before it is old. His children ... fear they are not his own. He ... heart; never sleeps soundly; ne... never walks but is distracted; and ... despair and leaves her to another.

☞The faith of ignorance and fanaticism doubts.

☞At North Bridgewater, in this S... Wednesday morning last, an Irish... Murphy, feeling unwell, was advis... er to take a dose of salts. A... for them, but ... bovi... ounce of ... swall...

THE W... celebrated ... British P... of men ... Himmal... wrestler... e ... Britons. ... tl... men, ... any thing s... nger man mill ...

DON'T KNOW HIM.—Lord... son of ... visit at his aunt's went ... day, and did not return until after dark. The good lady, much alarmed, scolded him severely, and said: "I wonder fear did not drive you home." "Fear," replied the boy, "I don't know him."

☞One of the ceremonies at a Jewish weddin... at Aleppo, is fastening the eyelids together with gum. The bridegoom is the person who opens at the proper time the eyes of his bride. He does not say whether they continue open during the remainder of her matrimonial career or not.

WANT TO GET MARRIED.—*A chance for the Bachelors.*—Two young ladies, destitute of homes, without work, and tired of the state of single blessedness, have a very strong desire to "hitch teams" with two good looking young men of steady babits, who are each able to support a wife. The ladies are not over twenty, and are *called* good looking and amiable. Any bashful young man with the above qualifications, may avail himself of an excellent opportunity to obtain a wife without having to pass the dreadful (?) ordeal of "popping the question," by addressing "Fanny Roberts, Lowell, Mass.," any time this week.

Pleasure of Lyi...

It is ... nge thing, ... body h... it a ... we go to ... sup... ...ey regret. Or ... of the fo... make a ... ...ening ... m...

by George

and ... had a...

...scale, the notorious, was Police Court on Wed... with stealing articles to ... from the dwelling of ... Bradford street. The ... y is ... Some ... boon ... San... She ... ...d ... ney ... ored ... hey ... and ... ome ... roll ... dol... and ... er that ... when... like ... ey ... the ...ented ... on ... of ... was ... d ... er... ...rre... d; San... n, ...case, could n... be ... in the case, and ...g the witnesses, ...owin quer... ...n yo... ...e?" ...itated.) ...e ... in our ...am... ...Nuisance ... don't ... same

Isaac Chase Co

by potatoes

Lad... Se... d told ... not ... d to ... na... Judg... his ... ...old

...of the latter. ...t from Dr. mile

best *elixir vita*, it is the ... of life that a man has devis... aid, the great Buffon was ... half...

Chas Tenney Co

The Philadelphia Firemen, one hundred and sixty strong, met Jenny Lind on her arrival at the city of brotherly love, and, armed with torches, escorted her to her carriage.

P Inglis Co

...given ...ly cal... ...," "Jones," ... Mr. Bill Borrow... attention from Jus... were he guilty of the ..., it would have been al... ...sibility to have had him convicted. We do not wish to insinuate that Bill met with favor in consequence of having money enough to put up for "bonds," etc.

Received

Chas Co

...in the ...

...or ... the ...service in an ...company for two years, and the other ...honorably discharged, after having ...ed one year in a company now in ex...uffnce.

We know of a man who is so particular about his food, that he often spends half an hour at the table discussing whether the red or the yellow side of a peach should be eaten first. One of the sports of childhood we should recommend to him — that of opening the mouth and shutting the eyes; should he swallow the stone, no doubt he 'd be wise.

A Dangero[us] to be at Large.

There is a te[rrible] somewhere Down East," who ought to [be] committed. He threatens to pla[y] the vel[y] in consequence of [his] faith[ful] per[formance] his t[ask] to

That wo[uld] we like to

Hear that with the r[ain] the gras[s] We

Oh, qua[int] th[ing]

comets well."

[ner.]

[Does it! We didn't think it] [haz]ard of [a] [mor]tal man to do half as much. [But], we think such a desperate and dangerous individual ought to be caught, cast into a spider's web, and safely guarded by one flea, two musquitoes, and a vigilant wood-louse. There is no knowing what the chap *may* do.

Attending to the Duties of your Profession.

A little timid attorney, presenting a copy of a writ to a bluff auctioneer, apologised for his unfriendly visit, as he was merely performing an unpleasant duty of his profession.

"Certainly," replied the knight of the hammer, "you must attend to the duties of your profession, and so must I to mine," and immediately knocked him down.

Shouldn't Wonder.

"Pa, ain't geese's footses cold when they stand in the snow?"

"I think not very."

"I guess as how they must be, for I seed the old gander take up his foot this morning, and put it in his pocket."

[O]THER.

[But] it hath flown,
[Alo]ne."

[Fa]te indeed,
[So]cial [ties] and

strong.

[Y]ou wert,
[Th]an when she

[Bo]x
[Dec]ir!
[Sea]ts at $1,
[DEA]L—The,
[Ship]ping,

[Beh]eld,
[Zea]l,
[Expe]lled;
[Exi]led;
[Ste]el.

[Co]uldst thou
[Me]lody,
[In] the sound,
[Sou]nd,
[Bay].

[Ho]ly

[Ma]y

[Ha]ve

[Ma]y

[Ha]ve

[Ma]y

[Ha]ve

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

In these little sketches we do not propose to be profound; only talkative, chatty, and simple. As we have very little space this week, for this feature, we shall continue our subject without needless preface.

Putnam's early days were spent as those of most boys placed in his situation in life. One of his favorite amusements was "bird nesting" a cruel and useless custom, followed in all country places with a ferocity perfectly atrocious. These hunts for nests were followed in company; but Putnam was always the leader of the band.

On one occasion he and his companions came across a fine nest which lodged on a frail branch of a very high tree. The tree stood apart from the others and was difficult of climbing. Besides this, it was evident that no pole, or contrivance, would answer the purpose of getting the nest—there was no way of obtaining it save by venturing upon the branch, which, nine chances to ten, would break under the weight of the robber. No one would venture.

Putnam regarded the nest and limb in silence, for some moments, and at length said—

"That bird has all the qualities of a soldier. It has completely fortified its home. I'll wager there is not a boy for ten miles round that could get that nest."

All agreed with him.

"I'll try it," said he, deliberately taking off his jacket and rolling his pantaloons up to his knees.

The little knot of boys attempted to dissuade him; but to no purpose. Go he would.

"I'll fancy that one of the King's strongholds," said Putnam, "and may I be shot if I don't come off victor."

The tree was ascended—the limb gained. Putnam placed his foot on it, and it creaked, while the old bird flew off with a sharp cry, and remained describing circles round the tree, and uttering touching complaints.

"Bah!" said Putnam, "do you not prey on our fields? Do you not tax us for your support? Do you not take our goods against our will, just like the King?"

He ventured a foot further on to the limb. It bent low, and a warning murmur arose from the boys below. Putnam put his knee to the branch, and reached towards the nest. The limb broke partially—a shout below—and Putnam persevered. His fingers touched the wished for prize, and just as he cried—"I've got it," the limb broke clear off, and he fell; but not to the ground. His pantaloons caught in one of the lower branches and his head hung downwards.

"Put, are you hurt?" asked one of the boys.

"Not hurt," answered the undaunted heart; "but sorely puzzled how to get down."

"We can't cut away the limb because we have no knife."

"I can't stay here till you get one."

"We'll strike a light and burn the tree down."

"Aye, and smother me in the smoke. That won't do."

There was a boy named Randall in the group, who was noted for being a crack marksman, and who afterwards fought very bravely at Putnam's side.—Him Putnam addressed:

"Jim Randall there's a ball in your rifle."

"Yes."

"Do you see that a very little limb holds me here?"

"I do."

"Fire at it."

"What, to cut you down?"

"Of course."

"But I might strike your head."

"*Shoot. Better blow out my brains* than see me die here, which I shall in fifteen minutes. *Shoot.*"

"But you will fall."

"Jim Randall will you fire?"

The sharp crack of the rifle rang through the forest—the splinters flew—and Putnam fell upon the ground. He was severely bruised; but laughed the matter off, and nothing more was thought of it.

Three days after Putnam met Randall and the rest, and, taking the nest from his pocket, said—

"Here is that nest. I said I would have it or perish; but I went alone, because I determined no one should see me fail and aid me to escape the consequences."

The same indomitable spirit was displayed in that instance as in the perilous leap and the many other dangerous and daring exploits, performed by the gallant man in his efforts for the ascendancy of the cause of liberty.—[*Noah's Messenger.*

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

A FABLE.

"Good morning, how do you do, Miss Fly?
Why in such haste pass me by?
I'm always glad with friends to meet;
Pray ma'am walk in and take a seat;
I'll wait upon you—here's my hand,
I'm very much at your command.
We'll take a walk around my cell,
Methinks you'll like it very well.
With all my skill I've just prepared
The nicest arbour—dont be scared!
You'll have no reason to regret
A visit to my curious net."

"Excuse me, sir; I can't comply;
'Twould ill become an ignorant Fly,
To take a cunning Spider's word;
For oftentimes I've been assured
That Spiders work all night to stretch
Such kind of nets poor Flies to catch."

"You wrong us much, my dear Miss Fly,
And if you will but just draw nigh,
I'll soon convince you of the error
That's caused you so much needless terror.
I long to take your silky hand;
Come, let's embrace; I am your friend."

"You talk so fine, and yet so pressing,
I own it may imply caressing;
And might to you be quite refreshing,
But not to me so great a blessing!
Should I give up my hand to you,
I fear you'd take my body too.
Your visage lank, and empty net,
Shows you've not been to breakfast yet:
So fare you well, you grim old sinner,
For me, you'll go without your dinner!"

H. T.

CHARADE.

As Jane was sitting by the fire,
In came James and sat down by her.
"A penny for your thoughts, my dear."
"My thoughts are: (1) What most people tread on;
(2) What poor folks make into bread and live on;
And (3) what rich ones to lose do fear."

PUNCH'S ALMANAC.

Prince Louis Napoleon is sent to Ham for life—to *Ham*, Punch supposes, for the benefit of the common-*weal*.

Prince Joinville applies for the remains of Napoleon, and the Governor of St. Helena returns the Boney-part.

Highflier died 1793, without completing his engagements, as he left a long *race* behind him.

Jean d'Acre is abandoned. Naughty Jane!

Louis Philippe takes up the *National* newspaper; and, having read it, *takes up* the editor.

The "Times" first printed by steam, 1814, and has kept the country in hot water ever since.

Dr. Johnson ended his life, 1784, which a man of the name of Boswell had made frequent attempts upon.

Fort Niagara taken, 1759, but the Falls escape, from the rapidity with which they run.

Battle of Corunna, 1809. England gained nothing, but alas!—lost Moore.

The Great Frost commences 1814 —

Old Father Thames is confined to his bed;
And the New River too, with a cold in its Head.

Peter the Great died 1725. Surely they might have *cured* him, if they'd made up their minds to *Salt*-Peter.

London Bridge burnt 1632. The City Corporation in full dress, with *pumps* and *hose* go to extinguish it.

"None of yer Jokes."

"What letter is that, Henry?"

"I don't know, sir."

"It's A,—try and recollect it."

"Golly Gosh!—if you know'd what 'twas, what did you ask me for?"

The urchin had no notion of being fooled with, and he streaked it for his seat.

☞ A Juror in one of the courts of New York, a day or two since, when the jury retired to deliberate in regard to a verdict, anticipating a long siege, took a bottle of brandy with him. He was severely reprimanded by the court, and in addition fined $25.

A Worsted Tradesman.

An English paper says that a short time since, a "navy," some six feet three inches in height, and of Herculean build, went into the shop of one of the Worcester shopkeepers, and asked if they had got any "whirlers"—that is, stockings without feet.

"No," quoth the shopkeeper, "but we have got some famous big and strong stockings, as will just suit such a man as you."

"Let's ha'e a look at 'em," rejoined the "navy."

The counter was immediately covered with a quantity. Our Hercules, selecting out the largest pair, said—

"What's price o' them?"

"4s. 9d.," was the rejoinder.

"Can you cut feet off em?" was the next query.

"Oh, certainly," was the answer.

"Then do," was the laconic command.

No sooner said than done. The shears were applied, and instantly the stockings were footless.

"And what's the price on 'em now?" quoth our friend of the pickaxe and spade, with all the composure imaginable.

"Price on 'em now?" echoed the worsted merchant, surprised beyond measure at the absurdity (as he thought) of the question, "why 4s. 9d., to sure."

"Four shillings and ninepence!" quoth the navy "I ne'er gov more than 1s. 6d. (putting the last sum on the counter) for a pair o' *whirlers* i' my life."

"Well," replied the tradesman, (chop-fallen, and fairly outwitted,) throwing the mutilations at him—"take them and be off with you: you've 'whirled' me this time, but I'll take good care that neither you nor any of your roguish gang shall do it again, as long as I live."

A Knowing One.

"Mr. Brown," said a constable to this ubiquitous personage the other day, "how many cows do you own?"

"Why do you ask?" was the query.

"Because I wish to levy on them," was the prompt rejoinder.

"Well, let me see," said Mr. B. abstractedly; "how many cows does the law allow me?"

"Two," replied the constable.

"Two," said Mr. B., with good-natured astonishment—"Well, if the law allows me two, I wish it would make haste and send the *other* along, as *I hav'nt but one!*"

THEY SAY THOU WILT DIE.

BY LOUISE J. CUTTER.

They say thou wilt die
When autumn sweeps by,
Like a star from the brow of even!
That angels will come from their shadowy home,
And bear thee away to heaven.
Oh! say, shall thy tone
Breathe forth the death moan—
Oh! say, wilt thou leave me alone?

Each glance of thine eye,
And each quivering sigh
Thrills my soul with the wildest delight;
Where thy look doth beam, life seemeth a dream,
And when thou art away it is night.
Will thy dear spirit fly
To the heaven on high—
Oh! say, my own, wilt thou die?

In this world's wild strife,
Thou alone art my life,—
I will love thee forever and ever;
E'en the angels above shall not sunder our love—
No power our spirits shall sever.
If thou lie in the tomb,
In thy beauty and bloom,
The lovelight will set amid gloom.

Oh! tell me, my love
When the angels above
Bid thee worship at heaven's shrine;
If they bear thee there, will they hear my prayer,
And carry my spirit with thine?
For, oh! if thou die
When autumn sweeps by,
My soul will go with thee on high.

LIZZIE ROSEINE;

—OR—

"THE TARE AMONG THE GOOD SEED."

BY A LADY.

"So you decline making one of our party to-night, Lizzie!" said Mr. Ashley to a young girl, whose beautiful face wore an air of abstraction quite at variance with the interest and animation usually expressed there.

"With your permission, uncle, for I can scarcely enjoy another opera while Signora N—— is *prima-donna*, and the weather continues so severely cold. Kitty and I promise ourselves a very pleasant evening at home."

"You shall always do as you please, Lizzie; but beware whom you admit during our absence, lest we convict you of a conspiracy," said Mr. Ashley, good-humoredly. "Come here, my little Kitty. I intend making you cousin Lizzie's duenna; so, should any gentleman appear to-night and propose an elopement, you must let us know in time to prevent it."

"Yes, father," replied the merry maid upon whose head rested the experience of eight years—the longest years she would ever know—"if cousin Lizzie says I may; but I am sure she would not run away with any one except Dr. Elliott, and he is too good to ask her."

As Dr. Elliott was the family physician, and father of several children older than Lizzie, she joined in the merriment excited by Kitty's remark, without embarrassment; but the bright color rose to her cheek a moment after, as a servant entered bringing her a letter. The flush was evidently not occasioned by pleasure, for a troubled expression crossed her brow as her eye sought the superscription, and, with a movement slightly impatient, she placed it between the leaves of a book which she held in her hand. To Mr. Ashley, also, the autograph appeared familiar, and to occasion a similar annoyance; he turned hastily so avoid the observation of two lady guests, who, with himself, Mrs. Ashley, his fair niece and little Kate, had made the company at dinner, and saw to his satisfaction that their attention had been diverted by their lovely hostess. Tea was now brought in; and, immediately after, the party for the opera withdrew, leaving the cousins in undisturbed possession of the drawing-room.

For awhile Kitty chatted away with great vivacity; but observing that her auditor was not disposed to give her much attention, she danced off to a table on which lay some fine engravings, and for the next five minutes was absorbed in their contemplation. But she was too restless a little sprite to remain long quiet, and, forgetting her character as duenna, she, by and by, slipped away to the nursery in search of a more talkative companion.

Lizzie, thus relieved, threw herself on a sofa near the fire, and producing the letter, which had remained concealed, but not forgotten, began to read by the bright flames of the Liverpool. The expression that settled upon her face as she proceeded, was one requiring some study to analyze; but the predominating emotions appeared to be grief and perplexity. Before she could finish the scarcely legible lines, she yielded to her excited feelings, and lay for some time weeping and sobbing as if her heart would break. Tears, as usual, brought relief—she gradually grew more composed; but, wishing to avoid her uncle and aunt on their return, she withdrew to her own room, and locked the door on entering.

A bright fire was blazing in the grate. Before it stood an easy-chair, into which she sank, and, covering her face with her hands, appeared to be lost in thoughts of a most painful and agitating nature. And here we must leave her, while we endeavor to throw some light upon the event of this evening, by reviewing her history for a few years previous.

Lizzie Roseine was the only child of Mr. Ashley's favorite sister; she lived with her parents in the city where our story opens, until her eighth year, at which time they became so fascinated with a lovely village in one of our Middle States, where they were spending a few days during a summer tour, that before leaving it they completed the purchase of a handsome mansion on the bank of the beautiful lake forming its eastern boundary; and to this they soon after removed.

Little Lizzie was at first greatly grieved by the separation from her kind relatives and favorite playmates; but she grew reconciled, on being assured that they would often visit her in her new home. What a delightful home it was! She could not be otherwise than happy there; and she soon learned to love it far more than the small garden and crowded streets of her native city.

The extensive grounds pertaining to the house, which was spacious and finely proportioned, were environed by hedges of hawthorn. Here and there the well-trimmed grass in front was broken by noble shade-trees and neatly gravelled walks, and adorned with seats formed of elastic boughs and other rural devices. In the rear were a beautiful parterre, a fine green-house, and an enclosure of choice fruit-trees. Beyond, the ground began gradually to slope, and was terraced down to the lake; its smooth, bright verdure rendered more charming by contrast with the pebbly shore.

Here Lizzie spent some of the happiest years that ever fall to the lot of a little mortal. Blest beyond measure in the judicious affection and elevating example of a sensible, refined and devoted Christian mother, she grew in knowledge, beauty and favor with all.

At the age of twelve, she was the loveliest fairy that can be imagined. The sunshine seemed always to play amidst the soft, bright curls of her hair; a bewitching expression of refinement, purity and sweetness, rested about her mouth, and her eyes revealed such a depth of truth and tenderness, that none could look into them without a softening of the heart. So thought Lizzie's friends, young and old.

She was alike beyond the comparison and envy of her schoolmates; they were proud of her loveliness, and did not attempt to conceal it from her. Over all their games she presided. Of each May-party that occurred after she came among them, she was elected queen without hesitation or debate.

Happy would it have been for this youthful favorite if, for a few years longer, she had experienced the watchful care of her excellent mother; for, even at this early period, among the "good seed" sown by the prayers and example of that tender parent, the "enemy," had been at work. That baneful weed—inordinate love of admiration—with which he so often destroys the amiable and beautiful, had already taken root.

Scarcely had Lizzie entered her thirteenth year, when Mrs. Roseine was suddenly called upon to exchange the scenes and objects of her earthly affections, for the fruition of that faith and hope which enabled her to look beyond.

For some time her health had been delicate, but not such as to confine her to the house, or unfit her for the duties devolving upon her. She had long been sensible of a palpitation and increasing disease of the heart, which now became oppressive, almost to suffocation, after slight exertion; yet the physician to whom she submitted her symptoms treated them as the result of a nervous affection, giving no cause for alarm.

Mrs. Roseine did not adopt his opinion, but, wishing to spare her husband any unnecessary anxiety, she concealed her own fears, and earnestly strove so to live in the practice of holy thoughts and duties, that when the summons came she might be found prepared and "waiting for her Lord."

One evening in October, while the sunset rays still lingered brightening the opposite banks, Mr. and Mrs. Roseine descended to the shore, where they stood gazing on the clear, silvery surface of the lake, and rejoicing in the beauty of the landscape, until her soul seemed to expand with admiration and gratitude; for, after pointing out with much discrimination, the finest points in the scene, she spoke of the great and manifold blessings by which they were surrounded; of her own peculiarly happy lot, which had ever "been cast in pleasant places," favored in early years with the love and guidance of pious parents, and during her married life, with the unvarying tenderness of an exceedingly dear husband. And then she adverted to the extreme loveliness of their child, and the temptations to which it must expose her. Here for a moment her voice faltered, but faith prevailed, for clasping her hands, she exclaimed with great earnestness, "Yet God heareth prayer, and will preserve her! In Him do I put my trust!"

There was a beauty and pathos in her expression, a purity and gentleness in her voice, that touched the heart of her husband deeply. The thoughts of both became too tender and subdued for utterance, and they turned in silence to ascend the bank.

As they stood on the last step of the upper terrace, Mr. Roseine felt his wife's hand slipping from his arm; he turned his face hastily towards hers, and observed on it an expression that seemed to check for a moment the pulsations of his own heart. Her head was thrown slightly back; he caught the whispered ejaculation, "My strength and my Redeemer!" and saw the bright red spots that burned upon her cheeks succeeded by a paleness which he knew neither love nor skill could ever chase away.

Thus, without a warning, was he left a widowed man, and his beautiful, idolized little daughter, deprived of a mother's care.

When Lizzie received the message which summoned her to a home that death had robbed of its chief charm, she was in the midst of a youthful party at the house of a friend,—the loveliest, happiest of them all.

Oh! what a fearful cloud overshadowed the hours which had hitherto proved all sunshine. At first her little heart, with its warm, strong affections, seemed as if it would break. But, by and by, her sorrow became less selfish—she remembered her father, and strove to soothe his grief by her attention and caresses—and at last, when that long, sad winter passed away, and the air of spring became warm and pleasant, and the flowers showed their little heads, and the birds danced in and out among the green leaves, warbling the sweet notes Lizzie loved so well to hear, her own heart responded.

She came out again among her playmates in her black dress, and with a subdued expression on her face that seemed to heighten her beauty, and render her dearer to all who saw her.

When Lizzie reached her sixteenth year she was still the idol of her father, courted, flattered, and in great danger of being spoiled by her companions. The counteracting influence of her wise and good mother was no longer present. Her only parent was too blind to be judicious; he saw no fault in her, and thought her entitled to even more than the admiration she received. Thus was the "tare" sown by the enemy allowed to spring up and grow powerful.

About this time Lizzie became aware that she was the object of a deep and earnest attachment in the bosom of a young student by the name of Malcolm, who was completing his senior year in the college. His fine, manly, intellectual face, gentlemanly deportment, and high standing in the estimation of the faculty and among his classmates, had made him a favorite with the ladies of

the village, and Lizzie was pleased with his attention. Her interest in him deepened as her acquaintance increased, and when, the day after he had graduated with the highest honors the college could bestow, and in the first flush of his triumph, he came to declare his affection and ask her as his affianced bride, she referred him to her father, with the conviction that the happiness of her life depended upon his consent.

Mr. Roseine, as we have intimated, was an injudicious father, but he was not a worldly-minded man. He placed a right estimate on the noble character of young Malcolm; he knew him to be possessed not only of high moral worth, but also of deep religious principle. His connections were excellent, and although he intended to study for the ministry, would have but his salary to subsist on, Mr. Roseine generously resolved that this should prove no obstacle; his own fortune was ample, which his daughter would inherit after his death, and while he lived she should want neither comfort nor elegance. There was but one objection apparent to his mind; they were both very young; but then three or four years must elapse before Mr. Malcolm's ordination, and until that occurred he could not claim her as his bride. As the remembrance of his wife's anxiety and the subject of her last prayer arose to his mind, he rejoiced in comparative security from temptation which was promised by such an engagement. He, therefore, gave his consent, with the tender consideration of a father anxious for his daughter's true happiness, and the generosity of an honorable man who valued merit above wealth. Thus Lizzie Roseine became the affianced bride of Henry Malcolm, and for a while the cup of her earthly blessings seemed full. But, alas! "how seldom in this life is great happiness of long duration." Scarcely three months after this event, Lizzie was left an orphan, and inconsolable, by the death of her devoted parent whose great fault lay in loving her too well.

Mr. Ashley, who now, by Mr. Roseine's wish, became the guardian of his niece, removed her to his own home, and strove, by every affectionate attention, to make her feel that in him she had found another father.

For two years Lizzie remained strictly secluded, and her deep mourning garments were no false token of the sorrow in her heart. But time, that assuager of grief, and the caresses of her young cousins, with the entreaties and remonstrances of her uncle and aunt, at length prevailed; she went out again into society, which in its gay, city aspect, presented a thousand new charms to the beautiful heiress.

Introduced by Mrs. Ashley into the brilliant circle of which she was a leading member, Lizzie soon became its reigning star. Wealth, beauty and amiability were for once combined, and brought to their possessor a host of worshippers. Among these was Mr. Etherton, a gentleman whose distinguished elegance of manner and reported relationship to a noble family in Scotland, registering their name in the British peerage, had secured to him a position pre-eminent for fashion as hers for unequalled loveliness.

The remembrance of early instructions, and her attachment to Henry Malcolm, for a while guided her heart; but as she became more and more absorbed in the bewildering pleasures of that gay society, the holy influence of her mother's memory decreased, and the anticipation of a retired life in a country parsonage, grew, at first, distateful, and then intolerable. Even the noble soul and manly grace of the secluded student began to lose their hold upon her affections, and she gradually learned to listen with pleasure to the refined flatteries of the courtly Mr. Etherton. There was a charm in his insinuating voice and gentle deference of manner that the fascinated girl no longer strove to resist: his attentions were permitted, until they appeared to be indispensable.

And where is Henry Malcolm, that he sees not the peril threatening his hopes, and the integrity of the fair girl to whom his faith is plighted! In a far distant seminary he is earnestly pursuing the studies necessary to his vocation; but, morning, noon, and night, her name ascends from his heart in fervent prayer that she may be preserved from the temptations attached to the position in which she was placed. Alas! he knew not how perilous that position had become; he saw not the baneful weed fast choking the "good seed" sown by a Christian mother; and he loved her too confidingly to admit a doubt of her truth to him.

Since the death of Mr. Roseine he had made her several visits, and each time found her increasing in loveliness of manner and person. His reception by Mr. and Mrs. Ashley was always polite and hospitable; but they made no allusion to his engagement, and evidently avoided the recognition of it. While their want of cordiality on this subject pained Mr. Malcolm, the delicacy of his feelings precluded a remonstrance. To Lizzie he had noticed it, but her answer was embarrassed and unsatisfactory.

Scarcely four months had elapsed since his last visit, and but little more than two were wanting to the time of his ordination, when her letters became less regular and frequent; a brevity and restraint grew apparent, which pierced the heart of the young man by awakening the suspicion that he was no longer dear to her. He would have gone at once to ascertain the cause of the change, and to insist upon a denial or confirmation of his fears. But the stern voice of duty commanded his stay, and that voice he never resisted. Would that Lizzie had also been alive to its monitions! she might then have avoided the sin of filling a noble heart with distracting doubts at a time when it most needed composure.

He wrote with the deep earnestness of his affection, requiring an explanation, and expostulating with her upon the cold, brief style of her letters.

Alas! her reply filled his soul with anguish. It was a confession of her unfitness to become the wife of a clergyman, and her conviction that she could never be happy in such a position: her attachment to him was not sufficiently strong to reconcile her to it; the very anticipation became oppressive. She begged him to release her from an engagement formed when she was a mere child; she was not worthy of him, and trusted he would find some one who could more fully return his affection, and prove an aid rather than hindrance to him in his holy vocation.

The heart of young Malcolm at first refused to believe that all his hopes of earthly happiness were thus to end; he seemed to be in a hideous dream, and while he walked rapidly up and down his study, the agonized ejaculation, "Spare me, good Lord!" which now and then burst from his lips, revealed the struggle of his manly spirit. At last he paused—again took up Lizzie's perfidious letter—he could no longer doubt its import; and, overpowered by his terrible trial, he sank on his knees before God, to wrestle with Him for composure and submission to His will.

For many hours he was unable to reply. When he constrained himself to write, it was to give her the release she had desired. He spoke not of his own crushing disappointment, but earnestly pointed out the danger of her situation, and confessed, with great humility, his error and presumption in having too fondly believed that, when withdrawn from the temptations of the gay world that surrounded her, she would be led by his prayers and influence to seek the rest and happiness in Christ, which alone could prove enduring.

It was this letter over which Lizzie betrayed such strong emotion on the evening of her introduction to us. She remained a long time struggling against the voice of conscience and the reviving tenderness awakened in her bosom by the words of Henry Malcolm.

Lizzie's perplexity was greatly increased by a declaration, that morning received from Mr. Etherton, of an attachment which, for some time, had been undisguised, and, alas! too agreeable to her. His attentions were encouraged by her aunt, and allowed by her uncle; they flattered her own vanity, and beguiled her of the power to discern between right and wrong. Thus was she led to yield to the suggestions of her heart and the sophistry of the arch enemy, when they whispered "You will do well in breaking off your engagement with Mr. Malcolm, for how can you marry him, without sin, when you so greatly prefer another!"

But, as Lizzie held in her hand the letter which released her from the irksome bond that had threatened to withdraw her from the gay world and its bewildering admiration, and left her free to accept Mr. Etherton's proposals, was she happy? The pale face and throbbing temples which rested that night upon her pillow, were evidence that she was not yet altogether heartless.

Exhausted by her emotions, she soon fell asleep; but the thoughts which had so disturbed her during the evening were busy in the visions of night. She dreamed she was again a child sitting on the bank where she had spent happy, peaceful hours; her mother was by her, on whose lap lay an open Bible, from which she was reading; but her words were so faint that Lizzie could not catch their import; she attempted to draw nearer, when a change became apparent in the scene. The lake decreased in width until it was only a narrow stream, but exceedingly bright and clear, while the opposite banks were clothed in a verdure of indescribable freshness and beauty. A soft light was diffused around her, and the air grew so pure and balmy that it seemed as if she inhaled it to bring the peace of heaven into her soul. Her mother was no longer there, but in her place sat Henry Malcolm; the same large Bible lay upon his knee, and he, too, was reading. His voice was loud and sweet, and she distinctly heard the words, "He leadeth me to green pastures, beside the still waters." As she strove to address him, he also faded from her sight, and she awoke with a weight of sorrow at her heart, such as she had never felt since the day she was made an orphan.

Oppressed by thought, she arose, and, putting on her wrapper, sat down before the fire, which was still burning, looking sadly upon the glowing coals as if she could draw from them some light and comfort into her troubled mind.

The falsity of her conduct, and the sophistry which she had deceived herself, were no longer concealed from her. She felt that if her heart had been more guarded it would have proved less unfaithful. But, alas! though the child of many prayers, Lizzie had never learned to pray for herself, and, instead of seeking to have her better feelings confirmed, she turned for relief to the scenes of past pleasures by which she had been misled; and soon the world and Mr. Etherton resumed their dominion. When she again sought her pillow the paleness of penitence and regret was displaced by the bright flush which anticipated adulation and triumphs had brought to her cheek.

Could one invested with supernatural discernment have stood by her bed as she now slept, he might have noticed that her better angel no longer whispered in her ear. The same wily tempter that beguiled Eve held possession of it, and was conjuring up fascinating pictures of future gayety as the envied bride of Mr. Etherton she was visiting his relations in Scotland, and by them presented at the English court, she saw the admiring glances, and heard the high compliments in that brilliant assembly, and her heart throbbed with delight.

When she arose the next morning conscience was no longer troublesome, and her mind

oived; yet a feeling of shame and degradation
a moment prevailed as she acquainted her
ncle with the rupture of her engagement, and the
roposals of Mr. Etherton; but it was banished
y Mr. Ashley's expression of approbation, as he
id his hand kindly on her head and said:—"It
as a childish affair, Lizzie; such a monotonous,
tired life would have made you miserable. Mr.
Malcolm is a fine young man, but he will find a
ife better suited to his position. Etherton is a
oble fellow, and will make you happy; your
astes and dispositions are more congenial. You
ave acted wisely, my child! God bless you!

And Lizzie almost believed her affectionate, mis-
dging uncle's commendation was merited. She
aw not the mockery in his benediction; neither
id he; it was a common phrase, and meant noth-
g more than an expression of his own love and
vor.

Never had she looked more charmingly than
hen she met Mr. Etherton that evening! No
onder that he left her a proud and happy man,
r he, too, anticipated the *eclat* of an introduction,
nd the admiration she would excite in his native
d.

e's engagement was to be a short one; the
cement was followed by the congratulations
friends, which, with the preparations for
arriage and contemplated tour, so occupied
houghts and time, that she had no leisure for
serious reflections.

rs. Ashley resolved that the wedding of the
autiful heiress should surpass any that had oc-
rred in her circle, or within her recollection.
othing that good taste could suggest, or money
ocure, was neglected. The elegant drawing-
oms were newly curtained, and looked superb in
profusion of wax-lights and splendid mirrors,
le the whole mansion was redolent of the
icest flowers.

When Lizzie surveyed herself before leaving her
n room on the evening of her marriage, she was
tisfied in the conviction that her dress was fault-
ss, and the most becoming which could be de-
sed. And so thought all others who observed it;
t the dress was almost forgotten in admiration
the sweet face and bright hair, rendered more
vely by the delicate and costly veil that shaded
em.

It was well for Henry Malcolm that he knew
t the time appointed for the bridal of the vain
rl to whom he had given his earthly affections;
r that morning he had assumed the solemn vows
ordination, and his struggle to rise above his
row, and the distracting thoughts which were
ving for the mastery, might have been more
icult and less successful.

At the moment when she who had been his own
anced bride became the wife of another, he was
ated alone in his study, while the fine, musical
nes of his voice arose in the touching hymn and
dition,—

"Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies," etc.

ho would doubt that He "who searcheth the
art" saw far more beauty in the pale face and
astened spirit of the lonely student than in the
sh and triumph of the bride!

Immediately after her marriage, Lizzie accom-
nied Mr. Etherton to Europe, where her recep-
n by his friends was such as fully to satisfy her
bsorbing passion;" and when the day following
r presentation at court, she read in the Morning
ronicle an eulogium on the grace and beauty of
e charming American lady, Mrs. Etherton, she
t that her brightest dream of happiness was
lized. The present life was so desirable, she
uld have wished it prolonged forever.

For several years after Mrs. Etherton's return
her native city, her pre-eminence for fashion
d loveliness remained undisputed. But during
s time she was not altogether free from moments
sadness and reflection; the lisping accents of
o fair children, who claimed from her a mother's
e, had aroused, in a measure, the warm, pure
ctions which had characterized her in earlier
and when she recalled the instructions by
which her own infant years had been blessed and guarded, she half resolved to withdraw from the "giddy throng" before the influence of her worldly example should affect the young minds committed to her charge.

But these reflections were unfrequent, and the emotions excited by them transient. The chains by which she had suffered herself to be enthralled were yet too powerful and too delightful to be easily broken. The engrossing love of admiration subdued her better feelings—for that she lived, and considered it an ample reward for the sacrifice of principle!

But, while she was thus hardening herself against the voice of conscience, and the pleadings of holier affections, her mother's prayers were not forgotten by Him "on whom the righteous never call in vain."

On the eighth anniversary of Mrs. Etherton's wedding, and the sixteenth birth-night of our young friend Kitty, Mrs. Ashley gave a brilliant party in honor of both occasions. Many who had seen Lizzie in her bridal attire pronounced her not more lovely and fascinating then, than on the present evening. Still young and beautiful—possessed of the same winning smile, sweet voice and fascinating grace of expression and manner that had distinguished her girlish days—she was the object of attention and adulation wherever she moved. And when Mr. Ashley, in the gratified pride and affection of his heart, whispered to her, as she lingered a few moments after the other guests had departed,—"Why, Lizzie, you look as fair and as youthful to-night as you did eight years ago. It would have been barbarous to shut you up in that parsonage; what would Etherton and the world have done without you?"

She answered, gaily: "Thank you, uncle, for your gallantry; I have never regretted my choice—retirement would, indeed, be to me intolerable!"

Never had the charms of society been more irresistible to her; never had its homage seemed dearer than on that evening; and she was so much engrossed by pleasureable recollections, and the anticipation of a ball, to be given by her for her young cousin on the following week, that, forgetful of the sleet which had fallen during the day, she rejected Mr. Etherton's assistance to alight from the carriage, as it stopped before her own door, and sprang carelessly to the icy pavement; her foot slipped, throwing her forward on her knee. At the first moment she was unconscious of injury, but as she attempted to rise, she fainted, and again fell. In a state of insensibility she was carried to her chamber, and laid upon the bed, while a servant was dispatched for Dr. Elliott, before whose arrival the injured limb was frightfully swollen, and the pain arising from the slightest movement was scarcely to be endured.

After an examination the doctor prepared a wash and bandage, and administered an opiate, which afforded some relief. He enjoined upon her the necessity of remaining perfectly quiet, and said, cheerfully, "that she must try to bear a few days of seclusion." But his tenderness of heart caused him to conceal the conviction that her injury was of such a nature as to rob her step forever of its grace and elasticity, and preclude the possibility of her walking in future without an artificial support.

For nearly a week the beautiful sufferer was under the influence of morphine, and unconscious of the extent of her misfortune. When a suspicion of the truth first arose, and was afterwards confirmed by her husband and physician, her distress was extreme, and she rejected every expression of sympathy or condolence.

Mr. Etherton for a few days suffered nearly as much as his wife; he had been proud of the admiration she excited, and the idea of seeing her in future supported by a crutch, was insupportable.

He loved her, perhaps, as much as a selfish nature, engrossed by vanity and fashion, would allow him to do. At home they were seldom alone, but he never interfered with her wishes and enjoyments, and seemed gratified in seeing her always cheerful and surrounded by company.

During the first fortnight after her accident, he spent much of his time in her room, and tried to soothe and divert her mind. But, by and by, he grew weary of the confinement, and returned to his gay companions, with renewed zest for the pleasures from which he had been awhile withdrawn.

Some months previous to this time, Mr. Etherton had attached himself to a *clique* of young men, distinguished for fine musical talent and great extravagance. With them his time was nearly all spent; he seldom accompanied Lizzie, who was herself too much engrossed by gayety and dissipation, to be greatly annoyed by his increasing absence and late hours. But now that she was confined to her couch, with leisure for reflection, she felt his desertion keenly, and as, evening after evening, he absented himself on some frivolous pretence, her unhappiness increased. Her temper became irritable, reading irksome, and she lay, day after day, indulging thoughts of a most gloomy and repining nature. There was but one thing that seemed at all to soften her heart, or arouse her from the stupor of her grief—the endearments and prattle of her children, whom she could scarcely bear to have out of her presence.

For two months she remained upon her couch, unable to move without great pain, and refusing to see any visitors except her uncle and his family. Her physical suffering, though severe, was less than the mental agony she endured. Not only was the mortification arising from her crippled limb constantly before her mind, but she was now acutely sensitive to the neglect of her husband, and her heart yearned for those delicate and considerate attentions so dear to every thoughtful and affectionate wife.

Alas! she had refused to be "drawn by the cords of love," nor would she now submit to the "rod of chastisement;" her spirit rebelled against the great Being who inflicted it! Yet the thoughts of neglected duties would often force themselves upon her mind as she lay watching her children at their play; but they were still mere infants, and she consoled herself with the resolution of devoting more time to them in future.

Her eldest, a boy of six, was an exceedingly interesting and sweet-tempered child, and to him she now turned for comfort. Charlie, dear little Charlie, could alone divert or cheer her, and his baby love and sympathy grew daily dearer.

The youngest, who was just entering her third year, could hardly ever be induced to leave her nurse's side. But she was a fair little creature, and to her also Lizzie's heart went forth with increasing tenderness.

One day, as Charles stood beside her exhibiting some painted pictures, and relating, in his sweet voice, the stories attached to them, he suddenly stopped and said:—"Mother, my throat hurts me!"

She thought he was tired of reading, and told him to lay aside his book and play with his little sister. But a moment after he came to her again, complaining of his head. As she observed his heightened color, and felt the dryness of his skin, she became alarmed, and would have sent immediately for the doctor, but he was now a daily visitor and it was the usual hour of his call. Before he arrived Charlie grew more restless. When the doctor examined his symptoms he looked grave, and told Mrs. Etherton that, as the scarlet fever was prevalent in the city, it would be well to have the children kept apart. He prepared some powders, and promised to call again in the evening, when the disease would be more fully developed, and he should be better able to give an opinion.

Lizzie had always entertained a great dread of this fever, bur fear for herself was now lost in anxiety for her child. She would not allow him to be taken from her room, but had his little bed placed near her own.

How nervously she watched for evening and Dr. Elliott! Her crippled limb scarcely occurred to her mind, except as she in vain attempted to rise. When the doctor at length came he left her no longer any room for doubt. The little patient's illness had rapidly increased, and the bright scarlet spots were already apparent on his face and neck. Once during the day the father had entered the room, but fearing the contagion, both of sadness and disease, he remained only a few moments.

Unable to prepare or administer his medicines herself, the anxious mother saw that they were punctually attended to; and as she lay, hour after hour, looking upon his flushed face, and listening to his moans, the remembrance of her former neglect became intolerable. Her own infant years rose to upbraid her. How different had been the unremitting watchfulness and holy instructions of her devoted parent! Alas! her child had never been taught to raise his heart in prayer, and scarcely knew there was a God or heaven.

The fever had proved of a malignant character, and before the close of the fifth day Dr. Elliott had, with much tenderness, endeavored to prepare Mrs. Etherton for the loss of her son. He dreaded the effect which this new affliction might have upon her still inflamed knee and irritated mind. But she received the communication with more calmness than he anticipated, for hope had already deserted her.

She insisted upon his being placed in her own bed, where, subdued by maternal tenderness, she who had so long neglected to call upon God for herself, now earnestly besought him for the life of her child.

She held his dimpled hand in her own, listened with a bursting heart to his struggles for breath—saw the feverish excitement pass from his brow; and felt the icy chill creep over his fair frame! But she knew not when he was removed from her side and placed in his little coffin.

Grief and excitement had brought on delirium; and, for many weeks she was unconscious of anything but her own suffering. When reason returned, and she heard that her infant daughter had also sickened and died of the same fatal disease, she no longer listened in a spirit of rebellion; for she was learning to look upon the chastisements which had withdrawn her from the world, and were destroying the "tare" which had so long "choked the good seed," as an evidence that her mother's prayers had been registered on high and were receiving an answer.

Once more it is the anniversary of Lizzie's wedding!—the eleventh since her marriage. She is again seated in Mr. Ashley's drawing-room. Her complexion no longer boasts the rose, but it still retains the infant-like fairness and delicacy for which it had always been remarked. Her soft, bright hair is combed smoothly back, and partly concealed by the small, plain cap of widowhood. An expression of subdued sorrow and resignation rests about the eye and mouth, which could be wrought only by heartfelt and sanctified affliction.

Against her chair leans a crutch; but she no longer regards it with abhorrence, for a placid smile crosses her brow, as she takes it up to explain to a young cousin the springs by which she increases or diminishes its length at pleasure!

Does Henry Malcolm know that she, to whom his dearest earthly affections were once given, is now childless and a widow? He may have heard it from other lips, but since she was his own affianced bride they have never met. Far different were the paths chosen by these two young persons, who for nearly four years had looked forward to the same lot in life; and wide had been their separation! While she, as the wife of another, was absorbed in the alluring pleasures of the world; finding her most desired reward in its admiration; he, as the lonely minister of a retired parish, was striving to secure, by the faithful and unostentatious discharge of his self-denying duties, the approval of his own conscience, and the favor of his Heavenly Master; and in seeking to pour balm into the wounded hearts of others, he was blessed by the return of happiness into his own.

He is no longer the *lonely* student—for his pleasant study is graced by the presence of two ladies, one of whom he addresses as mother. Her air of gentle dignity and sweet, grave aspect, may well command his respect. The other is a fair, youthful woman, with meek brow and truthful eye, who, for three years, has been to him a loving and beloved wife. He has been reading aloud, but the book is laid aside for the caresses of an infant son, whose rosy face is pressed against his own; while the merry response and clear laugh excited by the child, show plainly that the heart of Henry Malcolm is still alive to innocent mirth and enjoyment.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

Here are a few hints on "popping the question," which may be commended to the bashful and the hesitating, as well as for the instruction of our lady readers:—

If you call on the "loved one," and observe that she blushes when you approach, give her hand a gentle squeeze, and if she returns it, all right. Get the parents out of the room; sit down on the sofa beside "the most adorable of her sex," and talk of the "joys of wedded life." If she appears pleased, rise, seem excited, and at once ask her to say the important, the life or death-deciding, the suicide or happiness-settling question. If she pulls out her cambric, be sure you are accepted. Call her "my darling Fanny," and "my own dear creature," and this completes the scene. Ask her to name the blessed day, and fancy yourself already in Paradise.

A good plan is, to call on the "object of your affection" in the forenoon; propose a walk; mamma consents, in hope that you will declare your intentions. Wander through the green fields; talk of love in a cottage, requited attachment, and rural felicity. If a child happens to pass, of course intimate your fondness for the dear little creature; this will be a splendid hit. If the coast is clear, down you must fall on your knee, right or left, for there is no rule as to this, and swear never to rise till she agrees to take you for better or for worse. If, however, the grass is wet, and you have white pantaloons on, or if your trowsers are tightly made, of course you must pursue another plan; say, vow you will blow your brains out, or swallow arsenic if she won't say yes.

A young lady's tears, when accepting you, mean simply, "I am too happy to speak." The dumb-show of staring into each other's faces, squeezing fingers, and sighing, originated, we have reason to believe, with the ancient Romans. It is much practised now-a-days, as saving breath, and being much more lover-like than talking.

Iron Paper.—At the Prussian Industrial Exhibition, Count Renard, a large proprietor of iron works, exhibited sheet-iron of such a degree of tenuity that the leaves can be used for paper. Of the finest sort, the machinery rolls 7040 square feet of what may be called leaf-iron, from a hundred weight of metal. A book-binder of Breslau has made an album of nothing else but this leaf-iron, the pages of which turn as flexibly as the finest fabric of linen rags.

Remarkable Memory.

"Who made you?" enquired a lady-teacher, of a great lubberly boy, who had lately joined her class.

"I'd 'o' know!" said he.

"Not know? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. A boy 14 years old! Why! ther'es little Dicky Felton—he's only three—he can tell I dare say. Come here, Dicky—who made you?"

"Dod!" lisped the infant prodigy.

"There!" said the teacher triumphantly, "I knew he'd remember!"

"Vell, he oughter!" said the stupid, "'taint but a little while ago since *he* was made.

The Captain's Story.

Some twenty years ago I was coming from Calcutta in a good ship I then commanded; I had been away from home eleven months, during which time, I had heard no news thence, either private or public. Off Barnegat we fell in with a fishing smack, having on board a man and a boy, father and son. We wanted some fresh fish, and the father coming on board, we soon made a bargain with him, receiving in exchange for a real Indian bandana handkerchief, a plentiful supply.

"Well! skipper!" said I, after the barter was over, "what's the news?"

He nodded his head thoughfully for a moment, and said, "Potatoes is twenty five cents a bushel!"

"Is it possible?" I asked, "but, the news, friend, what is the *news*?"

"Wal!" said he, "there was a great crop on 'em last fall!"

"Never mind the potatoes," I replied, tell us the news—what's going on in the political world?"

"Politikil!" said the fisherman, standing silently for a few moments, "Politikil? d'ye see that fellow in my boat, yonder?" pointing to his son, a mop-headed fellow of eighteen. "Wal captain, that 'are chap made two hundred dollars last winter!"

There was no use in trying to get anything out of him, so we parted. Three or four years after, on my return from another voyage, coming on the same coast, I again met this fisherman. He remembered me, took out the identical bandana that I had given him, waved it with a cheer above his head, and swore I should have the best and biggest of all the fish he had. I made another purchase of him and was again anxious for the news.

"What's the news?" I enquired, "who's President?"—it was just after a general election.

Said the fisherman, "D'ye recollect my boy, that I had in the smack with me—the one who made two hundred dollars?"

"Yes," said I.

"Wal!" he replied, his hard eyes becoming watery, "the little d—d cuss is dead!"

"And that," said the captain in conclusion, is all I ever got out of the fisherman of Bernegat.

THE MOTHER.

In "Letters from the Continent," by Frederick Matthieson, we have the following anecdote.—The accompanying verses are published with the anecdote in the Monthly Repository of August, under the signature, H. H. and dated Birmingham.

"Of Prince William Henry, who was for a long time resident at Hanover, I heard a trait which does honour to his heart. One day he met a woman leading in her hand a half naked boy. 'Will you sell me your child?' asked the prince. 'You may be a very rich gentleman,' she answered, 'but I would not take all your money in exchance for my child.' 'Why not?' said the prince. 'Do you know then who I am? But come to-morrow to the castle, and if, indeed, I am not in circumstances to purchase your son, at least I can provide for him.' The woman appeared the next morning, as he had desired, and the Prince not only had the boy creditably educated, but promised to take him into his service, if he should prove honest and diligent."

"Thy babe is naked, hungry, cold,
And thou art poor and famish'd too;
Exchange thy baby for this gold,
'Twill buy thee bread and clothing new."

"Sore press'd by poverty we roam,—
My babe and I have scarce to eat,—
No friend we have, nor shelt'ring home—
Expos'd to all the storms that beat;

"And *thou* dost dwell in lordly hall,
Where cold and want can ne'er intrude,
Where riches furnish at thy call
Both costly dress and dainty food:

"Yet all thy gold is worthless ore—
More dear my boy, though nurs'd in wo,
Than all thy state, than all thy store—
A *mother's* heart thou ill dost know!"

"Thy tears rebuke my folly's aim?
My wealth thy treasure cannot buy;
Yet shall it answer misery's claim,
And light up pleasure in thine eye.

"Beneath my care thy boy shall grow,
While thou his rising worth shall tend;
Your wand'rings o'er, ye yet shall know
A home, and comfort, and a friend."

H. H.

An Afflicted Family.—The family of the late Professor Kingsley, of West Point, have been sadly and painfully bereaved. In the year 1834 and 5, four lovely children died in one week, of scarlet fever; subsequently yet another died after protracted sickness; then Professor Kingsley, in 1849, was thrown from his horse, receiving injuries from which he died; the remaining members of the family, in 1850, were thrown from a carriage, and the youngest child, aged five years, was killed. Two daughters, aged thirteen and twenty-one, were among the lost on the Henry Clay. The heart-broken mother and one son are the only survivors of this stricken household. In their aggravated sorrows they have the sympathies of many friends.—*New York Observer.*

The Penalty of Being a Father.—When a Chinese lady is blessed with an increase to her family, from the moment of her accouchement, the unhappy husband is put to bed also, and there detained for forty days, and during this delightful penance he is subjected to all the rigorous treatment of his better half. Should medicine be administered to her, he must partake of it also, and he is strictly confined to the same diet that she is obliged to undergo, which consists on an average of about a thimbleful of cream of rice, administered every three hours, to say nothing of the pill at bed time to prevent indigestion.

Horrible Tragedy at Darien, Ga.—Five negroes—four men and one woman—were hung in Darien, Ga., on the 25th of July, without a trial according to law. They had murdered their master, James Houston, a planter, in the most inhuman manner, if the account be not exaggerated. On the day of the murder he (Houston) had a woman whipped for misconduct. At night he was stripped by the negroes, tied to a tree, and beaten most unmercifully with a cowskin, and also with a "paddle," cutting his face and head dreadfully. In this condition he was left several hours, but finally put to death by three blows of an axe upon the head. When the murder became known, the five negroes were arrested and committed to jail. They could not be tried until November, by the legal tribunal, and the citizens organized a court, found the negroes guilty, and hung them all. It is said they confessed their guilt.

The Fishery Troubles.—An experienced naval officer says, that several vessels, now at the New York Navy Yard, will be put in order immediately, and await advices from Washington. He does not anticipate any serious trouble about the fisheries, but is of opinion, that owing to the Nova Scotians' hatred of Americans, there may be a brush with the colonial authorities. Admiral Seymour, of the British squadron, is spoken of in the navy as a friend to the United States, and will, no doubt, see that justice is done to both parties.

Revenue at Gloucester.—At the Gloucester Custom House there was collected, last year, twenty-three thousand dollars for merchandize imported, which is larger than that of any other port in New England, excepting Boston, Salem and Portland.

There has been added to the tonnage of Gloucester this year, fifty first-class fishing vessels, at a cost of about two hundered thousand dollars.

Daniel Webster Nominated for President.—A portion of the Whigs of North Carolina opposed to the election of Gen. Scott, have nominated Daniel Webster for President and William A. Graham for Vice-President, and are to call a convention and select an electoral ticket. A similar movement is to be made in Georgia.

Declines.—Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, in a letter to the chairman of the Whig State Central Committee, declines to have his name used before the Whig Convention as a candidate for Governor.

Drowned.—An English girl, named Stevens, was drowned on Tuesday, while bathing at the beach in Newport. Two other girls were with her who were nearly exhausted when rescued.

SWEET BE THY DREAMS.

Sweet be thy dreams when balmy sleep
Her soothing influence round thee throws!
What if my faded eyes should weep?
Thine will be folded to repose.
I know thou wilt not dream of me:
Some lovelier one will haunt thy rest;
I care not what those dreams may be,
So they are sweet, and thou art blest.

Bright be thy hopes! why should one cloud
Of sorrow dim thy radiant eye?
Go! mingle with the gay and proud,
And learn to smile, though I may sigh;
Go! climb the loftiest steep of fame,
And wreath a laurel round thy brow;
And when thou'st won a glorious name,
Low at the shrine of beauty bow.

Light be thy heart! why shouldst thou keep
Sadness within its secret cells?
Let not thine eye one tear-drop weep,
Unless that tear of rapture tells;
Go! shed on all thy brightest beams;
I would, but must not, bid thee stay,
Sweet vision of my sweetest dreams!
In dream-like beauty pass away.

A WINDSTORM AT NIGHT.

O sudden blast, that through night's silence black
Sweep'st past my windows,
Coming and going with invisible track—
As death or sin does—

Why scare me, lying sick, and—save thine own—
Hearing no voices?
Why mingle with a helpless human moan
Thy fierce rejoices?

Thou shouldst come gently, as good angels come
To souls departing;
Floating among the shadows of the room
With eyes light-darting;

Bringing faint airs of balm, and tones that rouse
Thoughts of a Far Land;
Binding so softly upon aching brows
Death's poppy-garland.

O fearful blast, I shudder at thy sound!
Like some poor mortal
Who hears the Three that mark life's doomed, bound
Sit at his portal.

Thy wings seem laden with sad, shrieking souls,
Borne, all unwilling,
From earth's known plains, to the unknown gulf that rolls,
Evermore filling.

Fierce wind! will the Death-Angel come like thee,
And swiftly bear me—
Whither?—What mysteries may unfold to me?
What horrors scare me?

Shall I go wandering on through silent space,
Lonely—still lonely?
Or seek through myriad spirit-ranks one face,
And miss that only?

Shall I not then drop down from sphere to sphere
Palsied and aimless?
Or will my being new so changed appear
That grief dies nameless?

Rather, I pray to Him who Himself is Love,
Out of whose essence
All pure souls spring, and towards Him tending, move
Back to His presence—

His light transfiguring, may not efface
The soul's earth-features,
That the dear human likeness each may trace—
Glorified creatures;

That we may love each other, only taught
Holier desiring;
And seek all wisdom, as on earth we sought,
Ever aspiring;

That we may do all work we left undone
Through frail unmeetness;
From sphere to sphere together passing on
Towards full completeness.

Then, strong Azrael, be thy solemn call
Soft as spring breezes,
Or like this blast, whose loud fiend festival
My heart's pulse freezes—

I will not fear thee!—If thou safely keep
My soul, God's giving,
And my soul's soul—I, wakening from death's sleep,
Shall first know *living.*

Liquor Destroyed.—On Wednesday, a warrant was issued by Justice Lothrop, of Barnstable, to search the premises of Theodore Fish, of Yarmouth, and the same being duly served, about four barrels of different kinds of liquor were found, snugly stowed away in some oats in the barn. The liquor was taken before the court, and judgment rendered against the defendant. The fines and costs amounted to $52 96. The liquor was turned into a brook, in the presence of a large assembly.

Quantities of liquor have also been destroyed in New Bedford and several other places.

Too Honest.—"Mr. Slocum, I believe sir?"

"Yes, sir, James Slocum."

"Some six months ago, Mr. Slocum, you gave me credit for a pair of boots—price five dollars. I have now called to liquidate the demand."

"Owe me five dollars? Well really I have no remembrance of the fact."

"Be that as it may, the debt is honest and must be paid."

Here the middle-aged gent, in pepper and salt cassimeres, took out a well-filled pocket book, and handed Slocum a twenty dollar bill. Slocum balanced the account, and handed to the middle-aged gentleman, in the seasonable wearing apparel, fifteen dollars, being the "balance on the boots."

The middle-aged gentleman left, while Slocum went off into a reverie.

"Well, the world is not so bad, after all; here at least, is one genuine honest man. I will never speak ill of the human family again."

Scene Second.—An Exchange office.—Enter Slocum.

"Bullion, my boy, just discount that lot of money, and give me current."

"Certainly, sir."

Bullion runs over the "pictured blotting paper," and throws out a twenty dollar bill.

"What do you throw that out for?"

"Not worth a cent—one of the new counterfeits came out yesterday."

Slocum once more goes off into a reverie. "Curse that scoundrel! That's the very bill that honest man paid me yesterday for them boots. What a vile world. I don't believe that there is one upright man on earth."

Spirited Resolutions.—The young ladies of Bloomingdale, Illinois recently held a meeting at which they resolved "to have nothing to do whatever with any young man who indulges in the use of intoxicating liquors." Whereupon the young lords of that part of the creation,—

Resolved, That we will not "countenance" any young lady who don't "countenance" us.

Resolved, That we will do our utmost to put down the ice cream saloons, and burst all the soda fountains; and that it becomes us, hereafter, to attend church solitary and alone, and while we are there, we will look toward the altar and worship, instead of across the aisles!

Resolved, That we will ride the ladies out no more, and shall, therefore, hereafter discountenance all livery stables, railroads and wheelbarrows.

Resolved, That we will not countenance any feller who violates the above resolutions, if he wants a girl ever so bad.

Execution of two Women in Prussia.—Two women named Charlotte and Matilda Meyer, mother and daughter, were executed a short time since, at Insterburg, in Prussia, in virtue of a sentence of the Court of Assizes, for having murdered a poor Jew hawker, and his son, named Luchtenstein, and then robbed their residence. They both displayed great firmness as they were led to the place of execution, which was in the interior of the gaol. On seeing the fatal block, Matilda's courage gave way, and falling on her knees, she entreated that she might be executed before her mother. The mother on the contrary, made use of obscene language up to the last moment. All the windows opening on the place of execution were kept close, and the only persons present at the ceremony were a judge, a public prosecutor, and a clerk of the Royal Court, a priest, a physician, and a surgeon, and twelve citizens, chosen by lot, from the jury list.

SONG,

FOR A MOONLIGHT WATER EXCURSION.

BY W. A. FOGG.

Proudly she ploughs the dark blue waves
Like a thing of life and light;
And as on she goes aside she throws
The sea-foam, snowy white.

The city leaves she far behind,
As onward she swiftly flies;
While we see on high the azure sky,
And the sea before us lies.

How pleasant is it thus to leave
The turmoil, jars and strife,
And the load of care we all must bear,
In the bustling scenes of life.

Then fill the flowing bowl to-night,
And drive dull care away,
As vigils we keep upon the deep,
And billows round us play!

Eliot, Me., 1852.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

The following is an extract from a beautiful and touching speech, delivered in the California Senate, by Mr. Soule, on the bill authorizing women to act as sole traders:—

"When I reflect upon the conduct of many married men in California—their faithlessness to every vow which they made at the alter—how completely they fail in the performance of their duties—how virtuous and industrious, faithful and patient women are imposed upon by worthless brutes of husbands, as great tyrants at home, as drunkards and debauchees abroad, my respect for the sex prompts me to do all within my power to protect her rights and secure her happiness.

..... "I love women, I have loved her all my life; through boyhood, youth, manhood and maturer years. I expect to love her all my life, and dying, to be found faithful to the same high and inspiring sentiment. For, amid all the varied scenes, temptations, struggles and hopes of existence, one star, brighter than all others, has lighted and guided me onward—if I have ever had any high and noble ambition, the exciting energy has been in the approving smile coming from the eye of woman. And I judge her influence is thus upon others. Gentle in her affections yet mighty through their influence—her medium of rule is as powerful as the ballot-box, and she only needs the protection of law against those who have no law in their habits and propensities. She has ruled me from my boyhood with the soft and winning influence of her virtues and beauty. I remember my first love: my baby affections at four years of age. I have been in love nearly every month of my life since—save the dark and rayless days and years which have succeeded the desolate hearth, and make the heart too lonely. And never, sir, while I remember my mother, long since in her grave—while I remember the night when she died—never, while I recollect my sisters, and the abuses that might have been theirs—never, while I hold in memory one other—and her memory is all that is left me—shall I refuse to give my voice and my influence and my vote for any measure necessary to protect and cherish the weaker and better portion of creation, against the oppression, neglect, or abuse of my own sex. I hope the bill may pass."

Hibernian.—An Irishman called on a lady and gentleman, in whose employ he was, for the purpose of getting a little tea and tobacco.

"I had a drame last night yer honor," said he to the gentleman.

"What was it Pat?"

"Why, I dramed that yer honor made me a present of a plug of tobaccy, and her ladyship there—heaven bless her!—gave me some tay for the good wife."

"Ah, Pat, dreams go by contraries, you know."

"Faith, and that may be," said Pat, without showing the least hesitation "so her ladyship is to give the tobaccy, and yer honor the tay."

TO EMILY.

BY W. J. SHERLOCK.

In the still and silent hours
Let me wake a strain for thee,
Breathing from affections' bowers,
Fair and lovely Emily;
While the moon's pale rays are steeping
Hill and vale in silver light,
And the stars from heaven are peeping—
Handmaids to the queen of night.

When the golden sun is setting,
In the balmy evening's close,
And the dew from heaven is wetting
The bright petals of the rose,—
Thoughts of love and thee come o'er me,
Like that sun's last parting beams,
Or the bright blue eyes of angels,
That come flitting through our dreams.

May the wasting hand of sorrow
Ne'er be pressed upon thy brow,—
Be thy future calm and peaceful,
As the moments o'er thee now;
As a bright and shining river,
Pleasant flowers gliding by,
May thy life be, glad and happy,
Cloudless as the clear blue sky.

THE HEART.

BY LOUISE J. CUTTER.

Would we could look within the heart,
And see what slumbers there—
See if it beats with joy or woe—
If it breathes a curse or prayer!
For e'en beneath a beaming smile
There's many a sorrow deep,
All hidden within the human heart,
Where the springs of feeling sleep.

It cherishes love unbidden,
Which we cannot bid depart;
And bitter hatred lingers there,
In the chambers of the heart.
The face may beam all sweetly,
Wrapt in its sunny wreath,—
While a bitter thorn lies festering
The bleeding heart beneath.

Oh! grieve not then the human heart,
Ye may not know its grief;
Ye know not how a kindly word
May bring that heart relief;
Ye know not how an unkind deed
May from memory ne'er depart;
Then as ye wish to be beloved,
Grieve not the human heart.

Grieve not the heart that silently
Beareth its own deep woe,
But let thy tears of sympathy
Mingle with those that flow,—
And Heaven will bless thy kindness
And make thy life seem fair,
If ye seek the human heart to cheer,
And plant sweet roses there.

STANZAS.

I gazed, and as I gazed on thee,
I thought how peaceful earth might be;
Thy angel's face, thy woman's smile,
To cheer me on some lonely isle.

By thy dear feet how soon I'd learn
All worldly guile and sin to spurn;
Thy smile should be my greatest bliss,
Thine absence—utter loneliness.

Content with thee my days to pass,
Secluded from the busy mass;
Thy heart shall be my actions' test,
Thy smile shall make my moments blest.

THE MOTHER.

In "Letters from the Continent," by Frederick Matthieson, we have the following anecdote.—The accompanying verses are published with the anecdote in the Monthly Repository of August, under the signature, H. H. and dated Birmingham.

"Of Prince William Henry, who was for a long time resident at Hanover, I heard a trait which does honour to his heart. One day he met a woman leading in her hand a half naked boy. 'Will you sell me your child?' asked the prince. 'You may be a very rich gentleman,' she answered, 'but I would not take all your money in exchance for my child.' 'Why not?' said the prince. 'Do you know then who I am? But come to-morrow to the castle, and if, indeed, I am not in circumstances to purchase your son, at least I can provide for him.' The woman appeared the next morning, as he had desired, and the Prince not only had the boy creditably educated, but promised to take him into his service, if he should prove honest and diligent."

"Thy babe is naked, hungry, cold,
And thou art poor and famish'd too;
Exchange thy baby for this gold,
'Twill buy thee bread and clothing new."

"Sore press'd by poverty we roam,—
My babe and I have scarce to eat,—
No friend we have, nor shelt'ring home—
Expos'd to all the storms that beat;

"And *thou* dost dwell in lordly hall,
Where cold and want can ne'er intrude,
Where riches furnish at thy call
Both costly dress and dainty food:

"Yet all thy gold is worthless ore—
More dear my boy, though nurs'd in wo,
Than all thy state, than all thy store—
A *mother's* heart thou ill dost know!"

"Thy tears rebuke my folly's aim?
My wealth thy treasure cannot buy;
Yet shall it answer misery's claim,
And light up pleasure in thine eye.

"Beneath my care thy boy shall grow,
While thou his rising worth shall tend;
Your wand'rings o'er, ye yet shall know
A home, and comfort, and a friend."

H. H.

An Afflicted Family.—The family of the late Professor Kingsley, of West Point, have been sadly and painfully bereaved. In the year 1834 and 5, four lovely children died in one week, of scarlet fever; subsequently yet another died after protracted sickness; then Professor Kingsley, in 1849, was thrown from his horse, receiving injuries from which he died; the remaining members of the family, in 1850, were thrown from a carriage, and the youngest child, aged five years, was killed. Two daughters, aged thirteen and twenty-one, were among the lost on the Henry Clay. The heart-broken mother and one son are the only survivors of this stricken household. In their aggravated sorrows they have the sympathies of many friends.—*New York Observer.*

The Penalty of Being a Father.—When a Chinese lady is blessed with an increase to her family, from the moment of her accouchement, the unhappy husband is put to bed also, and there detained for forty days, and during this delightful penance he is subjected to all the rigorous treatment of his better half. Should medicine be administered to her, he must partake of it also, and he is strictly confined to the same diet that she is obliged to undergo, which consists on an average of about a thimbleful of cream of rice, administered every three hours, to say nothing of the pill at bed time to prevent indigestion.

Horrible Tragedy at Darien, Ga.—Five negroes—four men and one woman—were hung in Darien, Ga., on the 25th of July, without a trial according to law. They had murdered their master, James Houston, a planter, in the most inhuman manner, if the account be not exaggerated. On the day of the murder he (Houston) had a woman whipped for misconduct. At night he was stripped, by the negroes, tied to a tree, and beaten most unmercifully with a cowskin, and also with a "pickle," cutting his face and head dreadfully. In this condition he was left several hours, but finally put to death by three blows of an axe upon the head. When the murder became known, the guilty negroes were arrested and committed to jail. They could not be tried until November, by the legal tribunal, and the citizens organized a court, found the negroes guilty, and hung them all. It is said they confessed their guilt.

The Fishery Troubles.—An experienced naval officer says, that several vessels, now at the New York Navy Yard, will be put in order immediately and await advices from Washington. He does not anticipate any serious trouble about the fisheries, but is of opinion, that owing to the Nova Scotians' hatred of Americans, there may be a breeze with the colonial authorities. Admiral Seymour, of the British squadron, is spoken of in the most as a friend to the United States, and will, no doubt, see that justice is done to both parties.

Revenue at Gloucester.—At the Gloucester Custom House there was collected, last year, twenty-three thousand dollars for merchandize imported, which is larger than that of any other port in New England, excepting Boston, Salem and Portland.

There has been added to the tonnage of Gloucester this year, fifty first-class fishing vessels, at a cost of about two hundered thousand dollars.

Daniel Webster Nominated for President.—A portion of the Whigs of North Carolina opposed to the election of Gen. Scott, have nominated Daniel Webster for President and William A. Graham for Vice-President, and are to call a convention to select an electoral ticket. A similar movement is to be made in Georgia.

Declines.—Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, in a letter to the chairman of the Whig State Central Committee, declines to have his name used before the Whig Convention as a candidate for Governor.

Drowned.—An English girl, named Stevens, was drowned on Tuesday, while bathing at the beach in Newport. Two other girls were with her who were nearly exhausted when rescued.

SWEET BE THY DREAMS.

Sweet be thy dreams when balmy sleep
Her soothing influence round thee throws!
What if my faded eyes should weep?
Thine will be folded to repose.
I know thou wilt not dream of me:
Some lovelier one will haunt thy rest;
I care not what those dreams may be,
So they are sweet, and thou art blest.

Bright be thy hopes! why should one cloud
Of sorrow dim thy radiant eye?
Go! mingle with the gay and proud,
And learn to smile, though I may sigh;
Go! climb the loftiest steep of fame,
And wreath a laurel round thy brow;
And when thou'st won a glorious name,
Low at the shrine of beauty bow.

Light be thy heart! why shouldst thou keep
Sadness within its secret cells?
Let not thine eye one tear-drop weep,
Unless that tear of rapture tells;
Go! shed on all thy brightest beams;
I would, but must not, bid thee stay,
Sweet vision of my sweetest dreams!
In dream-like beauty pass away.

☞ We don't like to joke at the expense of bachelors, but this story told by the Mansfield Herald is too good to be lost:

"A morning or two since, cries for assistance were heard to proceed from the room of a highly respectable old bachelor. On bursting open the door he was found frozen fast in a tub of water!—having been troubled with a bad cold, he thought to take a bath in a tub of warm water, the night before, and felt so comfortable while sitting in it, that he dropped to sleep and did not awake until morning. He was of course unable to stir and was compelled to call for help. To his great horror, the first person rushing to his aid was an old maid who had felt a partiality for him. She, supposing he intended a joke upon her, broke into the street again, her countenance filled with indignation and wounded vanity and threw her hands violently about exclaiming, 'O, the hateful villain!' His continued cries, however, brought our friend speedy assistance, when by chopping him out with a hatchet, and turning him round and round like a spit before the fire, he was soon thawed out. He wishes us to say he is now a candidate for matrimony."

Advice to Youth.—As saith Solomon, with all thy gettings get wisdom; but if you can't get wisdom, by all means don't get drunk.

A Female Soldier.—There is now before Congress a petition from Mrs. Elizabeth G. Smith, of Missouri, who in 1846, under the assumed name of "Ben Newman," volunteered in the Mexican war, where she served faithfully for ten months, when her sex was discovered and she was discharged from the service. "Ben" has since married, and now applies for her pay and bounty land. As the law applies to soldiers and not to men, this female soldier may be successful.

Thoughts suggested on the death of Charles F. Andrews, aged 22 years, who was lost in the schooner J. H. Randall, in Boston Bay, Dec. 29th, 1853.

We feel thy loss, as none can feel
But those who watched thy earliest breath;
A mother's stay and fondest hopes,
Are blasted, cold in death.

How fair the prospect looked to him,
When from his lips escaped the vow,
"I will be faithful unto death,"
While hope o'erspread his lightsome brow.

He dreamed not when they parted thus,
A watery grave so soon to find;
For like an angel, hope sprung up,
And pointed to those left behind.

But hope again shall fill our breast,
We'll look beyond this vale of tears,
To the blest time when we shall meet
The friends we loved in earlier years.

"God gave, He took, He will restore,"
This promise unto us is given;
What though we are parted for a time,
Severed, to meet again in heaven.

Fashionables in the Capitol.—The Capitol building is now being daily graced with the presence of hundreds of very fashionable ladies, whose rich and elegant attire, and whose charming countenances and figures very sensibly affect the heads of quite as many excellent and plain folks from the country, who are also seen there daily. The latter come to hear the speeches and gaze on the lions. Yet ten to one they are instantly so struck with the lionesses, as to have neither eyes nor ears for aught else. They go into the rotunda to look at the pictures, yet they can see there only the gay and dashing ladies, sauntering around that magnificent Hall. So, also in the library, in the Supreme Court room, and in the galleries of both Houses—women, not men, appear to be almost the whole study of the evidently uninitiated in Washington of the other sex of all ages. This is a sign that the season of fashion here is rapidly approaching its climax—its high tide usually lasting some three months.—*Washington Star.*

Mad Dog.

S——, a well known sporting-man, one who kept fast crabs and boasted on his shooting powers, had several very fine dogs, of which he was particularly fond, and allowed the largest liberty. Seated one day in one of the "principal hotels," his dogs wandered around, and at length began to make very familiar with a portly old gentleman, who was busily engaged reading. A moment passed, and the cane of the corpulent one was applied with no light hand to the back of the canine. A tremendous yell called S——to his feet, with words the entire reverse of soft upon his tongue.

"Who the d—l struck my dog?"

"I did, sir."

"You did?"

"Yes sir—I did!"

"What the h—ll did you strike him for?"

"Because he's mad?"

"Mad? He's no more mad than I am."

"*Ain't mad? Well, by the Lord, I would be if any one was to strike me so!*"

The explosion that followed this icy reply cannot well be described, and S——, dog and all, soon vamosed; but which was the maddest of the two it would be easy to describe.

The Hungry Man and the Arab.—A person was walking along hungry, and saw an Arab who was eating victuals by the side of a pond. He went up to him and said, "I am just come from the neighborhood of your dwelling." The Arab asked him, "Are my wife, my child, and my camel all in good health?" The man said, "Yes." The Arab became quite contented, and paid no regard to that person farther. The man then began to say, "O Arab! this dog which is sitting before you, if your own dog were still alive, it would be just such another." The Arab raised up his head, and said to him, "My dog! how did it die?" The man replied, "It ate too much of the flesh of your camel." He inquired, "How did my camel die?" The man answered, "Your wife died, and then there was no one to give it grain or water." The Arab asked, "How did my wife die?" The man replied, "In lamentation for your son she wept excessively, and beat her head and breast with stones." He asked, "How did my son die?" The man said, "The house fell upon him." On hearing this account of the ruin of his house, the Arab threw dust upon his head, and leaving his victuals as they were, went off in the direction of his dwelling. The man, by this device, got the victuals.—*Noble's Letters.*

Quin, the Tragedian of the last Century.—During one of his annual visits to Devonshire, for the double purpose of relaxation and gorging on John Dory, Quin stopped at an inn where he had no expectation of being bled unmercifully. With this idea he gave them *carte blanche*, and fed full on the fat of the land. But when he called for his bill, the exorbitance of the charges deprived him of his breath and temper together. He, however, paid it with a heavy growl, and stepped into his chaise. Just as the postilions were driving off, Quin called them to stop, let down the window, and beckoned the landlord over to him, who was standing at his door, bowing and cringing with profound servility.

"You may as well," said Quin, "give me the pass-word, before I start!"

"The pass-word, sir! what pass-word?"

"Why, the pass-word, to be sure, that in case I should be stopped on the road, they may know I have been robbed already!"

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The Penalty of Being a Father.—When a Chinese lady is blessed with an increase to her family, from the moment of her accouchement, the unhappy husband is put to bed also, and there detained for forty days, and during this delightful penance he is subjected to all the rigorous treatment of his better half. Should medicine be administered to her, he must partake of it also, and he is strictly confined to the same diet that she is obliged to undergo, which consists on an average of about a thimbleful of cream of rice, administered every three hours, to say nothing of the pill at bed time to prevent indigestion.

Horrible Tragedy at Darien, Ga.—Five negroes—four men and one woman—were hung in Darien, Ga., on the 25th of July, without a trial according to law. They had murdered their master, James Houston, a planter, in the most inhuman manner, if the account be not exaggerated. On the day of the murder he (Houston) had a woman whipped for misconduct. At night he was stripped, by the negroes, tied to a tree, and beaten most unmercifully with a cowskin, and also with a "paddle," cutting his face and head dreadfully. In this condition he was left several hours, but finally put to death by three blows of an axe upon the head. When the murder became known, the five negroes were arrested and committed to jail. They could not be tried until November, by the legal tribunal, and the citizens organized a court, found the negroes guilty, and hung them all. It is said they confessed their guilt.

The Fishery Troubles.—An experienced naval officer says, that several vessels, now at the New York Navy Yard, will be put in order immediately and await advices from Washington. He does not anticipate any serious trouble about the fisheries, but is of opinion, that owing to the Nova Scotians' hatred of Americans, there may be a brush with the colonial authorities. Admiral Seymour, of the British squadron, is spoken of in the navy as a friend to the United States, and will, no doubt, see that justice is done to both parties.

Revenue at Gloucester.—At the Gloucester Custom House there was collected, last year, twenty-three thousand dollars for merchandize imported, which is larger than that of any other port in New England, excepting Boston, Salem and Portland.

There has been added to the tonnage of Gloucester this year, fifty first-class fishing vessels, at a cost of about two hundered thousand dollars.

Daniel Webster Nominated for President.—A portion of the Whigs of North Carolina opposed to the election of Gen. Scott, have nominated Daniel Webster for President and William A. Graham for Vice-President, and are to call a convention to select an electoral ticket. A similar movement is to be made in Georgia.

Declines.—Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, in a letter to the chairman of the Whig State Central Committee, declines to have his name used before the Whig Convention as a candidate for Governor.

Drowned.—An English girl, named Stevens, was drowned on Tuesday, while bathing at the beach in Newport. Two other girls were with her who were nearly exhausted when rescued.

SWEET BE THY DREAMS.

Sweet be thy dreams when balmy sleep
Her soothing influence round thee throws!
What if my faded eyes should weep?
Thine will be folded to repose.
I know thou wilt not dream of me:
Some lovelier one will haunt thy rest;
I care not what those dreams may be,
So they are sweet, and thou art blest.

Bright be thy hopes! why should one cloud
Of sorrow dim thy radiant eye?
Go! mingle with the gay and proud,
And learn to smile, though I may sigh;
Go! climb the loftiest steep of fame,
And wreath a laurel round thy brow;
And when thou'st won a glorious name,
Low at the shrine of beauty bow.

Light be thy heart! why shouldst thou keep
Sadness within its secret cells?
Let not thine eye one tear-drop weep,
Unless that tear of rapture tells;
Go! shed on all thy brightest beams;
I would, but must not, bid thee stay,
Sweet vision of my sweetest dreams!
In dream-like beauty pass away.

☞ We don't like to joke at the expense of bachelors, but this story told by the Mansfield Herald is too good to be lost:

"A morning or two since, cries for assistance were heard to proceed from the room of a highly respectable old bachelor. On bursting open the door he was found frozen fast in a tub of water!—having been troubled with a bad cold, he thought to take a bath in a tub of warm water, the night before, and felt so comfortable while sitting in it, that he dropped to sleep and did not awake until morning. He was of course unable to stir and was compelled to call for help. To his great horror, the first person rushing to his aid was an old maid who had felt a partiality for him. She, supposing he intended a joke upon her, broke into the street again, her countenance filled with indignation and wounded vanity and threw her hands violently about exclaiming, 'O, the hateful villain!' His continued cries, however, brought our friend speedy assistance, when by chopping him out with a hatchet, and turning him round and round like a spit before the fire, he was soon thawed out. He wishes us to say he is now a candidate for matrimony."

Advice to Youth.—As saith Solomon, with all thy gettings get wisdom; but if you can't get wisdom, by all means don't get drunk.

A Female Soldier.—There is now before Congress a petition from Mrs. Elizabeth G. Smith, of Missouri, who in 1846, under the assumed name of "Ben Newman," volunteered in the Mexican war, where she served faithfully for ten months, when her sex was discovered and she was discharged from the service. "Ben" has since married, and now applies for her pay and bounty land. As the law applies to soldiers and not to men, this female soldier may be successful.

Thoughts suggested on the death of Charles F. Andrews, aged 22 years, who was lost in the schooner J. H. Randall, in Boston Bay, Dec. 29th, 1853.

We feel thy loss, as none can feel
But those who watched thy earliest breath;
A mother's stay and fondest hopes,
Are blasted, cold in death.

How fair the prospect looked to him,
When from his lips escaped the vow,
"I will be faithful unto death,"
While hope o'erspread his lightsome brow.

He dreamed not when they parted thus,
A watery grave so soon to find;
For like an angel, hope sprung up,
And pointed to those left behind.

But hope again shall fill our breast,
We'll look beyond this vale of tears,
To the blest time when we shall meet
The friends we loved in earlier years.

"God gave, He took, He will restore,"
This promise unto us is given;
What though we are parted for a time,
Severed, to meet again in heaven.

Fashionables in the Capitol.—The Capitol building is now being daily graced with the presence of hundreds of very fashionable ladies, whose rich and elegant attire, and whose charming countenances and figures very sensibly affect the heads of quite as many excellent and plain folks from the country, who are also seen there daily. The latter come to hear the speeches and gaze on the lions. Yet ten to one they are instantly so struck with the lionesses, as to have neither eyes nor ears for aught else. They go into the rotunda to look at the pictures, yet they can see there only the gay and dashing ladies, sauntering around that magnificent Hall. So, also in the library, in the Supreme Court room, and in the galleries of both Houses—women, not men, appear to be almost the whole study of the evidently uninitiated in Washington of the other sex of all ages. This is a sign that the season of fashion here is rapidly approaching its climax—its high tide usually lasting some three months.—*Washington Star.*

Mad Dog.

S———, a well known sporting-man, one who kept fast crabs and boasted on his shooting powers, had several very fine dogs, of which he was particularly fond, and allowed the largest liberty. Seated one day in one of the "principal hotels," his dogs wandered around, and at length began to make very familiar with a portly old gentleman, who was busily engaged reading. A moment passed, and the cane of the corpulent one was applied with no light hand to the back of the canine. A tremendous yell called S——to his feet, with words the entire reverse of soft upon his tongue.

"Who the d—l struck my dog?"

"I did, sir."

"You did?"

"Yes sir—I did!"

"What the h—ll did you strike him for?"

"Because he's mad?"

"Mad? He's no more mad than I am."

"*Ain't mad? Well, by the Lord, I would be if any one was to strike me so!*"

The explosion that followed this icy reply cannot well be described, and S——, dog and all, soon vamosed; but which was the maddest of the two it would be easy to describe.

The Hungry Man and the Arab.—A person was walking along hungry, and saw an Arab who was eating victuals by the side of a pond. He went up to him and said, "I am just come from the neighborhood of your dwelling." The Arab asked him, "Are my wife, my child, and my camel all in good health?" The man said, "Yes." The Arab became quite contented, and paid no regard to that person farther. The man then began to say, "O Arab! this dog which is sitting before you, if your own dog were still alive, it would be just such another." The Arab raised up his head, and said to him, "My dog! how did it die?" The man replied, "It ate too much of the flesh of your camel." He inquired, "How did my camel die?" The man answered, "Your wife died, and then there was no one to give it grain or water." The Arab asked, "How did my wife die?" The man replied, "In lamentation for your son she wept excessively, and beat her head and breast with stones." He asked, "How did my son die?" The man said, "The house fell upon him." On hearing this account of the ruin of his house, the Arab threw dust upon his head, and leaving his victuals as they were, went off in the direction of his dwelling. The man, by this device, got the victuals.—*Noble's Letters.*

Quin, the Tragedian of the last Century.—During one of his annual visits to Devonshire, for the double purpose of relaxation and gorging on John Dory, Quin stopped at an inn where he had no expectation of being bled unmercifully. With this idea he gave them *carte blanche*, and fed full on the fat of the land. But when he called for his bill, the exorbitance of the charges deprived him of his breath and temper together. He, however, paid it with a heavy growl, and stepped into his chaise. Just as the postilions were driving off, Quin called them to stop, let down the window, and beckoned the landlord over to him, who was standing at his door, bowing and cringing with profound servility.

"You may as well," said Quin, "give me the pass-word, before I start!"

"The pass-word, sir! what pass-word?"

"Why, the pass-word, to be sure, that in case I should be stopped on the road, they may know I have been robbed already!"

SONG,

FOR A MOONLIGHT WATER EXCURSION.

BY W. A. FOGG.

Proudly she ploughs the dark blue waves
Like a thing of life and light;
And as on she goes aside she throws
The sea-foam, snowy white.

The city leaves she far behind,
As onward she swiftly flies;
While we see on high the azure sky,
And the sea before us lies.

How pleasant is it thus to leave
The turmoil, jars and strife,
And the load of care we all must bear,
In the bustling scenes of life.

Then fill the flowing bowl to-night,
And drive dull care away,
As vigils we keep upon the deep,
And billows round us play!

Eliot, Me., 1852.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

The following is an extract from a beautiful and touching speech, delivered in the California Senate, by Mr. Soule, on the bill authorizing women to act as sole traders:—

"When I reflect upon the conduct of many married men in California—their faithlessness to every vow which they made at the alter—how completely they fail in the performance of their duties—how virtuous and industrious, faithful and patient women are imposed upon by worthless brutes of husbands, as great tyrants at home, as drunkards and debauchees abroad, my respect for the sex prompts me to do all within my power to protect her rights and secure her happiness.

..... "I love women, I have loved her all my life; through boyhood, youth, manhood and maturer years. I expect to love her all my life, and dying, to be found faithful to the same high and inspiring sentiment. For, amid all the varied scenes, temptations, struggles and hopes of existence, one star, brighter than all others, has lighted and guided me onward—if I have ever had any high and noble ambition, the exciting energy has been in the approving smile coming from the eye of woman. And I judge her influence is thus upon others. Gentle in her affections yet mighty through their influence—her medium of rule is as powerful as the ballot-box, and she only needs the protection of law against those who have no law in their habits and propensities. She has ruled me from my boyhood with the soft and winning influence of her virtues and beauty. I remember my first love: my baby affections at four years of age. I have been in love nearly every month of my life since—save the dark and rayless days and years which have succeeded the desolate hearth, and make the heart too lonely. And never, sir, while I remember my mother, long since in her grave—while I remember the night when she died—never, while I recollect my sisters, and the abuses that might have been theirs—never, while I hold in memory one other—and her memory is all that is left me—shall I refuse to give my voice and my influence and my vote for any measure necessary to protect and cherish the weaker and better portion of creation, against the oppression, neglect, or abuse of my own sex. I hope the bill may pass."

Hibernian.—An Irishman called on a lady and gentleman, in whose employ he was, for the purpose of getting a little tea and tobacco.

"I had a drame last night yer honor," said he to the gentleman.

"What was it Pat?"

"Why, I dramed that yer honor made me a present of a plug of tobaccy, and her ladyship there—heaven bless her!—gave me some tay for the good wife."

"Ah, Pat, dreams go by contraries, you know."

"Faith, and that may be," said Pat, without showing the least hesitation "so her ladyship is to give the tobaccy, and yer honor the tay."

TO EMILY.

BY W. J. SHERLOCK.

In the still and silent hours
Let me wake a strain for thee,
Breathing from affections' bowers,
Fair and lovely Emily;
While the moon's pale rays are steeping
Hill and vale in silver light,
And the stars from heaven are peeping—
Handmaids to the queen of night.

When the golden sun is setting,
In the balmy evening's close,
And the dew from heaven is wetting
The bright petals of the rose,—
Thoughts of love and thee come o'er me,
Like that sun's last parting beams,
Or the bright blue eyes of angels,
That come flitting through our dreams.

May the wasting hand of sorrow
Ne'er be pressed upon thy brow,—
Be thy future calm and peaceful,
As the moments o'er thee now;
As a bright and shining river,
Pleasant flowers gliding by,
May thy life be, glad and happy,
Cloudless as the clear blue sky.

THE HEART.

BY LOUISE J. CUTTER.

Would we could look within the heart,
And see what slumbers there—
See if it beats with joy or woe—
If it breathes a curse or prayer!
For e'en beneath a beaming smile
There's many a sorrow deep,
All hidden within the human heart,
Where the springs of feeling sleep.

It cherishes love unbidden,
Which we cannot bid depart;
And bitter hatred lingers there,
In the chambers of the heart.
The face may beam all sweetly,
Wrapt in its sunny wreath,—
While a bitter thorn lies festering
The bleeding heart beneath.

Oh! grieve not then the human heart,
Ye may not know its grief;
Ye know not how a kindly word
May bring that heart relief;
Ye know not how an unkind deed
May from memory ne'er depart;
Then as ye wish to be beloved,
Grieve not the human heart.

Grieve not the heart that silently
Beareth its own deep woe,
But let thy tears of sympathy
Mingle with those that flow,—
And Heaven will bless thy kindness
And make thy life seem fair,
If ye seek the human heart to cheer,
And plant sweet roses there.

STANZAS.

I gazed, and as I gazed on thee,
I thought how peaceful earth might be;
Thy angel's face, thy woman's smile,
To cheer me on some lonely isle.

By thy dear feet how soon I'd learn
All worldly guile and sin to spurn;
Thy smile should be my greatest bliss,
Thine absence—utter loneliness.

Content with thee my days to pass,
Secluded from the busy mass;
Thy heart shall be my actions' test,
Thy smile shall make my moments blest.

A Kiss to Fee the Doctor.

A YOUNG lady who lives in the Rue de Breda, Paris, lately sent for a physician. She was very ill, and needed immediate advice—but the medical gentleman, though he had his time on his hands [having killed off his last patient a day or two before], was obliged, for appearance's sake, to be tardy in his visit. The fever, meantime, had gained ground, and when the doctor was announced the patient was indeed very ill. He entered, found a most lovely cheek burning with a hectic flush, well chiseled lips drying with a fever, and the head to which these belonged, pillowed on lace and arched over with curtains of satin. His heart was touched with remorse for his delay, and in a fit of contrition he resolved to give as little medicine as possible. Of course she was well in a few days, and the doctor called to pay his last visit and receive the fee—due to nature and his abstainings.

The lady received him in her boudoir, and, advancing to meet him with the greatest cordiality, she said—"You have saved my life! For your trouble—kiss me on the forehead!" He needed the fee in another coinage, but his gallantry was prompt. He retired with his pay in his memory, consoling himself with the thought that he had at least deserved honors from the court of Cupid.

Not long after, a young gentleman of genteel address called upon the doctor.

"Sir," said he, "you attended Madam —— in the Rue de Breda. I call to pay your bill, and to express, for her, the gratitude she feels for your care and skill." So saying, he made a graceful bow and deposited one hundred dollars upon the mantel-piece.

Decidedly, thought the doctor, virtue is not merely its own reward. It pays besides.

The next morning, another gentleman called; a bald gentleman, with the cross of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole, and exceedingly grateful for the care the doctor had taken of the lady in the Rue de Breda, handed him fifteen gold pieces for his fee, and courteously retired.

On the point of informing this gentleman that he had been already paid, the doctor checked himself, remembering how possible it was that it might be indiscreet to enlighten the bald man that the young man felt also responsible for the lady's debts.

Two days after, an Englishman called on the doctor, and, expressing his gratitude for the cure of the lady in Bath street, handed fifteen guineas to be supposed unpaid, and bowed himself out.

This becomes embarrassing! the doctor said to himself, and, moreover, it grows less and less discreet, apparently, to proclaim to the last comer the payment of his predecessors; I must go and explain to the lady.

"Madam," he said, as he was showed into the pretty boudoir once more, "a physician should be as secret as a father confessor; therefore I have allowed myself to be astonished by two of your friends, without reply. Of course I seek not to know why more than one of your admirers has called on the same errand; but here are two superfluous payments, which to say the least belong more to you than to me."

The lady looked embarrassed, though evidently not displeased to know that her telling of the story of paying the doctor with a kiss, had appealed, with equal force, to the generosity and justice of her three admirers. Recovering her self-possession, however, she insisted on the doctor's retaining all the money that had been paid him.

"You doubtless have," she said, "among your numerous patients, some who can ill afford to pay you for your visits. Take the same care of them that you took of me, and since a kiss of mine can furnish you with the means, pray take another, and let me hear from you when your resources are exhausted!"

Truly, charity finds indirect ways to arrive at its destination!

☞ "RESPECTED sir" wrote a tenant the other day to his landlord in Philadelphia, to whom he was sending three rabbits, "I have the honor to send you three"——

At this point of his letter, which he was writing at a neighboring tavern, he stopped, and addressing himself to one of the loungers, the scholar of the locality, inquired—

"Say, now, old fellow, how many b's ought there to be in rabbit?"

"O, that depends on circumstances. How many do you send?"

"Three."

"Then there are to be three b's, one for each rabbit."

"Thank ye." And he completed his communication thus—"Respected sir, I have the honor to send you three *rabbits*."—*Church's Bizarre.*

A BRIGHT CHILD.—A little boy, scarce four years of age, being told that Adam was the first man, was asked by his ma who was the first woman; to which he promptly replied—"Why, *Mrs. Adam.*"

The same little lad being in the presence of several students who were laughing and talking during a thunder-storm, very earnestly said—"Now, boys, be still—the Lord will *shake out more rain.*"

Burning Fluids.

IT is stated by Professor Graham, of England, that turpentine, at the temperature of 110°, makes the air explosive. To this cause is attributed the loss of the steamship Amazon. Undoubtedly the burning fluids, composed in a great measure of turpentine, have a like property. Every day or two we see accounts of explosions with loss of life from these fluids, wherein it is averred that the candle, from which the ignition took place, was held at *quite a distance from the fluid.* The fact is not recognized that if the fluid had been heated there is an emanation from it which makes the air around explosive. A discussion of some of these cases, by Professor E. N. Horsford, of Harvard University, has recently appeared. The case especially referred to in this paper is that at Salem, where a can of burning fluid at a distance of six feet from a stove partially red hot, and three feet from the floor, on a shelf, behind two water-pails, suddenly exploded when a cover was taken from off the stove, and burned the girl so doing. The case was at first sight one of spontaneous combustion. The investigation seems to have been thoroughly and scientifically conducted, and the result appears to be that the can was imperfectly corked, and the volatilized fluid, escaping by the natural air current of the room, found its way to the stove—the train conducting to the can. And the report concludes by saying "it may be stated in regard to the Salem case—

"1st. That the explosion was caused by bringing a mixture of burning fluid, vapor, and atmospheric air in contact with an incandescent body.

"2nd. That the evidence does not require us to believe in the spontaneous explosion of burning fluids."

The danger in the use of these fluids would seem to be none the less, however, from the conclusion here arrived at. If the air about the fluid is made explosive at a certain temperature, the hazard is quite great enough to induce people to be extremely cautious in its use.—*Boston Transcript.*

☞ TEN cents is the price paid by some furnishing stores in New-York for making shirts. O, philanthropy!

☞ A YANKEE pedlar, recommending a scythe, said that one of the same kind was so sharp they hung it on a tree in Kentucky, and its shadow cut a man's leg off!

☞ PETER SALT, a resident of Warren, Ohio, was ridden on a rail last week for shamefully abusing his wife. Served him right, if he *is* the "Salt of the earth."

GO IT, YOUNG ONE.—Mr. Joseph Macey, aged *eighteen years*, was married to Mrs. Sarah Moore, aged *fifty years*, in Tennessee, recently. They are both from Logan County, Ky.

☞ A SHEIK from the interior of Africa tried the game of brag with Bayard Taylor, stating that the King of Ashantee "had twenty-four houses full of gold, and that the Sultan of Houssa had seventy thousand horses always saddled before his palace." Taylor told him that "our country was two years' journey in extent—that the treasury consisted of four thousand houses filled to the roof with gold, and that two hundred thousand soldiers on horseback kept continual guard around Sultan Fillmore's palace!" The darkey caved in, upon hearing this patriotic fiction.

☞ The Great Borer has begun its operation on the Hoosac Tunnel, and is reported as boring up equal to expectation. It cuts into the rock at the rate of about three feet an hour.

☞ The Intelligencer officially announces the resignation of Hon. Abbot Lawrence, Minister to England, and the appointment of J. P. R. Ingersoll, to fill his place.

☞ The Pittsburg Chronicle says the river is so *low* at that city as to be confined to its *bed.*

☞ Several bachelors in this city have stopped writing "an occasional line" to their lady acquaintances, in consequence of the recent decisions in New Hampshire and Connecticut, which declare that such missives are, substantially, *a promise to marry!*

☞ Many writers, ancient and modern, have occupied themselves with the consideration of the question, What is a gentleman? But it was reserved for Mr. Fitzgerald, of the Philadelphia City Item, to hit upon the exact definition. "A gentleman," he announces, "is one who pays promptly for his newspaper." What truth and simplicity! how brief, and yet how complete!

☞ The young lady who caught cold by drinking water from a damp tumbler, is convalescent.

☞ Meagher, not long since at Castle Garden, N. Y., highly eulogized Kossuth to an *Irish* auditory. This was creditable both to his courage and magnanimity.

☞ The most miserable man in the world, is an honest man over head and ears in debt.

☞ A correspondent, writing from Plymouth, says:—"The identical stone erected over the remains of Thomas Clark, the mate of the Mayflower, is still standing, and is one of the greatest curiosities on Burial Hill. Clark was nearly a hundred years old when he died."

☞ A girl was lately sentenced to a month's imprisonment, in London, for throwing a dog out of a third-story window.

☞ A chap in this city has found out a shrewd way of getting omnibus rides for nothing. When he has reached his place of destination, he screams out at the top of his lungs:—"Halloo! driver! stop, I say; *I've got into the wrong omnibus!*" and the vehicle stopping, out he jumps in a thundering hurry, and, with furious complaints about being carried out of his way, disappears in a twinkling.

BLACKBERRY PIE.—Who does not love a tempting blackberry pie, gushing over with the sweet dark juice? Blackberries are now in full flavor, and there is no richer or better fruit, hunt the world over. And when ripe, blackberries are exceedingly healthy and nutritious, and are a sovereign remedy for many complaints prevalent in summer. Those who are not conversant with the *modus operandi* in concocting a good pie will thank us for the following recipe:—

"Ripe blackberries will not bear washing; pick them over nicely, dredge them with flour, mix with them (for one pie) four or five large tablespoonsful of fine white sugar, four if you use white, five if you use brown; turn them into a deep dish (a soup dish) lined with paste; wet and pinch together the edge of the paste; cut a slit in the top crust, through which the steam can escape, and bake forty-five minutes.

ENGLISH BLUNDERS.—John Bull is always enlightening the world about Uncle Sam's affairs. A late number of the London Illustrated News says that the Democrats refused to nominate Rufus King for the Vice-Presidency at the late Baltimore Convention, and that the Whigs balloted lustily for Douglas for the Presidency. It says, also, that Albany contribute $300 to the Kossuth fund, while "the State c New England forked over $1000."

That Offer of Marriage.

We have received another letter from P. H. R., our fair correspondent who has done us the infinite honor to offer to us her hand, heart, and band-boxes, "to have and to hold, for better or worse." We desire that our readers should sympathize with us in our good fortune, and we therefore print the charming girl's letter, and answer it in parentheses:—

"Dear Mr. Dodge:—I was very much surprised at seeing my letter and your answer in the *Museum*. From this, I judge you was afraid to answer by a private letter. (O, no! not afraid, but we wish our readers to become our confidants in the affair.) I appreciate your good sense and discretion. (Thank you!) You may think I have too much advantage, as I know who I am writing to, while you don't know me—is it not so? (Exactly.) But you have nothing to fear from me, *a simple village girl*. (Delightful!) *I will not sue you for a breach of promise*, as I have plenty of money at my command. (Give us your hand, glorious creature—ornament of your sex. You have removed every obstacle to our negotiations. We couldn't manage a pair of breaches of promise, at all.) I ask for your acquaintance and friendship. (You shall have it, by all the powers of Cupid and Hymen.) Suffice it to say, in reply to your conditions, that I am young, am called handsome, have a good disposition, am very fond of music, have a competent knowledge of household affairs, but—babies? What is the man thinking of? (Why, responsibilities, to be sure! However, we won't quarrel about that.) 'One hundred thousand dollars in her own right?' Let me see. Well, Mr. Dodge, that is just one dollar more than I am worth. (Never mind that. You can get a six-months' subscriber to the *Museum* to make up the difference. But we won't split on trifles.)

"You say that 'an interview would be agreeable, and might lead to important results.' Suppose we call a meeting, and see what the result will be. (Agreed—with all our heart.) I shall be very happy to see you at any time or place most convenient to you. (We will meet you on the Common, next week, at two o'clock, precisely.)

"Please answer soon. (Here you have it.)

"Thine forever, P. H. R."

August 18th.

A "Tight Fix."

We read not long since in a St. Louis paper an account of a young man who went one evening to see his lady-love at the witching hour of midnight. The place of meeting was the flat roof of the house next to that where the young lady resided. She and her sister came out, and the three sat down on the roof to chat of subjects appurtenant to such rendezvous. After a while the voice of the young lady's father was heard in dangerous proximity to the group, and all three started to rise hastily and abandon the spot. *But they couldn't rise!* The roof was of asphaltum, and as the day had been uncommonly warm, that pitchy substance was rendered soft enough by the sun's rays to receive and retain any impression that might be made upon it. The young man found his unmentionables fastened, or rather stuck to the roof, and the young ladies' dresses were in a similar predicament. The matter resulted in the young man being obliged to crawl out of his pantaloons, and then jerking the ladies to their feet by main strength!

We merely mention this incident to observe, with proper effect, that in such a case many of our young bucks would find it difficult to crawl out of certain can't-do-withoutables, which shall be nameless, so easily as in the above case. For our part, we do not see how they contrive to get into them: so much tighter generally are those articles than the vestments which nature usually furnishes to man.

☞ He who waits for good luck to come is destined to die in poverty.

Value of a Dollar.—If you want to learn the value of a dollar, go and labor two days in the burning sun as a hod carrier. This is an excellent idea, and if many of our young gentlemen had to earn their dollars in that way, how much less dissipation and crime we would witness every day! So of our fashionable young ladies; if they, like some of the poor seamstresses of our large cities, had to earn their dollars by making shirts at ten cents a piece, how much less finery would be seen about them; how much more truthful notions would they have of the duties of life and their obligation to the rest of the world.

Temperance of the Arabs.—We quote the following from one of Bayard Taylor's recent letters:

"I have as yet seen nothing of the vaunted temperance of the Arabs. True, they will live on dates—when they can get nothing else; and they will go without water for a day—when they have none. I found a quart of water daily amply sufficient for my own needs, notwithstanding the great heat we endured; but I do not think one of the men drank less than a gallon in the same time, and as for their eating, Achmet says they would finish a whole sheep before getting to 'al hamdu lillah!'—the usual Arabic grace after meat."

Jenny Lind at the Opera.—A London correspondent of the Inverness Courier, in describing what he saw at the Italian Opera, writes:—"Of Jenny Lind, too, I had that evening a glimpse. She is a wreck of her former self; I could hardly have recognized her. She looks pale, worn and haggard—in bad spirits and bad health; and, as he sat—the centre of a hundred opera-glasses directed upon her—there was but one wondering and sympathizing murmur throughout the vast building.

Accident.—By the fall of an iron roof of a retort house at the Manhattan gas works, New York, John Malloy was instantly killed, and eight or nine others were seriously wounded.

To Destroy Worms.—Ladies who cultivate parlor flowers, will gratefully receive the following recipe for destroying a very troublesome reptile:—Worms in pots may be easily destroyed, simply by watering the soil with lime water, which may be made by putting a piece of lime weighing about two pounds into a pail of water; when the whole is well slaked and well stirred up, it should be allowed to settle. The clear water may then be turned off, and the soil in the pot should be liberally watered with it. The worms will soon leave the premises by crawling on the surface, when they may be taken off and destroyed. If any remain, another watering may be applied. We have never found any difficulty in destroying them by this method.

☞ Swift thus dishes up the days of the week:—"Sunday's pun-day, Monday's dun-day, Tuesday's a news-day, Wednesday's a friend's day, Thursday's a curs'd day, Friday's a dry-day, Saturday's a latter-day."

How to Pack Firkin Butter.—Mr. Josiah King, before the Alleghany County Agricultural Society, gave a few particulars of the manner in which firkin butter was packed for use in the United States Navy. It was put in small firkins, made if possible of bass wood, that having been found preferable, being freest from pyroligneous acid. The firkins were then placed in a cask, and brine so strong as to float an egg poured over them. In this way butter could circumnavigate the globe, and yet be fresh at the end of that time.

☞ "If you don't go to school, my son, who teaches you what is right or wrong?" "I don't get teached, I finds it out." "And how do you find it out?" "By observing that right works for a shilling a day, while wrong lives on it." Not much made by that witness.

☞ Some one says that the reason why so few borrowed books are returned, is because it is so much easier to keep them than what is in them.

☞ Clever Fellows—People who spend two dollars every time they earn one.

☞ "Sammy, my boy, what are breaches of trust?" said a father to his smartest boy. "What a funny question, pa!" "Can't you answer it, Sammy?" "Yes, pa, but I don't like to." "What a silly boy; come, out with it." "Well, pa, your Sunday trousers are 'breeches of trust,' 'cos you got 'em on tick." [Exit pa, whistling.]

☞ "Have you ever broken a horse," inquired a horse jockey. "No, not exactly," replied Simon, "but I have broken three or four wagons."

☞ A correspondent of the Knickerbocker for August, says:—"By-the-bye, speaking of the various forms in which grief is manifested, reminds me of something I heard a day or two ago. A servant girl was talking of the loss her sister had recently sustained in the death of a devoted husband. 'Poor Mary!' said she, 'though George has been dead near six months, yet she *grits her teeth* (!) *even now* whenever she thinks of him.'"

☞ A company of miners, with their tools, have arrived at Northampton, in this State, employed by parties in New York city, to open and explore the Southampton Lead Mines, for lead and zinc.

☞ The English papers praise the "gallantry" of the Americans at Mr. Peabody's Fourth of July dinner, because they drank the Queen's health *before* that of the President. The day was celebrated in London by a "grand *fete*" at Vauxhall.

☞ A few days since, one of our learned counsel deemed it necessary to shake the testimony of a Mr. Butterworth by impugning his veracity. The witness being called to the stand, the lawyer commenced:—"Do you know Mr. Butterworth?" "Yes." "What is Butterworth?" "Two and tenpence a pound, although I have paid as high as——" "That will do, sir. You can take your seat."

New Definitions.—There is "more truth than poetry" in the subjoined *Extract from a Modern Dictionary*.

The Grave.—An ugly hole in the ground, which lovers and poets very often wish they were in, but at the same time take precious good care to keep out of.

Constable.—A species of snapping-turtle.

Modesty.—A beautiful flower that flourishes only in secret places.

Lawyer.—A learned gentleman who rescues your estate from the hands of your opponent, and keeps it himself.

"*My Dear*."—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

"*Joining Hands*" *in Matrimony*.—A custom arising from the practice of pugilists shaking hands before they begin to fight.

"*Watchman*."—A man employed by the corporation to sleep in the open air.

Laughter.—A singular contortion of the human countenance, when a friend, on a rainy day, suddenly claims his umbrella.

Dentist.—A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

Singular.—As Mr. A. P. Hutchins, of Deerfield (Wisdom), was digging a well a few days since, at his residence, the workmen excavated a green frog from a bed of hard, solid clay, thirty-five feet below the surface! The queries arise—How did he get there? and how long had he been there? and what did he live on while he was there? Unfortunately, the frog was killed before he was fully extricated from his sarcophagus.

☞ The *Providence Mirror* announces the marriage of Mr. James Bee to Martha Ann Flower, at Athens, Penn.

"Well hath this busy *Bee*
Improved Life's shining hour;
He gathers honey now all day
From one sweet chosen *Flower;*
And from this hive, if heaven please,
He'll raise a swarm of little *Bees.*"

☞ The way we look at it, the lady's waist which cannot dispense with tight-lacing isn't worth squeezing. The more a woman looks like an hour-glass, or two funnels converging, the less we like her.

☞ "It is my luck," exclaims every man when he meets with a misfortune. An Italian youth once said, in a fit of despair, that had he been bred a hatter, men would have been born without heads.

☞ A young lady was fined $5.00 in New-Orleans, last week, for kissing a man without first asking permission. Wonder if he wasn't an editor or a vocalist? *We* have to keep our office-door locked in order to be safe.

☞ Bradley is responsible for the following. He says the report that Powers's Greek Slave had died *stone* dead needs confirmation; but the story of the Western man hallooing so loud at an omnibus driver in Washington street as to split open the panels of the door and turn the driver's hair white, *is* a fixed fact, and no mistake.

☞ Will Winrow don't like certain electioneering practices. He says that a reader of our political newspapers during a Presidential campaign, if he were to take all they say in earnest, would be forced to the conclusion that the Americans uniformly put up for their highest office the blackest scoundrels anywhere to be found! Many party editors could certainly teach the old "Father of Lies" a variety of tricks which he never thought of in the art of falsehood. And Congressmen doubtless come pretty near the mark when they hurl the epithet "liar" at each others' heads so frequently in the halls of debate.

Letter from Phrank a Shidstun, Jr.

New-York, August 31st, 1852.

Dear Young Quails:—I have been a long time thinking of writing to you, but sickness has prevented me from carrying my *thinks* into effect. I have been much pleased with the letters you have written for your father's paper, the *Literary Museum*. How is old *Quails*—your governor, I mean? He is a kind old feller, ain't he? and lets you have your own way, to go just where and when you please. I like him for that—it is a dodge that he was always up to himself.

When you were at Springfield you went to see my "daddy"—well, I'm sorry that you missed him, for he's a funny old feller, like your daddy, and they are fast friends. My daddy studied comic expressions of your daddy once, and got as far as the *offishial* expression, when he broke down, gave up comicology, and took to fresco-painting, and he is doing well, too—he's got a job to fresco the country over-head, as soon as they get it all fenced in.

I s'pose, now that old *Quails* has given up the comic songstrelsy and taken to the literary line, that you will step into his old shoes and distribute *notes* amongst his old friends. Well, you can't beat the old gentleman, I don't believe, for everybody used to give him their old jacknives, and that, you know, is a sure sign of superior homeliness; and homely men are always funny, the homelier the funnier. Have you got any knives yet?

When I got the first number of your governor's *Literary Museum*, I saw an article headed—"Our New Head," and then the article asked—"How do you like it, dear reader?" I knew that meant me, and I determined to write to him, and tell him that I liked it pretty well, although I liked his old head much better. I tell you, I never saw such a funny head as your daddy's old head, and my daddy says that it can't be beat, not by any cabbage-head in this country. He knows—he tried it, and he's sure. But I know your father didn't mean that—he meant the head to the *Museum*. And it's a pretty good head, too, considering that your mother designed it, with only one fault. Say, didn't your mother give the governor fits when she read that down at the bottom of the article, where it says that the head was "designed by a *pusson* who has long been a bosom friend of ours, sleeping with us nights?" Now that means your mother.

O! I forgot to tell you what the fault of the *Museum* head is. Now look at it; don't you see? it ain't frescoed over-head. It looks like a whitewashed ceiling. S'pose you speak to the governor about it, and ask him if he won't let my daddy have the job. He will do it cheap for him, for old acquaintance sake—just to get in the papers.

I shall be in Boston when I get a little better, and won't we have a good time? I've got my pockets full of cigar-stumps; you needn't pick up any more. We'll go down on the end of Long Wharf, and have a jolly smoke all to ourselves, and talk over the faults and follies of our governors.

They have got a report going round here that the municipal authorities in Boston don't collect any more fines for smoking in the streets—that every policeman carries one of Philips's Fire-Annihilators, and when a lighted cigar is seen, up steps a policeman, presents Annihilator, and extinguishes the smoking weed in a twinkling. Now, is that true? If it is, farewell to luxury. Luxury can't be luxury unless one can pay for it.

I have lots of things to tell you, and show you too. I've seen the man that thinks he can stop up "the crack of doom" with a piece of putty. He is funny. He says that stick-in plaster is ready to be stirred as soon as the plaster is wet—that the idea that it must not be stirred after it is wet is all folly, and he is continually requesting ladies and stucco-workers to take notice. He has got the identical piece of chalk that people are in the habit of likening the size of indefinite things to, and he says that everybody is mistaken as to its magnitude, which is not various, but fixed.

I'll tell you lots of things when we meet, or when I write again. Your daddy says that all letters addressed to him, personally, must be marked *Private*, so I s'pose yours must be marked *High-Private*, and then he won't be likely to open it through mistake.

Yours to the end

Phrank a Shidstun, Jr.

Letter from Young Quails.

Elmira, N. Y., August, 31st, 1852.

Dear Museum:—From Oneida (at which place our last letter was dated), we continued on our western tour, and soon arrived at Syracuse, one of the pleasantest cities in New-York. We here ensconced ourself for awhile in the tidy and unexceptionably-managed Exchange Hotel, kept by those capital good fellows, E. G. Wood and Orson Burrows—men who have only to look at a man to know *exactly* what his stomach craves.

"D'ye see that man at the head of the table?" says Wood.

"Of course we do," we replied; "what of him?"

"What do you think he wants?" says Wood.

"Perhaps bread."

"No! he's got plenty of bread."

"Tea?" we suggested.

"His cup is not out," says Wood.

"Well, it can't be cold meat, certainly," we exclaimed, "for he has emptied two plates already, and the servant has just placed the third one before him."

"Not cold meat," says Wood; "it's something else."

"Well, if it ain't catsup, we can't guess," we replied; "but really, captain, what *do* you think it is that the man is looking for?"

"Apple-sauce!" says Wood, darting off to the head of the table to attend to the wants of his guest.

After tea, we inquired how he could tell by a man's looks what dish he was in search of.

"Why, the fact is," says Wood, "all a man has to do to learn these things is to study physiognomy. When a man enters our house, we know in a moment that he wants *something;* and if we offer it to him before he has time to ask for it, we are sure to make a friend of him. Now I know, my *Little Quails*, that you are in want of a cigar; but as you are too young to indulge in such luxuries, suppose we adjourn to the parlor, and have a little chat with the ladies."

We readily agreed to the proposition, and soon found ourself cosily seated between two of the "best women alive," as Master Traddles would say.

Getting on board of a packet on the Erie Canal at Syracuse, at five o'clock, P. M., we found ourself the next morning "revelling in the Halls of the Montezumas," at the confluence of the Cayuga and Seneca rivers.

After a short and happy visit with dear friends at this place, we proceeded west as far as Geneva, situated at the foot of the lake by that name, and then changed the course of our route directly south.

The first night finds us at this place, Elmira—a thriving and enterprising town of about eight thousand inhabitants, laid out in regular form, with the streets beautifully shaded with thrifty trees of various kinds.

After enjoying a good supper at the Haight House, we concluded to stroll through the town to see the evening sights; and as we were leisurely proceeding towards the river, who should we run against but our old and jolly artist friend, A. Forsyth, Esq., the finest scenic and decorative painter in the Western country.

After a few brief calls on other old friends, in company with Forsyth, we next proceeded to the extensive and very popular periodical depot of L. D. Campbell, Esq., known throughout this section of the country as the Napoleon of Newsmen, as he furnishes the public for miles around, at the earliest moment, with all the best papers published in New-York and Boston.

From his extensive, go-ahead, never-say-die, up-and-at-it reputation, we had prepared ourself to see a large man, standing six feet two in his stockings, dressed in a coarse, buff-colored paletot, without any vest, and wearing a slouched California hat, large enough for a train of cars to run under in case of a hail-storm. Judge then of our surprise upon being introduced to a polite and richly appareled gentleman, of middling stature and easy address, who made us at once feel at home and in the gayest of spirits.

Giving a few rapid and comprehensive orders to his assistants, Campbell took our arm within his own, and we were soon cosily seated in the parlor of the Haight House, in company with a number of congenial spirits; and feeling that instead of being among strangers in the "far west," we were in the centre of the land of intelligence and hospitality.

We had but a few moments since prepared to retire for the night, intending to continue our journey in the morning; but thinking that you might expect a letter from us written at this place, we have hastily scratched off the above for your use.

To-morrow we proceed to Corning, of which place we shall speak in our next; so for the present, adieu!

Ever your affectionate

Little Quails.

THE AVENGER.

I had just arrived at Marseilles by the diligence, in which three young men, apparently merchants or commercial travellers, were the companions of my journey. They came from Paris and were enthusiastic about the events which had lately happened there, and in which they boasted of having taken part. I was, for my part, quiet and reserved; for I thought it much better, at a time of such political excitement in the south of France, where party passions always rise so high, to do nothing that would attract attention; and my three fellow-travellers no doubt looked upon me as a plain, common-place seaman, who had been to the luxurious metropolis for its pleasure or on business. My presence, it seemed, did not incommode them, for they talked on as if I had not been there. Two of them were gay, merry, but rather coarse boon-companions; the third, an elegant youth, blooming and tall, with luxuriant black curling hair, and dark soft eyes. In the hotel where we dined, and where I sat a little distance off, smoking my cigar, the conversation turned on various love-adventures, and the young man whom they called Alfred, showed his companions a packet of delicately perfumed letters, and a superb lock of beautiful hair.

He told them that in the days of July he had been slightly wounded, and that his only fear, while he lay on the ground, was that if he died, some mischance might prevent Clotilde from weeping over his grave. "But now all is well," he continued. "I am going to fetch a nice little sum from my uncle at Marseilles, who is just at this moment in good humor, on account of the discomfiture of the Jesuites and the Bourbons. In my character as one of the heroes of July, he will forgive me all my present and past follies; I shall pass an examination at Paris, and then settle down in quiet, and live happily with my Clotilde." Thus they talked together; and by-and-by we parted in the court-yard of the coach-office.

Close by was a brilliantly illumined coffee-house. I entered, and seated myself at a little table, in a distant corner of the room. Two persons only were still in the saloon in an opposite corner, and before them stood two glasses of brandy. One was an elderly, stately, and portly gentleman, with a dark-red face, and dressed in a quiet colored suit. It was easy to perceive he was a clergyman. But the appearance of the other was very striking. He could not be far from sixty years of age, was tall and thin, and his grey, indeed almost white hair, which rose from his head in luxurious fullness, gave to his pale countenance a peculiar expression, that made one feel uncomfortable. The brawny neck was almost bare; a simple, carelessly knotted black hankerchief alone encircled it, thick, silver-gray whiskers met together at his chin, a blue frock coat, pantaloons of the same color, silk stockings, shoes with thick soles, and a dazzling white waistcoat and linen, completed his equipment. A thick stick leant in one corner, and his broad-brimmed hat hung against the wall. There was a certain convulsive twitching of the thin lips of this person, which was very remarkable; and there seemed, when he looked fixedly, to be a smouldering fire in his large glassy, grayish-blue eyes. He was, it was evident, a seaman like myself, a strong oak that fate had shaped into a mast, over which many a storm had blustered, but which had been too tough to be shivered, and still defied the tempest and the lightning. There lay a gloomy resignation as well as a wild fanaticism in those peculiar features. The large bony hand, with its immense fingers, was spread out or clenched, according to the turn which the conversation with the clergyman took. Suddenly he stepped up to me. I was reading a royalist newspaper. He lighted his cigar.

"You are right, sir; you are quite right not to read those infamous Jacobin journals." I looked up, but gave him no answer. He continued: "A sailor?"

"Yes sir."

"And have seen service?"

"Yes."

"You are still in active service?"

"No." And then to my great satisfaction, for my patience was well-nigh exhausted, the examination was brought to a conclusion.

Just then, an evil destiny led my three young fellow-travellers into the room. They seated themselves at a table and drank some glasses of champagne to Clotilde's health. All went on well; but when they began to sing the *Marseillaise* and the *Parisienne*, the face of the gray man began to twitch, and it was evident a storm was brewing. Calling to the waiter, he said with a loud voice:

"Tell those blackguards yonder not to annoy me with their low songs!"

The young men sprang up in a fury, and asked if it was to them he alluded.

"Whom else should I mean?" said the gray man, with a contemptous sneer.

"But we may drink and sing if we like, and to whom we like," said the young man. "*Vive la Republique et vive Clotilde.*"

"One as blackguardly as the other!" cried the graybeard, tauntingly; and a wine-glass, that flew at his head from the hand of the dark-haired youth was the immediate rejoinder. Slowly wiping his forehead, which bled and dripped with the spilled wine, the old man said, quietly: "To-morrow at the Cap Verd!" and seated himself again with the most perfect composure.

The young man expressed his determination to take the matter on himself; that he alone would settle the quarrel, and promised to appear on the morrow at the appointed time. They all departed noisily. The old man rose quietly, and turning to me, said: "Sir, you have been witness to the insult; be witness also to the satisfaction. Here is my address; I shall expect you at five o'clock. Good-night, Monsieur l'Abbe! To-morrow there will be one Jacobin less, and one lost soul the more. Good night!" and taking his hat and stick he departed. His companion, the abbe, followed soon after.

I now learned the history of this singular man. He was descended from a good family of Marseilles.

Destined for the navy while still young, he was sent on board ship before the Revolution, and while yet of tender years. Later, he was taken prisoner, and after many strange adventures, returned in 1793 to France; was about to marry, but having been mixed up with the disturbances of Toulon, managed to escape by a miracle to England; and learned before long that his father, mother, one brother, a sister of sixteen years of age, and his betrothed, had all been led to the guillotine to the *Marseillaise*. Thirst for revenge, revenge on the detested Jacobins, was now his sole aim. For a long time he roved about in the Indian seas, sometimes as a privateer, at others as a slave dealer; and was said to have caused the tri-colored flag much damage, while he acquired a considerable fortune for himself. With the return of the Bourbons, he came back to France and settled at Marseilles. He lived, however, very retired, and employed his large fortune solely for the poor, for distressed seamen, and for the clergy. Alms and masses were his only objects of expense. It may easily be believed, that he acquired no small degree of popularity among the lower classes and the clergy. But, strangely enough, when not at church, he spent his time with the most celebrated fencing masters, and had acquired in the use of the pistol and the sword a dexterity that was hardly to be paralleled. In the year 1815, when the royalist reaction broke out in La Vendee, he roved for a long time at the head of a band of f lowers. When at last this opportunity of coolin his rage was taken from him by the return of order, he looked out for some victim who was known t him by his revolutionary principles, and sought t provoke him to combat. The younger, the richer the happier the chosen victim was, the more desirable did he seem. The landlord told me he himself knew of seven young persons who had fallen before his redoubted sword.

The next morning at five o'clock, I was at the house of this singular character. He lived on the ground floor, in a small, simple room, where, excepting a large crucifix, and a picture covered with black crape, with the date, 1794, under it, the only ornaments were some nautical instruments, a trombone, and a human skull. The picture was the portrait of his guillotined bride; it remained always veiled, excepting only when he had slaked his revenge with blood; when he uncovered it for eight days, and indulged himself in the sight. The skull was that of his mother. His bed consisted of the usual hammock slung from the ceiling. When I entered, he was at his devotions, and a little negro brought me meanwhile a cup of chocolate and a cigar. When he had risen from his knees, he saluted me in a friendly manner, as if we were merely going for a morning walk together; afterwards he opened a closet, took out of a case a pair of English pistols, and a couple of excellent swords, which I put under my arm; and thus provided we proceeded along the quay toward the port. The boatmen seemed all to know him. "Peter, your boat!" He seated himself in the stern.

"You will have the goodness to row," he said; "I will take the tiller, so that my hand may not become unsteady."

I took off my coat, and rowed away briskly, and as the wind was favorable, we hoisted a sail, and soon reached Cap Verd. We could remark from afar our three young men, who were sitting at breakfast in a garden not far from the shore. This was the garden of a *restaurateur*, and was the favorite resort of the inhabitants of Marseilles. Here you find excellent fish; and also, in high perfection, the famous *bollenbresse*, a national dish in Provence, as celebrated as the *olla podrida* of Spain. How many a love-meeting has occurred in this place! But this time it was not love that brought the parties together, but Hate, his step-brother; and in Provence the one is as ardent, quick, and impatient as the other.

My business was soon accomplished. It consisted in asking the young men what weapons they choose, and with which of them the duel was to be fought. The dark-haired youth—his name was M—— L—— insisted that he alone should settle the business, and his friends were obliged to give their word not to interfere.

"You are too stout," he said to the one, pointing to his portly figure; "and you"—to the other—"are going to be married; besides, I am a first-rate hand with the sword. However I will not take advantage of my youth and strength, but will choose the pistol, unless the gentleman yonder prefers the sword."

A movement of convulsive joy animated the face of my old captain:—"The sword is the weapon of the French gentleman," he said; "I shall be happy to die with it in my hands."

"Be it so. But your age?"

"Never mind; make haste, and *en garde*."

It was a strange sight, the handsome young man on one side, overbearing confidence in his look, with his youthful form, full of grace, and suppleness; and opposite him that long figure, half naked—for his blue shirt was furled up from his sinewy arm, and his broad scarlet breast was entirely bare. In the old man, every sinew was like iron wire; his whole weight resting on his left hip, the long arm—on which, in sailor fashion, a red cross, three lilies, and other marks, were tattooed—held out before him, and the cunning murder-

his gaze riveted on his adversary.

"'Twill be but a mere scratch," said one of the three friends to me. I made no reply, but was convinced beforehand that my captain, who was an old practitioner, would treat the matter more seriously. Young L——, whose perfumed coat was lying near, appeared to me to be already given over to corruption. He began the attack, advancing quickly. This confirmed me in my opinion; for although he might be a practiced fencer in the schools, this was proof that he could not frequently have been engaged in serious combat, or he would not have rushed forwards so incautiously against an adversary whom he did not as yet know.

His opponent profited by his ardor, and retired step by step, and at first only with an occasional ward and half thrust. Young L——, getting hotter and hotter, grew flurried; while every ward of his adversary proclaimed, by its force and exactness, the master of the art of fence. At length the young man made a longe; the captain parried it with a powerful movement, and before L—— could recover his position made a thrust in return, his whole body falling forward as he did so, exactly like a picture at the Academie des Armes—"the hand elevated, the leg stretched out"—and his sword went through his antagonist, for nearly half its length, just under the shoulder. The captain made an almost imperceptible turn with his hand, and in an instant was again *en garde*. L—— felt himself wounded; he let his sword fall, while with his other hand he pressed his side; his eyes grew dim, and he sank into the arms of his friends. The captain wiped his sword carefully, gave it to me, and dressed himself with the utmost composure. "I have the honor to wish you good morning, gentlemen; had you not sung yesterday, you would not have had to weep to-day;" and thus saying, he went towards his boat. "'Tis the seventeenth!" he murmured; "but this was very easy work—a mere greenhorn, from the fencing schools of Paris. 'Twas a very different thing when I had to do with the old Bonapartist officers, those brigands of the Loire." But it is quite impossible to translate into another language the fierce energy of this speech. Arrived at the port, he threw the boatman a few pieces of silver, saying:—"Here, Peter; here's something for you."

"Another requiem, and a mass for a departed soul, at the church of St Genevieve—is it not so, captain? But that is a matter of course." And soon after we reached the dwelling of the captain.

The little negro brought us a cold pastry of oysters, and two bottles of *vin d' Artois*. "Such a walk betimes gives an appetite," said the captain, gaily. "How strangely things fall out!" he continued in a serious tone. "I had long wished to draw the crape veil from before that picture, for you must know I only deem myself worthy to do so when I have sent some Jacobin or Bonapartist into the other world, to crave pardon from that murdered angel; and so I went yesterday to the coffee-house with my old friend the abbe, whom I knew ever since he was a field preacher to the Chouans, in the hope of finding a victim for the sacrificing among the readers of the liberal journals. The confounded waiters, however, betray my intention; and when I am there, nobody will ask for a radical paper. When you appeared, my worthy friend, I at first thought I had found the right man, and I was impatient—for I had been waiting for more than three hours for a reader of the *National* or of *Figaro*. How glad I am that I at once discovered you to be no friend of such infamous papers! How grieved should I be, if I had had to do with you instead of with that young fellow!" For my part, I was in no mood even for self-felicitations. At that time, I was a reckless young fellow going through the conventionalisms of society without a thought; but the event of the morning had made even me reflect.

"Do you think he will die, captain?" I asked; "is the wound mortal?"

"For certain!" he replied with a slight smile. "I have a knack—of course for Jacobins and Bonapartists only—when I thrust *en quarte*, to draw out the sword by an imperceptible movement of the hand, *eu tierce*, or *vice versa*, according to circumstances; and thus the blade turns in the wound—*and that kills;* for the lung is injured, and mortification is sure to follow."

On returning to my hotel, where L—— also was staying, I met the physician, who had just visited him. He gave up all hope. The captain spoke truely, for the slight movement of the hand and the turn of the blade had accomplished their aim, and the lung was injured beyond the power of cure. The next morning early, L—— died. I went to the captain who was returning home with the abbe. "The abbe has just been to read a mass for him," he said; "it is a benefit which, on such occasions, I am willing he should enjoy—more, however, from friendship for him, than out of pity for the accursed soul of a Jacobin, which in my eyes is worth less than a dog's! But walk in, sir."

The picture, a wonderfully lovely, maidenly face, with rich curls falling around it, and in the costume of the last ten years of the preceding century, was now unveiled. A good breakfast, like that of yesterday, stood on the table. With a moistened eye, and turning to the portrait, he said:—"Therese, to thy memory!" and emptied his glass at a draught. Surprised and moved, I quitted the strange man. On the stairs of the hotel I met the coffin, which was just being carried up for L——; and I thought to myself:—"Poor Cotilde! you will not be able to weep over his grave."

Written for the True Flag.

THE VALE OF AVOCA.

BY ANNIE.

Sweet vale! in whose bosom the bright waters meet,
In whose sweet, cooling shade the young blossoms repose;
Doth the *Poet* still dream on thine ivy-wreathed seat,*
Till the night o'er thy beauties her soft curtain throws?

Doth he bask in the light that more lovingly plays,
As thy bright wave to meet it leaps joyous and free,
That floating, coquetting, yet lingering, strays
Through the whispering leaves of the far-spreading tree?

Blest Eden! no spoiler hath darkened thy bowers,
No tumult hath marred the soft voice of thy song;
No breath, dread and sickly, hath fall'n with thy showers,
Nor reptile hath wandered thy sweet flowers among!

A silence all holy reigns o'er thy bright hill,
Broke only by nature's most delicate breath—
The murmur of bliss from the pure, limpid rill,
And the sigh of the zephyr from out the fresh heath!

And here, like the mingling of two gentle souls,
The meeting, the blending of hearts that are dear,
Soft wave unto wave unresistingly rolls,
And the twain are *one* stream, gliding smoothly and clear.

'Tis for this, sweet Avoca! with friends I love best,
I could linger forever amid thy young flowers;
And gazing far down in thy waves' sparkling breast,
Could there see reflected the sweet truth of ours.

* The seat wheron Moore wrote "The Meeting of the Waters."

☞ The worst feature in a man's face is his nose—when stuck into other people's business.

☞ There are said to be over a million of hogs in Kentucky at the present time.

THE SUNSET BURIAL.

BY ATTALOUS.

The crimson arrows of the Sun
Shoot round the far-off hills,
They gleam upon the forest trees,
They skim along the rills;
O'er meadow and o'er golden moor,
On dark blue wave and pebbly shore.

The swallow twitters from the eaves,
The robin answers from the Pine;
I hear the rustling of the leaves;
I see the sunset glories shine
In struggling brightness through the trees,
Soft whispering in the evening breeze.

Each wavy line of silvery foam
That deigns the wavelet's head to crown
Is blushing in the crimson flood,
That torrent-like is flowing down,
That pours along the hill, the shore,
That bathes in blood the level moor.

The grey mists in the valleys roll,
About the mountain heights they pile;
Like funeral trains they're sweeping on,
Along the cloudy temple's aisle;
The trailing of the pall's black train
Rustles like fields of ripened grain.

The west wind moans a sorrowing dirge,
A dirge for her, the young, the fair,
An angel straying on the world,
A vision from the upper air,
That dream-like walked upon the earth,
Unconscious of her heavenly birth.

Within a room all shaded o'er
With ivy and with jasmine vine,
She lay—a lowly flower that grew,
That flourished in the glad sunshine,
That withered when the clouds came round,
That fled when gloomy tempests frowned.

They bore her out at sunset hour;
The red rays on the black pall fell,
A requiem for the early dead
Went sweeping over hill and dell.
It moaned along the flowery plain,
The dark pines echoed back the strain.

The bee hummed low; the robin poured
A sweeter, softer melody;
The distant tree-tops bent to hear,
The stars were listening from the sky;
"I am"—the words with hope are rife—
"The resurrection and the life."

The parting beams stream softly down,
The Pine's sharp cones beneath them glow;
The old Elm, playmate of her youth,
Droops down his boughs in silent wo;
They sweep the meadow grass, and wave
Their heavy branches o'er the grave.

The gentle flowers bend low their heads,
They grieve for her they loved so well;
The rainbow-colored drops of dew
Sparkle with light in every cell;
Like funeral incense to the sky
Their evening fragrance floats on high.

They laid her in her lowly bed,
Beneath the dim old forest trees,
Where soft, green moss was waving round,
Like emerald foam on summer seas;
Where nothing but the green-wood bird
And whispering breeze is ever heard.

Dow, Jr.'s faith.—I believe that kicking against custom and spitting in the face of fashion are futile and foolish endeavors. Both may need correction—but they must and will have their own way.

I believe that if the Devil be the father of liars, he has a plaguy large family to look after, and that it is rapidly increasing.

I believe girls are like kittens—gently smooth them the right way, they rub and *purr* most affectionately; but give them the contrary brush, and their backs are up in the most disdainful manner. They like to be kissed, but sham a delicacy about the operation.

Black rain.—On Friday morning, says the *Kilkenny* (Ireland) *Moderator*, between six and seven o'clock, a heavy shower, which lasted upwards of twenty minutes, fell over the city and a considerable district adjoining. The rain proved upon examination to have been of almost an inky blackness, and had all the appearance of being impregnated with soot and charcoal.

☞ Some "queer fish" at St. Louis, in allusion to the bill for the benefit of married women, when before the Missouri Legislature, asked if it would not be better for the members to do something for the benefit of the "single" ladies, and not trouble themselves about other men's wives!

DICK DALLY'S STUMP SPEECH.

FELLER CITIZENS!—This are the day for the poperlation of Boonville like a bob tailed pullet on a rickety hen roost, to be lookin' up. A crisis have arriv—and somethin' busted! Where are we? Here I is and I'd stand here and expirate now till the day of synagogues if you'd whoop for Dally.

Feller Citizens!—Jerusalem's to pay, and we haint got no pitch hot. Our hyperbolical and majestic canal boat has unshipped her rudder, and the captain's broke his neck, and the cook has div to the depths of the 'vasty deep' in search of dimuns! Our wigwam is torn to pieces like a shirt on a brush fence, and these latitudes is a vanishin' in a blue flame! Are such things to be did! I ask you in the name of the American Eagle, who whipped the shaggy headed lion of Great Britain, and now sits a roostin' on the magnetic telegraph, if such thing are to be conglomorated? I repeat it to you in the name of that peacock of liberty when he is a flewin' o'er the cloud-capped summits of the Rocky Mountains, if we's agoin' to be extemporneously biogyyogged in this fashion?

——"Oh, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance!"

as Shakespeel says. Shall we be bamboozlefied with sich unmitigated outdaciousness? Methinks I hear you yelp—'No sir-ree!' Then 'lect me to Congress and then there will be no revolution.

Feller Citizens!—You know me, and rip my lungs out with a nail-grab if I wouldn't stick to yer like brick-dust to a bar of soap. Where is my opponent? No where! He ain't a cat bird in a garret to me! I was brought up amongst you, and he was in a school-house, but he can't get me with his highfolootin words. Hictum, albro, anto, cat-Brazil, Tagloony, and Baffin's Bay! What do you think of that?

"Go it porky—root hog or die!" as Shakespeel said when Cæsar stabbed him in the House of Representatives.

Feller Citizens!—'Lect me to Congress, and I'll 'bolish all the mad dogs, muskeeters and bad money. I'll go in for teetotal annihilation of niggers, camp-meetings and jails. I repudiate crows and hustify hen-hawks; I'll have barn rasins every day (Sundays excepted) and licker enough to swim au elephant.

Yes, feller citizens, 'lect me to Congress and I shall be led to exclaim in the sublime and terrific language of Bonyparte, when preaching in the wilderness—

"Richard's himself again."

On! then, onward to the polls! gallop apace fiery-footed steed, and make the welkin ring with anti-spasmodic yells for Dally. I'm a-comin'.

FLASHES FROM THE LANTERN.

A LIBEL ON THE RUSS PAVEMENT.—Mr. Prescott, one of the passengers by the Henry Clay, says, rather simply, that the managers of that wretched Murder Trap were a hard-hearted set; they cared no more for the ladies' tears than the Russ Pavement. We consider it a gross insult to compare a *stone* with such fellows' *hearts*.

WHERE ARE THEY TO COME FROM?—The Tribune says "that the remedy lies in a choice of honest and honorable men, possessed of character and conscience, to legislate for the city, and administer its affairs."

BORN TO BE HANGED.—A correspondent inquires how the captain and officers of the Henry Clay could make so gross a blunder as to order the passengers to the stern, instead of the bows? Our owl says that it was done wilfully, in order to ensure the safety of the officers. This is confirmed by the fact that none of the officials were drowned—they are evidently born to be hanged. Let us hope so.

The Broken Plate.

Lucy Somers is a little girl about ten years old. A kind good mother she has to guide her youthful steps aright; but not always a good obedient child. Like most children, she at times disobeys and grieves her parents.

Now my little friend, you must always remember, that when you are naughty, you not only sin against God, and break his commandments, but also make unhappy your father and mother. Beside making yourself wretched, you thus cause sadness to rest upon those who love and watch over you. Strive then to be dutiful, and learn a lesson from the story I will tell you.

It was a very busy day with Mrs. Somers, and she called upon her little daughter to assist her, for many were the steps she could save her mother. A pan of nice apples Lucy had just finished paring, when her mother bade her go into the dairy room and bring from there some butter; at the same time handing her a plate and knife, charging her to be careful and not drop it. Away ran the little girl, but just as she was closing the door to return to the kitchen, down fell the plate and butter upon the floor. Quickly she gathered up the broken pieces of crockery, and after hiding them, took from the shelf another plate, and then joined her mother.

"What has taken you so long?" asked Mrs. Somers; "did you break the plate?"

"No," replied the wicked girl, "I did not." But her blushes, and guilty expression of countenance, could not conceal from her mother the truth. But for a while the matter was here dropped.

When Lucy went to bed that night think you was she happy? By no means. Her heart was heavy. The faithful monitor within could not be stilled, and when she at last fell asleep, her dreams were troubled, and her sleep disturbed. Early the following morning, Mrs. Somers found the broken plate where Lucy had tried to conceal it, and as Lucy was dressing, her mother entered her chamber, with the fragments in her hand.

Kindly but seriously did the grieved mother speak words of correction to her child, and leaving her alone, bade her seek forgiveness of her Heavenly Parent, against whom she had likewise sinned. The punishment which prevented her from joining the family around the breakfast table that morning, was not a small one for Lucy, nor was it soon forgotten; and the lesson then learned proved of great benefit to Lucy's heart and character.

Dr. Johnson said, "Young man, attend to the voice of one who has possessed some fame in the world, and who will shortly appear before his Maker; read the Bible every day of your life."

Those days are lost in which we do no good; those worse than lost in which we do evil.

MERELY FOR INFORMATION.—Fish, they say, produces thirst, in which theory we are devout believers. Only for the purpose of being set right, we would like to know if it was the discussing of fish that caused Messrs. Webster and Crampton such thirst, while closeted at the Revere House a few days since.

☞The owners of the Henry Clay have requested the public to *suspend* their opinion *for a few days*. We suggest that the public had better *suspend the owners* for *half an hour*. This would be very satisfactory to all.

A WOMAN'S ADVICE.

COURTESIES OF TRAVEL.—The law of the road is not well understood anywhere. Ill-bred men presume upon the presence of females in their charge to ask favors of other men in the cars, to which they have no claim whatever. It has a churlish look, sometimes, for a man to refuse to incommode himself for the convenience of a woman, but we often observe great selfishness, and a total disregard of the comfort of their male fellow-passengers on the part of the "dear creatures." Women who travel a great deal are apt to contract a habit of exaction, and when they are well placed, often manifest supreme indifference as to the accommodations of those whom they have dislodged. It is difficult to say how much a man should endure to oblige a female who is a stranger to him, and in whom he feels no interest whatever. We do not propose to discuss a question so delicate. Perhaps some of our lady readers will determine the point for us.—*Buffalo Advertiser*.

There's a *woman's* advice asked again! I've grown a foot, since I read it! 'Taint *kind*, now, to flatter us females that way! We shall be deluded into the notion that we *know something*, by and by!

Here's one of the lords of creation *non-plussed!* driven into a mental corner by travelling women! reduced to the humiliating position of asking *a female* "what he shall do!" Vibrating between his love of *ease*, and his love for the *fair sex!* Spirit mostly willing; but the flesh weak! Wants to fulfil his destiny, but can't see the path of duty clear! Would like to join a female inquiry meeting to settle the vexed question!

Well, now—I've taken my Maltese cat in my lap, and turned over your dilemma in this topsy-turvey head of mine. If *you* think it's "difficult to tell how much a man can endure," how am *I* to know? However, I'll go upon the supposition that you'll endure most anything but the reputation of an "ungallant man;" and yet, you don't want to give up your seat at the bidding of your "ill-bred fellow-traveller! Now, if you ever noticed it, when you can't meet a difficulty plump in the face, it's a good way to walk round it! In such a case as this, I should recommend the non-committal system. If I were you, Mr. "Buffalo," when that "ill-bred" horror of a man, requested me to give up *my* seat to *his* females, I should be taken very hard of hearing, and say:—"Really, sir, I am not quite sure whether this is Stoneham or Peterboro'!" Then your tormentor would stare a minute, and, raising his voice, repeat the question; on which occasion, I should answer still wider of the mark than before! which he would, in all probability, take for his *final* quietus,—and leave you master of the field. (N. B.—You may have *this* without a *fee!*)

Then, I'd warn you against being inveigled into holding strange babies for travellers. Sometimes they forget (?) to come after 'em; (there's a fix for a *bachelor;* nicer one, for a married man!)

I think it would answer to venture a remonstrance if "mamma's treasure," on the next seat, should insist upon rubbing soft molasses gingerbread into your coat-collar; or if the old lady in front of you should uncork a bottle asafœtida, or an Irish woman, who had dined on onions, should look over your shoulder to read your newspaper! Then, if I were you, I'd never snap my "suspenders" opening or shutting a window for a woman who wouldn't give me a smile for it! or pick up any of her bags, or veils, or rattle-traps, that females are always carrying, *on purpose to drop round.* Don't you do it! not till women improve their travelling manners. If I wasn't principled against speaking ill of my own sex (!!!) I should say, that the way they *don't* reward little impromptu courtesies, is "*tee-totally*" discouraging to the gallantry of American gentlemen. I am ashamed of 'em, and I can't make up for the deficiencies of the whole female nation; but I'll engage, if you ever get up and offer ME (Fanny) your seat, in the cars, I'll——I'll—— (bless my soul!) *I won't take but half of it!*

FANNY FERN.

THE LAST STROKE OF FORTUNE.

TWENTY years ago, an old house was standing in Cologne, which showed to the street a frontage of five small windows. It was the house in which the first painter of the Flemish school, the immortal Rubens, was born, A. D. 1577. Sixty years later than this date, the ground floor was occupied by two old people, a shoemaker and his wife. The upper story, which was usually let to lodgers, was empty at the time we write of. Two, however, occupied the garret. The evening was cold and wet, and the shoemaker and his wife were sitting togething in the room below.

"You had better go up-stairs again," said the man to his wife, "and see how the poor lady is. The old gentleman went out early, and has not been in since. Has she not taken anything?"

"It is only half an hour since I was up stairs, and he had not come in. I took her some broth up at noon, but she hardly touched it, and I was up again at three; she was asleep then, and at five she said she should not want anything more."

"Poor lady! This time of year, and neither fire nor warm clothes, and not even a decent bed to lie on; and yet I am sure she is somebody or other. Have you noticed the respect with which the old gentleman treats her?"

"If she wants for anything, it is her own fault. That ring she wears on her finger would get her the best of everything."

Then came a knock at the door, and the woman admitted the old man they had just spoken of, whose grizzled beard fell down upon his tarnished velvet coat. The hostess sadly wanted to have a little gossip with him, but he passed by, and, bidding them a short "Good-night," groped his way up the steep and crooked staircase. On entering the chamber above, a feeble voice inquired the cause of his long absence.

"I could not help it," he said; "I had been copying manuscript, and as I was on my way here, a servant met me, who was to fetch me to raise the horoscope of two ladies who were passing through; they were ladies I have known before. I thought I could get a little money to pay for some simples which will be of service to you."

"I am cold."

"It is a fever cold. I will make you something which you must take directly."

The flame of a small tin lamp sufficed to heat some water, and the patient, having taken what the old man had provided, was diligently covered up by him with all the clothes and articles of dress he could find. He stood by her motionless till he perceived that she was fast asleep, and indeed long after; he then retired into a small closet, and sought repose on the hard floor.

The next morning, the lady was so much better that her attendant proposed she should endeavor to leave the house for a moment or two, and he succeeded in getting her forth as far as the Place St. Cecilia. It was seldom that she left the house, for, notwithstanding the meanness of her dress, there was that about her carriage which rendered it difficult to avoid unpleasant observation.

"Do you see that person yonder?" she said, suddenly. "If I am not much mistaken, it is certainly the Duke of Guise."

The stranger's attention had also been attracted, and he had now approached them.

"*Parbleu!*" said he, "why, that is Mascali. What, are you married?"

"He does not know me," sighed the lady. "I must indeed be altered."

Mascali had, however, whispered a single word in the duke's ear, and he started as if struck by a thunder-bolt; but instantly recovering himself, he hastily uncovered, and bowed nearly to the ground.

"I beg your forgiveness," he said; "but my eyes are grown so weak, and I could so little expect to have the honor of meeting your" ——

"For the love of God," interrupted the lady, hastily, "name me not here. A title would too strangely contrast with my present circumstances. Have you been long in Cologne?"

"Three days. I am on my way from Italy. I took refuge there when our common enemy drove me forth, and confiscated all my earthly goods. I am going to Brussels."

"And what are your advices from France? Is the helm still in the hands of that wretched caitiff?"

"He is in the zenith of his power."

"See, my lord duke, your fortunes and my own are much alike. You the son of a man who had he not too much despised danger might well have set the crown on his own head, and I, once the Queen of the mightiest nation in the universe; and now both of us alike. But adieu," she said, suddenly, and drawing herself up; "the sight of you, my lord duke, has refreshed me much, and I pray that fortune once more may smile upon your steps."

"Permit me to attend your majesty to" ——

A slight color tinged the lady's features, as she answered, in a gently commanding tone—

"Leave us, my lord duke; it is our pleasure."

Guise bowed low, and taking the lady's hand, he pressed it reverently to his lips. At the corner of the street he met some one, to whom he pointed out the old lady, and then hastened away.

The next morning a knock at the door announced a person inquiring for Monsieur Mascali; she had a small packet for him, and also a billet. Inside this was distinctly written:—

"Two hundred louis d'ors constitute the whole of my present fortune; one hundred I send for your use. GUISE."

The sum thus obtained sufficed to supply the wants of the pair two long years. But the last louis had been changed, and the lady and her companion were still without friendly succor.

The shoemaker and his wife had undertaken a journey to Aix la Chapelle, to take up some small legacy. It was the 13th February, 1642. A low sound of moaning might have been heard issuing from the garret; a withered female form, more like a skeleton than a thing of flesh and blood, was lying on a wretched bed of straw, in the agonies of death. The moans grew more and more indistinct; a slight rattling in the throat was at length the only audible sound, and this also ceased. An hour later an old man, dressed in rags and tatters, entered the chamber. Only one word had escaped his lips as he tumbled up the failing staircase—"Nothing! nothing!" He drew near the bed listlessly, but in a moment he seized an arm of the corpse with an almost convulsive motion, and, letting it suddenly fall, he cried—

"Dead, dead, of hunger, cold, and starvation!"

And this lady was Mary of Medicis, wife of Henry IV., Queen Regent of France, mother of Louis XIII., of Isabella Queen of Spain, of Henrietta Queen of England, of Christina Duchess of Savoy, of Gaston Duke of Orleans—dead of hunger, cold, and misery; and yet Louis XIII., the cowardly tool of Richelieu, his mother's murderer, is still called "the Just."

☞ KEEP with good men, and thou shalt be one of them.

STRANGE ACTS OF EDITORS.—We are frequently much astonished at the conduct of our brethren of the press. They do most "onaccountable" things. One of them recently makes the following unprecedented announcement:—We respectfully decline "A Young Maiden's Kiss." The fellow was crazy, without doubt. Another is positively inhuman; hear him—"My Dying Mother" cannot be admitted! We suppress his name out of regard to the profession. A third makes the following startling announcement:—The "Golden Bible" is rejected. We would like to shake hands with that "brother." A fourth, to end this strange catalogue, says, in his last issue—"Mrs. Mullowney's Christmas Pudding" shall go in next week! We admire his taste. May good digestion wait on appetite.

THOUGHTFUL.—A young man having entertained a tender passion for a young woman, felt such unsurmountable diffidence as to prevent his ever disclosing the same to the fair empress of his heart, resolved on an expedient which would bring the business to an issue. He went to a clergyman and requested that the banns of marriage might be published according to law. When the publication was brought to her ears, she was filled with astonishment, and went to him to vent her resentment; he bore the sally with fortitude, observing, that if she did not think proper to have him she could go to the clergyman and forbid the banns. After a moment's pause she took wit in her anger, and said:—"As it has been done, it is a pity that the *shilling should be thrown away.*"

A POINTED BLOW.—An invalid sent for a physician, the late Dr. Wheelman, and after detaining him some time with a description of his pains, aches, &c., he thus summed up with:—

"Now, doctor, you have humbugged me long enough with your good-for-nothing pills and worthless syrups; they don't touch the cause of my ailment; if it is in your power to reach it, I wish you would administer something that will remove my complaint."

"It shall be done," said the doctor, at the same time lifting his cane, and demolishing a decanter of gin that stood upon the sideboard!

A LOADED GUN.—"You will please observe," said old Mr. Lambwell, as he led us through his school the other day, "that the boys are required to observe the utmost attention to quietness as well as to discipline."

We had at this moment arrived in front of several boys standing around a water bucket, and one had just charged his mouth with the contents of the cup while the old gentleman was stooping over to recover his pen from the floor, when another passing along behind, snapped his fingers quick under the drinker's ear, and caused him on a sudden to eject the contents of his mouth over the pedagogue's bald pate. Standing upright, with his face and hair dripping, the master shouted:—

"Who done that?"

"The party unanimously cried out, "Jim Gun, sir."

"James Gun, what did you do that for?"

Jim, appalled at the mischief he had done muttered that it was not his fault—that Tom Owen snapt him.

This changed the direction of the old gentleman's wrath, and shaking his cane portentously over Owen's head, he asked:—

"Did you snap Gun?"

The culprit, trembling with fear, muttered:

"Yes, sir. I snapt Gun—but didn't know that he was loaded!"

Care in our coffin drives the nails, no doubt,
But mirth, with merry fingers, plucks them out.

SCENE AT THE STEAMBOAT LANDING.

There are lively times among the "Runners" of the opposition day boats, early these fine mornings. People who have a fancy for reading rare chapters in the large and interesting volume of Human Nature, may be accomodated by spending half an hour at the steamboat landing, between six and seven o'clock, A. M.

Your true Runner is "an old stick"—a "peculiar institution"—unlike all the "rest of mankind"—generally plump, always lively and energetic, and ever charged to the muzzle with the most intense regard for the welfare and baggage of every man, woman and child, who may be intent upon perpetrating a journey. One moment he is cursing the "opposition" Runner, and apparently ready and willing to throw him into the dock, and the next he is one vast, unbroken smile, politely retailing to a chance customer with a carpet-bag in his hand, the police-like accomodation and dog-cheap fare of "our boat."

Just for the pastime of the thing, we will follow the fortune of the "Man with the Carpet Bag" till he gets off to New York. He wants to go—no mistake about that—and he desires to go as cheaply as possible. The boats advertised are the "Reindeer" and the "Henry Clay"—fare fifty cents by each. Reindeer Runner meets him pretty well up Broadway :—

Reindeer Runner—"Goin' to York, sir?"

Carpet Bag Man—"That's my intention, sir."

R. R.—"Better take the Reindeer, sir—smartest boat in creation, fare only forty cents."

Clay Runner—"Don't you do no sich thing, sir, if you value your life!"

C. B. M.—"Why not, sir?"

C. R.—"Oh, the Reindeer has a fashion of running ashore and blowing up about every day, that's all! Besides, they'll charge you one dollar when you git aboard. *We* carry for fifty cents—not a cent more—splendid boat, sir—seven hundred and fifty feet long, new this summer, and the tallest kind of feeding aboard."

C. B. M.—"Well, I guess I'll go along with—"

R. R.—"*We'll* take you for thirty-seven and a half cents, friend,—here's your ticket—all snug and tight—he lies about our boat—he's paid for it and don't do nothin' else."

C. R.—"I say, friend, if you want to go to New York this week, take the Clay. Here's a ticket—only twenty-five cents, sir, for you and your carpet-bag and perfect safety insured. The Reindeer ain't fit to run. She's got a hole in one of her bilers big enuff for you to crawl through, and they'll charge you a dollar when they secure you."

C. B. M.—"Well, I am tired of this pulling and hauling. Give me the ticket at twenty-five cents, and I'll just——"

R. R.—"Here, take my ticket at a shilling and say nothing more about it. The Clay never'll get to New York if she starts, for she broke one of her wheels all to pieces yesterday, and the moment she gits under way she'll run side ways, and go shore."

C. B. M.—"Well, well, I'll take the Reindeer, and run——"

C. R.—"On to the overslaugh in spite of yourself. The Reindeer sticks on the bar, sir, three or four hours every morning, in sight of the city. And then the fodder, sir!"

C. B. M.—The what?"

C. R.—"The fodder, sir; the dinner. Tainted steaks, last summer's eggs, cheese that runs alone, bread——"

C. B. M.—"Oh, bother on your dinner; I've got half a peck of sandwiches in my carpet-bag, besides cookies."

C. R.—"That's right, sir, nothing like economy in these 'ere hard times."

R. R.—"There goes the last bell, sir! What do you say? Only a shilling fare by the Reindeer—now's your chance, sir."

C. R.—"He lies like a trooper, friend; he'll stick you for a dollar if he gets you aboard, and stick you on the bar besides. Come, go with me at a shilling, and say nothing more about it."

R. R.—"I'll take you for *sixpence*—I want to save your life, if possible!"

C. R.—"Here's your ticket for three cents—you are a dead man if you go on the Reindeer!"

Disinterested Spectator—"The Clay's off, sir!"

C. B. M.—"Eh! What? Gone! Oh! ah! Well, friend, I guess I'll go with *you* at sixpence."

R. R.—[With his thumb on his nose, and his digits performing a series of expressive and lively gyrations.]—"No, I guess you won't go for no such money now. The Clay is off; if you want to get to New York by steamboat to-day, you must take the Reindeer—fare, one dollar!"

It was a picture for a painter—the quiet fun of the runners and the crowd, and the blank astonishment of the victim when he found there was no alternative but the Reindeer and full fare at the top price.

The moment the boats are off and the strife ceases, it is affecting, or as Mrs. Partington would say, "very techin'" to see the late belligerent runners, in imitation of "learned counsel," fresh from a fierce set-to for the edification of a jury, adjourning to the nearest tavern to drink together and count upon their gains.—*Albany Register*.

COURT DRESSES.

There is a good story told of Samuel Rogers, the rich banker, and accomplished poet of "The Pleasures of Memory :"—

Rogers arrived at Paris at noon one day in the year 18—. He found all his countrymen prepared to attend a splendid party at Versailles. They were all loud in expressing their regrets that he could not accompany them. They were "very sorry"—but "the thing was impossible;" "full court dresses alone were admissible;" and to obtain one *then*—why "of course it was in vain to think of it."

Rogers listened very patiently; told them to "leave him entirely to himself;" and added, that "he was sure he could find some amusement somewhere."

No sooner were they gone, than he began to dress; and within the space of a single hour he was on the road to Versailles, fully equipped, in a blue coat, white waistcoat, and drab pantaloons. At the door of the splendid mansion in which the company were assembled, his further progress was opposed by a servant whose livery was far more showy and imposing than his own costume.

Rogers affected the utmost astonishment at the interruption, and made as if he would have passed on. The servant pointed to his dress, saying:—

"It is not *comme il faut:* you cannot pass in; Monsieur must retire."

"Dress! dress!" exclaimed Rogers, with well-feigned surprise. "Not pass! not pass! not enter! Why, mine is the same dress that is worn by the *General Court* at Boston!"

No sooner were the words uttered, than the doors flew open, and the obsequious valet, "booing and booing," like Sir Pertinax Macsycophant in the play, preceded the poet, and in a loud voice announced :—

"*Monsieur le General Court, de Boston!*"

The amusement of the Americans in the group scarcely exceeded that of the new-made "General" himself.

On another occasion, Rogers relates, he was announced at a Parisian party as "Monsieur le Mort," by a lackey, who had mistaken him for "Tom Moore."

Not unlike the old New-Yorker, who was announced from his card as—

"*Monsieur le Koque en Bow!*"

His simple name was Quackenbos!

THE DEAD.

BY BRIDGES WOODE.

Take them to thy bosom,
Gentle Mother Earth!
Fold thy true arms round them,
Thou that gav'st them birth.

Hide these precious mantles
Of the spirits dear,
That about our pathway
Moved in beauty here.

Let the green grass whisper
Ever softly there,
Like a mother bending
O'er her child in prayer.

Let the gold-tressed sunbeams
Wander silent round,
As the poet's footsteps
Press all hallowed ground.

Part! ye azure curtains!
Wingéd ones, come down!
Bear our dearest treasures
To Jehovah's throne!

Strike your golden harp-chords,
Sing a joyous strain,
Banish, with your music,
All their dream of pain.

Coldly, darkly frowneth
Now the brow of life,
And our spirits weary
Of her toil and strife;

Yet we bid ye bear them,
Bear them safely home—
We'll not wildly wish them
Longer here to roam.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS PUPILS.—"Joseph, where is Africa?"

"On the map, sir."

"I mean, Joseph, in what continent—the Eastern or the Western continent?"

"Well, the land of Africa is in the Eastern continent; but the people, sir, are all of 'em down South."

"What are its products?"

"Africa, sir, or down South."

"Africa, you blockhead!"

"Well, sir, it hasn't got any; it never h any."

"How do the African people live?"

"By drawing."

"Drawing what—water?"

"No, sir; by drawing their breath!"

DURABILITY OF MULBERRY WOOD.—Some sound beams, formed from the wood of the mulberry tree, have been found in the ruins of Nineveh, where they are supposed to have been placed at least seven hundred years before the birth of Christ.

☞ THE *Louisville Journal* says there is a man of family in that city who has a dog that will not permit him to enter the house if the least intoxicated. It is hinted that the animal foresees "a time" between his master and mistress, and, out of consideration for the latter, prevents his entrance. We know of several ladies who would like to purchase such dogs.

DEATH IN A MEETING-HOUSE.—In Baltimore, Md., on Sunday last, during the services at the African chapel, a colored woman named Dorcas Goldsborough, who had been throughout the afternoon unusually excited, fell to the floor. The bystanders, deeming that she was only laboring under religious enthusiasm, forebore for a time to disturb her, but finally on endeavoring to arouse her, life had become extinct. It was subsequently ascertained that one of the blood-vessels had been ruptured superinduced by excessive excitement. The deceased was about thirty years of age, and is spoken of as a pious and edifying member of the church.

YANKEE COOLNESS.—As one division of Gen. Scott's column was passing leisurely along in some portion of Mexico, during the late war, there came down, just at twilight, from a convent that crowned a neighboring height, a procession of cowled monks, the leader upholding in his hands a contribution-box, on which stood a lighted lamp. As the column defiled by, many soldiers dropped small coins into the aperture provided for that purpose. One man, who seemed searching for some larger testimonial of his pious regard, fumbled in his pocket, and at length drew out what looked to be a roll of bank-notes; opened it; took from it a—paper of chewing-tobacco; filled a short, rusty pipe; lighted it by the sacred lamp; and, with "Much obleeged to yeou, Square!" passed on.—*Cincinnati Columbian*.

DEFINITION OF A HUSBAND.—The English language is a copious one. If we had not been previously aware of the fact, it would have been made evident to our understanding by reading the following paragraph in a Scotch paper:—"What is a husband? Hear a lady's definition. 'He is,' said she, 'a snarling, crusty, sullen, testy, froward, cross, gruffy, moody, crabbed, snappish, tart, splenetic, surly, dry, brutish, fierce, morose, waspish, currish, boorish, fretful, peevish, huffish, sulky, touchy, fractious, rugged, blustering, captious, ill-natured, rusty, churlish, growling, maundering, upish, stern, grating, frumpish, humorsome, envious dog in a manger, who neither eats himself nor lets others eat.'"

AN ANECDOTE AND A GOOD ONE.—We find in the "Courts of Europe at the close of the last century," by Henry Swinburne, just published in London, the following illustration of American manners:—

An English officer, Col. A., was travelling in a stage coach to New York, and was extremely annoyed by a free and enlightened citizen's perpetual spitting across him out of the window. He bore it patiently for some time, till at last he ventured to remonstrate, when the other said:—

"Why, Colonel, I estimate you're poking fun at me—that I do. Now, I'm not agoing to chaw my own bilge water, not for no man; besides, you need not look so thundering big. Why, I've practised all my life, and could spit through the eye of a needle without touching the steel—let alone such a great saliva box as that 'ere window."

Col. A. remained tranquil for some time; at last his anger got up, and he spat bang in his companion's face, exclaiming:—

I beg you a thousand pardons, squire, but I've not practised as long as you have. No doubt by the time I reach New York, I shall be as great a dabster as you are."

The other rubbed his eyes, and remained *bouche close*.

CAMP-MEETING ANECDOTE.—At a camp-meeting a number of ladies continued standing on the benches notwithstanding frequent hints from the minister to sit down. A reverend old gentleman, noted for his good humor, arose and said:—

"I think if those ladies standing on the benches knew they had holes in their stockings, they would sit down!"

This address had the desired effect—there was an immediate sinking into the seats. A young minister standing behind him, and blushing to the temples, said:—

"O, brother, how could you say that?"

"Say that?" said the old gentleman; "It's a fact—if they hadn't holes in their stockings, I'd like to know how they could get them on?"

THE DIFFERENCE.—When a rakish youth goes astray, friends gather round him to restore him to the path of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him to win him back to innocence and peace. No one would suspect that he had ever sinned. But when a poor confiding girl is betrayed, she receives the brand of society, and is henceforth driven from the way of virtue. The betrayer is honored, respected, esteemed; but his ruined, heart-broken victim knows that there is no peace for her this side of the cold and solitary grave. Society has no helping hand for her, no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness. These are earthly moralities; they are unknown in Heaven. There is deep wrong in them, and fearful be the consequences.—*Tenn.* (*Temperance*)

'Twas a sweet bud, a lovely flower,
With beauties tongue can never tell;
But scarcely had it bloomed an hour,
Ere from the parent stock it fell;
But though 'tis severed by the blast,
And buried from the eye of love,
Still memory lingers round the past,
And faith beholds it bloom above.

[Written for The Literary Museum.]

TALE OF A CHURCHYARD PINE.

BY CULLEN.

Sabbath bells were chiming sweetly
Forth upon the evening breeze,
And the sun was sinking slowly
Down behind the forest trees,
While the lonely hours of twilight
Gradually crept on apace,
As I neared the village Churchyard,
And its windings sought to trace.

Soon the light grew faint and fainter,
And a gently-waving Pine
Beckoned me to cease my rovings,
And beneath its boughs recline.
"Sit you down beneath my branches,
Free from worldy care and strife,
And I will beguile an hour
With the history of my life.

"Years on years have come and vanished
Since I first upreared my head
In a wild, primeval forest,
Now a 'City of the Dead;'
Ere my limbs were scarcely moulded,
Fell the woodman's strokes around,
And my fellows, proud and lofty,
Quivered, creaked, and kissed the ground.

"'Mong this work of desolation,
I was bowed, but was not slain,
And when once the stern ordeal
Passed, I rose to life again.
On yon sloping, sunny hill-side,
Rough-hewn dwellings rose to view,
And where once a growing forest
Waved, a thriving village grew.

"Brawny arms with nerves like iron,
Willing hands, and hearts all true,
Each their own free course pursuing,
Found enough for each to do;
Joys which seemed as if undying,
Sweet contentment, happiness,
Reigned supreme, while Time kept flying,
And on all left his impress.

"Death, the stern, relentless tyrant,
Entered noiselessly, and laid
His fell grasp upon his victim,
And his mandate was obeyed.
Then yon grave, now old and sunken,
Fresh was made beneath the sod—
'Dust to dust' in sorrow given,
While a spirit soared to God.

"Faithful hands performed the duties,
Loving hearts, too, gathered round,
Heart-felt sighs, and burning tear-drops
Served to consecrate the ground;
Time's fell scythe still kept in motion,
Swiftly run his sands away,
One by one, Earth's beings withered,
Sank, and passed their fleeting day;

"And a marble forest dreary
Grows apace, with rapid stride,
Where in years agone the wild-wood
Spread itself on every side;
Through these sad, these mournful changes,
I have calmly stood alone,
And the night-wind's song have answered,
With a low, sepulchral moan.

"I have marked each fresh-made hillock
Raised anear my growing shade,
And to rest, in sacred silence,
Seen each 'loved and lost' one laid;
Every name, age, caste, and kindred
Here in peace together sleep—
One embrace in common holds them,
One lone tree their vigils keep.

"No absurd, world-like distinctions
Here a home are known to seek;
Wealth and honor, fame and talent,
Humble worth and virtue meek,
Loved and lovely, earthly wisdom,
Beauty, splendor, pomp, and show,
When Life's fleeting journey endeth,
To one home in silence go.

"'Neath my shade sleep mouldering ashes
Which were once proud human forms,
And though of a lofty bearing,
Bent before Life's chilling storms.
Bright and cheerful is the dawning
Often of the Day of Life;
Dark and drear too oft its closing,
Overcast with worldly strife.

"Strife, ah! yes, a strife most deadly
Rolls with fearful, swelling tide
Over hearts which in their yielding
To its crushing might have died.
Many suns of life while rising,
Bright, ere noon are overspread
Thick with clouds, and in declining,
Set in darkness—on the dead.

"Years on years in turn will gather
O'er this lone, sequestered dell,
And as erst I oft shall listen
To the sad, funereal knell;
And as erst I'll sigh a requiem
At the midnight's silent hour,
And in sunlight, cast my shadow
O'er each grave and springing flower."

GREAT-BARRINGTON, Mass., Sept., 1852.

THE LAST INDIAN.

BY M. H. L.

I'm going back to the forest now,
For the hand of Death is on my brow;
I cannot longer be here with thee,—
I go where the deer roam wild and free;
For now all our council fires are out—
All silent is our wild war-shout;
The smoke of the hunter's cabin is gone,
And *I* am left, alone—all alone!

My fathers graves ye heeded not,—
Save me, they are by *all* forgot;
Our chiefs are all gone to the spirit-land,
I only am left of our wasted band.
Like yon aged pine is my vigor spent—
Ye need not *now* in pity relent;
Ere another moon shall gild the sky,
I shall have laid me down to die.

Ye tracked me o'er the forest stream,—
Behind me oft your bright swords gleam;
I'll haste me now to the spirit-land—
There will I join my warrior band.
As I have lived, so will I be
In my last hour, nor bow my knee
To a pale-face; I will ever bid
You all defiance, as my fathers did.

The aged hunter passed him on,
The echo of his steps was gone,—
Yet on, still on, to the distant West,
In trembling haste, his steps he prest.
Ere another moon rose in the sky,
The Indian laid him down to die;
He perished there amid his own,
Nor did he die alone, alone!

Anon his death-song rose high and clear,
It rang wildly out on the ev'ning air,
And 'mid his own loved warrior band,
He left the world for a "better land."
Deep in the lonely forest shade
The form of the noble chief was laid;
The pale-face wept not o'er his bier,
But 'twas hallowed by full many a tear.

TO LIZZIE.

BY C. BURLEIGH.

Lovely Lizzie, brilliant creature,
Radiant lightness, life and bloom;
Beautiful in every feature,
All around thee to illume.
Eyes of sunny radiance, beaming
Looks of tender, winning love,
As stars upon the lakelet gleaming
From their azure home above.

Step of lightness, stolen slyly,
From some fairy grotto haunted—
Grace hath thrown around thee gayly
Wreaths of witching love enchanted.
Brightly. brightly, life is passing,
Catch the rainbows as they fly;
For life's shadows quick are chasing,
Ere the brightness draweth nigh.

Friendship's buds are bright, unfolding
Far adown life's vistas rare,
Hope, with wand enchanted, moulding
Images of beauty there.
Care is slumbering deep around thee;
Never may she leave her bower,
While the dear ones who surround thee
Clasp thee as life's fairest flower.

Greenland, N. H., July, 1851.